I sold MYSELF
TO THE
DEVIL
for VINYLS...
PITIFUL I KNOW

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I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know

By DarknessAndLight

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Chapter 1

Disclaimer

Before you start reading this story, here are a few things you should know.

This story was written more than a decade ago. I started to write it in 2009. I was a teenager and this was the first full length novel in English I was writing, as English is not my native language.

For these reasons, this story is riddle with grammatical mistakes. I know I could go back and correct them in the chapters, but if I do that I lose the inline comments. The inline comments are a community of their own. I don't want to lose them in

the sea of comments. Because of that I don't go back and correct the mistakes.

Also. In 2009, the stories you read on Wattpad weren't the stories you read now. There was a lot more Mean Girls type of stuff. This story is inadvertently a product of its time. There's a lot of slut-shaming. I have no excuse for putting that in the story, but it came from a misguided place of writing the same kind of stories I was reading.

If you want a better, kinder, less grammatically incorrect version of this story I suggest checking out ***Pitiful I Know*** instead, which is the edited version that I'm uploading at the moment.

If you chose to read this story, I ask that you don't start writing angry comments about the issues I've just mentioned. I was not a perfect writer, I'm still not, I'm working on it, and I hope you'll forgive the mistakes I did when I was younger and didn't know any better.

Thank you! <3

Chapter 2

Chapter One

Chapter One

I ran my fingers through my hair and stared at the shelf in front of me.

Alright. There was no way in hell I could squeeze the big encyclopaedia that was sitting on my carry-on on that shelf.

I let out a big sigh and walked back to my counter.

I loved working at the library—well this was more a volunteer curriculum activity but whatever—and I loved being surrounded by all these books, but the *no space* deal, not so much.

While I mumbled angrily about that fact and walked back to the counter where you checked books out, that's when I heard a high pitch giggle and turned around to see who was coming in.

And oh, surprise surprise, it was Drake Eaton carrying with him one of his fake platinum blond and orange tanned conquests.

That was another thing I hated about this library, aside from the no space deal; the fraking seminars! Stupid rooms the size of freaking closets that student were suppose to used to study in little groups. But that was the only thing people didn't do in them! I didn't even go near them.

I didn't even want to think about how dirty they must really be.

It was simply *disgusting* ! We were in school for crying out loud, not in a brothel!

"I'm not sure about this... Are you sure we won't get caught," the girl whispered too loudly still giggling.

"Don't worry babe," Drake answered with one of his seductive half smiles.

The girl giggled again and stuck her tongue in his mouth.

Wow, way to go girl! It's all about girl power , I thought dryly and rolled my eyes at them.

Drake Eaton was—as anyone could easily guess—the school jock. Every girl wanted him, every guy wanted to be him...blah blah blah.

All of this was way too predictable for me.

Now sitting behind the counter, I picked up the encyclopaedia and started to turn the pages not really seeing what was in front of me.

A few minutes later, the poor girl ran out of the seminar crying, her hair everywhere, her blouse half way unbuttoned.

"Aw, come on, I didn't mean," Drake said as he rushed out of the room, his shirt in his hand.

Well that was a first, a totally inappropriate first, but still a first.

I couldn't help myself from grinning at this.

Take that, asshole!

Of course, my smiling didn't go unnoticed. "What are you staring at," he asked me rudely.

"A public humiliation," I answered grinning even more.

"That's funny, I thought you were drooling over my perfect body," he replied with his cocky attitude.

Well it's not like I hadn't notice how hot his perfect muscled chest was. Pretty much everything about him was hot, starting with his perfectly tousled golden-brown hair, his grey eyes and his athletic and tall body.

But I sure as hell wasn't drooling over him!

"Oh yeah, baby, you got me. I can't stop myself from staring at you fake creatine boost up body," I mocked and rolled my eyes.

I wasn't going to lose some of my precious minutes over that arrogant fool.

"See, wasn't so hard to admit," he smirked.

"If you're too dumb to realize it by now, I was using sarcasm," I mumbled and looked down, turning the pages again.

"Am I making you uncomfortable?" he asked an almost victorious grin on his lips, probably reading my last move as a sign of uneasiness, like he was winning or something.

"No, I'm just finding this old decrepit encyclopaedia more interesting than you, sorry." I smiled, making a face. I was not sorry. Sarcasm again.

Just like that, he darted out of the library, while putting his shirt back on, obviously scowling.

Inappropriate much ? That boy was acting... well like an *hormonal teenager boy* . If only he could be some nobody, that way they wouldn't let him do whatever he wanted whenever he wanted.

Sure, other people were misusing the seminar but never as noticeably as him. It was almost marked on his forehead *Wanna bang in a seminar* ? But no one dared to stop him because he basically ruled the school.

Asshole!

I turned the pages of the encyclopaedia for a few more minutes, and then Katy came in to take her shift.

"You won't find any room for this one," I informed her.

"They should really think about buying new shelves," she answered.

"I know... Hey, you didn't find my ring did you?"

Last week I had lost it while working here. One minute I was playing with it, spinning it on the counter and then after I had answered a question to a new student it had disappeared.

It pissed me off. I loved that ring. I had bought it on a trip to Hawaii, when my family was still happy and perfect; the way it was supposed to be. It was a real normal kind of ring, just a band of silver with a little orange stone incrusted in the middle which you barely noticed since it was so tiny.

I hated any kind of big rock in the middle kind of ring. And this one was just perfect.

But now I had lost it and my right index felt naked without it.

"No still haven't. Sorry," she simply said.

Crap!

"Okay, thanks," I simply replied and stormed out.

The second I walked outside, I saw Alexander, aka my best friend in the male department, lying on a bench, looking like he was asleep, with his arm over his eyes and his iPod's earplug in his ears.

I walked towards him and poked him in the ribs.

"Hey what the... Oh Lexi, have you finished," he asked sitting up.

"Yep," I answered popping the p and waited for him to pick up his bag.

"Alright, let's go."

We walked side by side towards the parking lot. I usually didn't drive to school with Alex but today I needed his moral support.

I was going to meet my mom at the restaurant to *speak* .

Well that's what she said she wanted on the phone but I wasn't going to speak with her. I didn't want to have anything to do with the woman anymore. She had abandoned our family two months ago and she didn't deserve my trust anymore.

The day she had told me she was leaving, she had said it was because she couldn't stand to be with my father anymore. He always talked about work, didn't care about her or about us, and she couldn't live with it anymore. She said she deserved a life too and she wasn't having one with my father and I would have forgiven her somehow, I knew that, but last week my father had gotten a call from a friend of his. He had seen my mom with another man.

And it really wasn't like I hadn't seen it coming. I mean ever since my mom had turned forty she had started going crazy about her age. She wanted to

change everything about herself; her hair, her clothes, her friends...I should have guessed she wanted to change us too.

So today, I was having dinner with her and I knew exactly what I was going to do. I was going to show up there and look nothing like my usual self. I didn't know her anymore. She wouldn't know me either. I would dress up as sexily as I could to make her think the worse thing that she could. She'd always been adamant about nice presentation and what people thought of us. I'd make sure she'd have a heart attack seeing me at that restaurant. She would never know anything about me again. I would never let her see any of my drawings anymore, I wouldn't let tell her my crazy stories anymore and I would never share anything with her ever again.

I know it was a little harsh but she had broken my heart. She had abandoned me! And I wasn't good with forgiving.

I hopped in Alex's black Jeep in silence and waited for him to start the car.

"Alright I don't like this Lexi," Alex said, the keys still in his hands looking at me.

"What do you mean?"

"I want happy-go-lucky Lexi. The one who doesn't give a shit and sure as hell doesn't stay silent for more than one minute!"

"Well set your mind because you always complain about my rambling mister," I answered and crossed my arms over my chest.

"This isn't you, Kitty... I know she hurt you, but whatever she did, don't let her take your true self away from you," he said slowly.

I just looked at him.

I really couldn't say anything.

I mean I knew I had been moping a lot lately but I wouldn't have thought I was that bad...

"Good, now let's get you all sexy missy!" He smiled and started driving.

Chapter 3

Chapter Two

Chapter Two

"No... no... aww maybe... no... no... Hell NO! No... no... Now if you wear that I'm going to take you right now on the floor..."

Alex and I were going through every single piece of clothes I had. The floor of my mini-walk-in closet—well more like janitor mop closet size actually—was covered with shirts and skirts and dresses.

The last dress I had showed him that had earned the *take you on the floor* comment was a black lace corset type of dress which was in my mind way too revealing, and a hand-down from my sister

Annabelle who had a few too many floozy episodes with it. It was like completely see through and there was no way in hell I was wearing that in a public restaurant, *ever* . My sister wore it to get into clubs when she was still underage. She used to call it her *Fake ID* .

"All talk, no action..." I trailed off and put the dress back on the hanger.

I had a hard time looking at him, sitting in the middle of all my clothes without bursting into laughter.

Earlier, he had decided to put on my pink tube shirt and it looked like it was going to explode off his muscular chest.

"Is that an invitation?" he crooned with a wicked grin.

I gave him a seductive smile and started to crawl on the floor towards him making growling sounds.

"Lexi the Kitty is baaaad," I informed him in a sexy voice and tried to purr.

And then when I lunged at him, he rolled away laughing and I landed in a pile of clothes.

Alex grabbed me around the waist, swung me over his shoulder, walked back in my room and let me drop on my bed.

"Lexi the Kitty is in trouble," he informed me grinning.

I frowned looking up at him. "I thought you said you would take me on the floor."

"Well you aren't wearing the dress, are you?"

"I mean, I want to look slutty but not *that* slutty," I stated.

"We'll find something. Now for your punishment..." he started but when he moved towards me the pink tube tore completely.

"SHIT," Alex exclaimed while looking at the big rip on his side.

"You ruined my top you *moron* ," I whined in a fake hurt tone. I didn't really like that top. It didn't make

my boobs look big enough. That was the bane of being part of the small-titties-club.

"Hey kids, anybody there," a voice asked downstairs.

My father was home.

"Yeah dad! We're in my room," I yelled back.

I got up from the bed when my father walked in.

"Well, well if it isn't Alexander wearing Lexi's clothes again," my dad laughed.

"And he tore it," I added.

My father ignored that comment and frowned at me. "Where's your brother?"

I tried not to roll my eyes. My father was out of it sometimes. "Soccer practice, he has a game tonight."

"Oh right..." dad nodded. "So what were you kids up to," he asked when he saw the mess in my wardrobe.

Alex grinned. "Trying to find a slutty dress for Lexi!"

"Well, clean up afterwards," my father answered and left.

Yeah, that was my dad. He could have walked in the middle of an orgy and just say something like, "Be sure to use a condom kids!"

"Alright, what more have you got in this closet of yours," Alex asked.

"We haven't even seen half of it yet..." I groaned and sighed.

I needed to meet my mom in one hour and I still didn't have a dress.

"Maybe we should go shopping..." I whined.

"No, no, we don't have time, let's just stop looking randomly... Let's be more methodical about this. First, do you have any slutty dress," Alex asked.

"Well, you've seen the black see-through one!"

"I mean that you are *willing to wear* !"

I tried to think about it but it was kind of hard with so many clothes I didn't even remember about.

"What about that dress you had made for the theme party last spring," he asked me.

Last spring, some rich kid had planned this whole party, Vegas-style. Everyone had to show up wearing something appropriate for the circumstance.

I had my sister make me a dress for it. It was red, with a line of button in front, strapless, down to middle of my thigh and made my boobs look twice as big. Annabelle was to blame on that one too. Apparently a baggy t-shirt with a something witty written on it and jeans with holes wasn't appropriate for the circumstances.

I would just like to mention I had skipped that party in the end and watched reruns of Seinfeld instead. I was really not a party girl to be honest.

"I can't wear that," I hissed.

"Yes you can! And that's exactly what you'll be wearing," Alex beamed and started to go through my closet again. "Tada," he exclaimed when he found it.

"God..." I just whispered. I couldn't believe I had actually thought about making that dress. Annabelle was totally to blame, *totally* .

"Oh yeah, this is going to look great on you! Go on, put it on," Alex ordered me, pushing me towards the bathroom.

I crossed my arms over my chest stubbornly. "No!"

"Alright, I agreed with the back see-through dress but now girl you gotta help me out here. We have a dead line and you aren't really being cooperative! Just put the damn dress on so we can do something with your hair! Do you really want to look good?"

"Fine," I answered angrily.

There was no point in arguing with him when he ordered me around like that.

I walked to my bathroom and started to put the dress on.

"Now, before you freak on when you see yourself in that dress remember why we're doing this. You want your mom to walk in there and drop her jaws. You want her speechless and mad as hell. Heck, you even want her to think that with that dress you could do anyone in that restaurant because every guy will

drool over you and not even see her because you're a sexy beast and she's a wash-up has-been."

Alex was good in pep talking. He wasn't quarterback of the school's football team for no reason.

I walked out of the bathroom taking little steps.

"Holy crap," Alex said and whistled. "You're sexy as hell!"

I looked at myself in the mirror in front of me and gasped.

I really did look good in that dress.

"Oh my god, she's going to have a heart attack," I beamed and started to jump up and down in joy.

" *Now* , let's do something with your hair and face," Alex said and grinned conspiratorially.

Chapter 4

Chapter Three

Chapter Three

I was waiting in the restaurant, sitting at a table, alone.

My mother hadn't showed up yet. *So typical of her.*

I felt pretty bad just waiting there with a good proportion of the male clientele giving me furtive glances now and then. I looked totally out of place.

Maybe Alex and I had over done it.

My brown hair was all messily curly and we had put some kind cream in it that made it glitter and I had

mascara and eyeliner and silvery eye shadow and red lipstick.

I really didn't look like myself, did I?

I kept staring at everything on the table and not at the people around me, fidgeting with anything my hands could get on. My head snapped up though when I heard someone wolf whistle.

Damn !

Drake.

"Well, well if it isn't Miss Library looking all sexed-up," he greeted and sat in the chair in front of me grinning.

Damn, I *really* didn't need this right now...

"Well, well if it isn't Mister I-Do-It-In-Public-Place looking cocky as usual," I answered dryly.

Just leave , I thought. What was he doing here? He had no reason to be here, especially, here, at *my* table. Was this just God's crude way to mock me because I had decided to dress like a whore and he was a manwhore?

"So who's the lucky bastard who'll have the honour of stripping you out of this *lovely* dress," Drake inquired, looking at me like I was meat.

"Would you just leave, we can always continue this oh so entertaining little chat... well never," I tried not to snap at him when answering, guessing that could only please him and looked around desperately wanting to see my mom right now.

He smirked. "How about you come with me and we continue it in the bathroom?"

Really? Did he really *just say that?*

"What makes you think your wash-up pick up line will work with me Drake?" I snorted, annoyed.

For the first time, his smirk suddenly vanished off his face. He was actually... *frowning* . "My name's Blake."

I snorted again. "Yeah, right!"

"I think I know my name," he stated in a leveled tone, the frown still plastered on his face.

Hmm... well what did you know? Why had I always thought it was Drake?

"That sure shows how much I don't give a crap about you, now if you could just leave, I would be really grateful," I answered him with a fake smile.

"I don't think so. I want to meet your boyfriend," he beamed and the evil grin was back on his face in full mode.

Great. That's what it was all about? I had made fun of him and now he wanted to get back?

I s *o* didn't need this right now. I was already stressed out with the whole "I haven't seen my mom in like forever and I don't know what I'll say to her". I really didn't need this!

This boy was seriously annoying me. "Tell me something! How does someone as annoying and cocky and arrogant as you get so many girls? Do you only pick the ones with an I.Q. lower than 90?"

"You want to know my trick," he asked, grinning.

As if...

"No I was just insulting you in a ladylike way," I told him, smirking.

"What you wear sure isn't ladylike..." Dra—Blake trailed and stared at everything but my face.

I snapped my fingers in front of his face. "Hey! My eyes are up here!"

"I'm sorry, it's like gravity, my eyes are attracted to the biggest object in the room," Blake chuckled and smiled, his cocky smile.

"You're an ass!" If I had had a napkin on my legs this would have been the time where I would have taken it and threw it on his face, leaving the table fuming.

"Well I want to see *your* ass..."

I slapped my hand on the table, but didn't make him jump in the slightest or even erase the smirk off his face for a millisecond. "Enough with the pick up lines! They aren't getting you anywhere!"

And that's the moment when I saw my mom. I was only briefly relief when I realized what I was really looking at *. My mom and a man. A man that wasn't my dad.*

I gasped.

Blake turned around and followed my eyes. "Is that your date? Well isn't he the gentleman, bringing his other girlfriend along with him," he snorted, looking really pleased with himself.

I would have answered, I would have insulted him but I couldn't. My eyes were filling up with tears. *Of course.* I should have known she would do something like that...

"Hey don't worry. The girl isn't even as half pretty as you are," Blake added and his voice was almost kind.

"That's not my date. That's my mom..." I whispered.

Blake looked at me with wide eyes and looked back at the two of them, holding hands and murmuring something to each other.

"And that's clearly not your dad... Jeez, what is he? Fifteen?"

"I don't know...I don't want to know... I have to get out of here," I answered in a rush and got up trying to find a way to get as far away from here as possible.

Of course, my mom saw me, waved and walked towards me.

Oh God no! I don't want to do this.

My eyes brimmed with tears.

Of course my mother didn't notice that. No, her eyes automatically fixed on my dress and I heard her gasp. "Lexi?" she almost groaned and her voice was filled with anger.

Again, I couldn't say anything. I didn't want to say anything to her and her stupid boyfriend who had taken her away from us, from *me* .

Blake's voice was what got me out of my almost trance state. "Hi, you must be Lexi's mom. I'm really, *really* , deeply sorry but we have to go," he informed my mother, his voice strained and almost sad.

I honestly didn't understand what he was doing. I probably looked as confused as my mother.

"And *you* are," my mother asked him rudely.

"Blake Eaton. I'm sorry we just got back from the exhibition at the new art gallery and then I got a call

from my mom and my brother got in a car accident and I really have to go and I don't think I can drive there..." and his voice broke. *Jeez he was good.* "...so Lexi offered to drive me but she said we had to stop by and tell you. I'm *really* sorry about this..."

This guy should consider an acting career. Plus, with the way he looked, anyone would want him in their movie.

"But we were supposed to talk," my mother pressed, her eyes narrowing.

Hmm... I think this is where I should be talking. Talk Lexi. "Sorry, but this is really an emergency..." I managed to choke.

This obviously didn't please my mother. "Now you listen to me. You sit down and talk with us. Your *boyfriend* can drive himself on his own." she ordered me. The look she gave Blake when she said "boyfriend" was priceless—just the perfect amount of disgust. If I hadn't been so in shock and mad at her I could have enjoyed it.

When had she become so bitter? And what right did she have, ordering me around like this?

My eyes narrowed. *Enough.* "No, *you* listen to me," I pretty much shouted, pointing at her. "You can't tell me what to do anymore! You lost that right when you walked away from us," I yelled, making a scene.

Good, now I probably looked like Regina George losing it in Mean Girls...

I would have stayed right on my spot, shooting daggers at her with my eyes if it hadn't been for Blake's hand pressing on my back, leading me towards the exit. I was too worked up to argue.

"They didn't follow," Blake informed me when we were out the door and out of hearing range.

"Thank you," I whispered.

"You're welcome. I always love being dragged in the middle of a family feud," Blake countered sarcastically and rolled his eyes.

We kept walking towards the parking lot. I was still too mad to not follow him.

"Where's your car," Blake asked and looked around like he actually knew what it looked like.

"Not here. A friend drove me here. He's supposed to pick me up" I said and took my cell phone out of my purse.

"Ah put that back inside, I'll drive you," Blake said in discouraged voice.

"You don't need to do that." I laughed humourlessly.

Nothing was humorous about any of this.

"Of course I do. What if your mom saw you waiting outside alone for your ride? I would have done all of this for nothing? No thanks," he said in a fake offended tone while walking towards a car.

I shrugged. He had a point. And I didn't feel like waiting for Alex to arrive and pick me up, it would suck. And it would only reiterate the whole "looking like a prostitute waiting for her client" thing.

So I kept following him, but I stopped dead on my tracks when I saw which car he was heading to.

"Is *that* your car," I gasped.

In front of us there was a gorgeous black Lamborghini Murciélago. I could tell because that was the car I always picked to drive when playing Need For Speed Underground on PS3 with my brother. It was safe to say I liked that car *a lot* .

"No, I just decided to steal it," Blake answered in condescending tone and rolled his eyes.

He got on the right side of the car and opened the door for me.

Oh god, kill me, I want those doors!

"Come on, just get in. I'll try to keep my inappropriate comments to a minimum on the way," Blake informed me, smirking as always.

As much as this boy annoyed me I really, *really* wanted to get in this car!

"Fine," I answered, a bit reluctantly—sure the car was fraking awesome but the driver, not so much—and slid on the seat.

Blake closed the door for me, walked around the car and sat beside me.

"If this is your car how come I've never seen it at school," I inquired, while he fastened his seatbelt.

"If I recall you thought my name was Drake," he chuckled and started the engine.

Oh my god! I want that car! That was like the nicest sound ever!

Keep it cool Lexi , I thought, *you don't want him to think you actually enjoy being in his car.*

"I would have seen that car," I retorted.

"Do you think I would be stupid enough to drive it to school with hysterical girls like you that would just go and scratch its nice paint with theirs keys or heels?" Blake scoffed and patted the dashboard like the car was his baby.

And then he put it in reverse and spun the car in the parking.

Frak! That dude knows how to drive!

"So you mind telling me why you were wearing that dress to meet your mom?" Blake inquired with an amused smile.

"You mind telling me what you were doing in that restaurant," I countered, dodging the question.

"Waiting to pick up a random girl and giving her the night of her life. So far it's going great," he smirked.

"Keep on dreaming," I replied dryly, narrowing my eyes.

"I sure will babe," he sang and wiggled his eyebrows

"You know you're a perverted freak," I sneered.

Blake sped up the car the engine making a nice purring noise. "Ouch! That's harsh considering I just saved your nice little ass out there."

I ignored the crude remark and asked the obvious question. "Well speaking of which, why did you do that? It was nice of you, but I don't get why you would do something nice to begin with."

I really did wonder. What could he possibly gain from helping me?

"Again, ouch! Can't a guy be nice without any ulterior motives," he asked but his voice was playful.

Oh god, what does he want!?

"Sure... anyway... thank you," I trailed trying to not sound as worried as I was.

Maybe if I let the matter alone he wouldn't bring it up "ulterior motives" thing.

We were both silent after that and I was scared he was planning something bad.

I should say something, not let him think too much. Nothing that boy thinks about can be good . "So, we went to the exhibition at the new art gallery," I trailed.

"We sure did babe and you were all over me," Blake informed me happily and of course he still had that smug smirk plastered on his face. Couldn't he smile like a normal person? Or maybe just not make dirty comments every seconds.

I rolled my eyes at him and hit his arm with my purse.

I snorted. "Didn't figure you as the type of guy who would go to exhibitions," I said in a sarcastic voice.

"I'm going to go again with the *you thought my name was Drake* argument," he reiterated and turned on the street were I lived.

Huh?

I looked at him puzzled.

"How'd you know where I lived?" I frowned in confusion.

"If I recall your sister used to throw wild parties when your parents left," Blake explained with a tone and they way he was looking at me just meant I was very dumb for even asking.

Oh yeah, right.

Annabelle and her wild parties... Every time she would throw one I would go crash at Alex's house, or my friend Vanessa, or at Daphnee's, not wanting to witness the demolition.

But that was before my mom left, and Anna decided she couldn't live in this house anymore and moved to the other side of the country.

I should have known some one like Blake would have been there.

"Well, again thank you," I stated, opened the door and stepped out.

"You're welcome! Now you owe me," Blake informed me.

I gasped and turned around to face him.

A huge grin covered his face.

" *What* ?!"

"You heard me! You owe me now. Don't worry I'll come up with a nice payment for you to give me soon," he explained, obviously proud of himself and closed the door for me in one sharp movement leaving me breathless in front of my house.

Oh my god !

What had I put myself into?!

Chapter 5

Chapter Four

Chapter 4

When I turned around and headed towards my house it felt like it weren't my legs that were moving.

I was in big trouble— *huge* troubling trouble!

The *we've got a dangerous package in front of us and we have no fraking idea what it is but we know it's probably going to end with something like BOOM! We're all dead!* kind of trouble.

You did not want to owe anything to Blake Eaton, *ever* !

Alright breathe Lexi, just breathe, maybe he was just joking, or maybe he just wants something simple like your sister's phone number... Yeah that's probably it... Now stop worrying.

I walked in the kitchen heading straight to the fridge since I hadn't had dinner, breathing in and out slowly, not letting myself think too much. A butt was popping out of the fridge, the person's head in it, cursing.

"Why is it so damn hard to buy groceries," I heard my little brother Tyler mumble.

I ignored the remark. "Who won," I asked him.

Tyler didn't turn around but I had a good view of his soccer uniform and grass still stained it.

"They kicked our ass, but James kicked their all-star player in his all-star family jewel and send him to the hospital so I think it's a fair draw," he replied, chuckling.

Then he turned around, with a can of soda in his hand, and gasped when he saw me.

Oh yes, right the dress that might get me smitten if I walked into a Church wearing it...

"So you had a nice time tonight, working on the street? Made some money? Wouldn't mind lending me some for a new PS3 game," he teased and drank from his soda.

"Actually, I went to see mom," I informed him casually and he spit out the soda everywhere.

" *What* ," he choked, coughing his bubbly beverage out.

I smirked. "You heard me."

"You went to see mom looking like *that* ?" I nodded even though I had kind of been repeating that already. It seemed to really sink in though. "Oh my god! What did she say? Oh how much I would pay to have seen her face," Tyler rambled almost gleefully.

"I'll bet you my Jezebel dress that you can't guess what happened," I countered.

"She jumped at your throat..." He shook his head and hands with energy. "No *wait* she would never humiliate herself in public." My little brother pondered for a second. "Alright, I know she said something like, *Excuse me miss could you please move away from this table and not let your genital diseases spread all over this nice chair,* " Ty mimicked out mother's voice and I had to admit that it fitted her perfectly.

"You're not even close..." I sighed.

"Oh my god. Did she? No she couldn't do *that* ?" my brother said and his eyes widened in acknowledgment.

"She did," I answered and sat on the counter.

Ty made a face. "Wow! That must have been awkward," he trailed and sat beside me, wrapping his arm around my shoulders comfortingly.

"Let's just say I'm in big, big trouble now," I sighed and rested my head on his shoulder.

His shoulder shook with his soft laugh. "What? Her boyfriend gave you his number?"

"If only," I mumbled, my cheek still pressed against him. And that wasn't true. My mom would have quite literally killed me if something like that had happened.

"We'll work it out. We always do," Ty assured me and kissed the top of my head. It was in time like these that he felt more like an older brother than an annoying little one that like to hang his sister's underwear at the most embarrassing places possible.

We sat there for a little while in silence, just listening to the sound of our breathing.

After a few peaceful seconds, I broke the silence. "You should go take a shower Ty, you stink," I teased him and pushed him aside playfully.

"Oh, I stink?" he asked in a challenging voice and grabbed me around the waist too quickly for me to react and tried rubbing me against his chest.

"Ew, Ty! *Gross* !" I yelled wiggling away from the idiot.

Tyler was only two years younger than me but he had grown so much in the last three years. He was

taller than my five feet eight inches now. He was almost six feet tall and in a really good shape considering he was a sport craving boy.

I really liked my brother, when he didn't wipe his sweat on me. We were just so alike—even our look. We both had the same brown hair, though his didn't have the small reddish complexion in the sun as mine had, and we had the same brown eyes, the same nose...

I looked a lot like my sister too, though she would always brag about the fact she was the sexiest. And it was true.

It was like that in our family. Annabelle was the beautiful one. I was the smart one and Tyler was the sporty one... Well, it used to be like that, before Annabelle abandoned the ship to its wreckage.

It wasn't like I hadn't seen it coming, though. Anna was bound to leave. She had always wanted to leave. Even when we were just small kids, she would drag us with her, saying we had to run away from the house because mom or dad had punished her for something she thought was unfair.

She was the rebellious one.

Tyler and I weren't like that. Of course, we weren't angels, but we weren't overly eager to abandon our family either. Ty and I, we would never abandon dad, and never abandon each other, that much I was sure of.

Ever since we were little we had always spent a lot of time together. I might have been the smart one but I liked playing sports too, and when we were younger, I would always play with Ty. It was nice because even though he was a boy, I was older so I used to be better than him. Now I wasn't so much. I mean, I still ran just a little bit faster, but I had no chance anymore on tackling him. He knew all of my weaknesses.

Ty ruffled my hair before letting go of me to grab his sport's bag off the floor.

"Oh yeah by the way, your pimp called. Said you needed to wear the Tuesday outfit tonight," Ty shot back while walking away, and laughed.

"Ha, ha! Real funny," I yelled after him, rolling my eyes.

Sighing heavily, I opened the freezer, grabbed the chocolate ice cream pot, a spoon out of the cupboard and dragged my feet all the way up to my room.

After closing the door behind me, I quickly stripped out of the my dress and threw it in the farthest corner of my closet. I washed my make-up off and got comfortable, putting on loose shorts and one of Ty's old shirts, too small for him now.

I sighed again. *Alright, I had to call Alex, give him a full report of my short evening.*

I took a spoonful of ice cream to stop the tears from escaping my eyes.

Yeah, I was the kind of person that ate her emotions. *Whatever* . It wasn't like I could gain a pound. I had *tried* to become fat, once because my grandparents kept telling me I was too skinny for my own good, and I wanted to shut them up by showing to their place with a double chin. But even after a month of oversized junk food plates and candy and chocolate

and all of Good Mother Nature gifts for our stomach, I hadn't gained a pound.

I might have sound like I was complaining about being skinny but truth be told, it wasn't always fun. Especially, when I looked at my boobs. And yes, I knew I talked a lot about them, but that was only because I hated them. They were too fracking small. On a good day there would never be a full handful of them. Whoever believed that skinny girls could have boobs the size of basket balls could kiss my little ass!

I picked up my phone and hit speed dial.

It rang two times. "You already want me to pick you up," Alex asked, not bothering with greetings.

"I'm already home," I answered and lied back in my bed, ice cream in my hands.

" *Oh, oh* ! Tell me what happened," he urged, his voice filled with concern.

I ran my fingers furiously through my hair. "She showed up with her boyfriend! Can you believe that? That shrew of a mother showed up with her *teenage*

boyfriend ," I yelled in the phone, and took another mouthful of ice cream.

" *Teenage* ?"

"Well, he was probably twenty or something, but, *whatever* . Blake said he looked fifteen," I shouted again.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! Back up your horse little missy! *Blake* ," Alex all but gasped.

"Yeah! I'm in deep shit! Oh and by the way, *what the hell* Alex! How come you never told me, that that conniving bastard's name wasn't Drake," I groaned and shoved the ice cream in my mouth.

"Thought it was funnier to let you call him Drake," Alex trailed and chuckled lightly. "Anyway, what happened exactly?"

I took a deep breath, getting ready to rant. "Well, I was waiting for my mom, and then out of nowhere Blake shows up—annoying as always—and he sits right in front of me and is the jerk he usually is, but then I see my mom and I see her boyfriend and I freak out! I mean, who wouldn't? That wasn't in my

plan!" I sighed. "Whatever, for some reason Blake started to say his brother got into a car crash and we had to go to the hospital and he couldn't drive himself so he needed me. As you might guess, mom didn't like that. Anyway, Blake dragged me outside and then he said he would drive me home too. *Hey* !" *Complete change of subject* . "Did you know that bastard has a Lamborghini Murciélago?"

"Yeah I heard... *Wait, wait, wait* ? You got in *that* car," Alex yelled.

"YES," I all but beamed. "Sure I hate that bastard, but that was one sweet ride..." I shook my head clearing my thoughts. "Anyway, when I got out of the car he said I... owe him..." I gulped.

"Shit... You're in big trouble," Alex stated.

"Do you think I don't *know* that?"

"You don't want to owe anything to Blake Eaton... *ever* !"

"I *know* ," I whined.

"Did you know the last girl who owed him something ended up in a seminar with him?"

"I KNOW," I whined even louder.

"Did you know another girl that owed him ended up running in the school halls naked with only whip cream on herself? And that she got expelled for that, and Blake got nothing?" Alex continued.

"I KNOW! I KNOW! I *KNOW* ," I chanted, on the verge of covering my ears and going into fetal position.

I didn't need Alex to tell me those things, I was quite aware of them.

"You're a dead girl, Grayson..."

"Shut up," I shouted.

"It was really nice knowing you," he trailed, ignoring my last outburst.

"What am I going to do," I asked desperate, ignoring him too.

"You could move to a foreign country. Change your name. Get a face surgery. Become a man..."

I pulled at my hair. "I'm sure he could still track me down..."

"Yes, probably," Alex agreed.

"I'm a dead girl..." I stated.

"Yope," Alex happily answered.

That was when I felt something cold on my stomach. *Crap* ! My ice cream! "Oh god! Alex I have to go now. I've got ice cream all over myself," I groaned.

"What? Is Blake already making you pay?"

I narrowed my eyes and didn't answer that. I just hung up on him. *So much for being my best friend* ! *Idiot* .

I got up from my bed—careful not to let ice cream spill on it—and headed downstairs. I threw the remaining in the garbage.

The kitchen wasn't empty.

My father greeted me with his usual, "Hey kid," while sitting at the edge of the counter.

I smiled faintly. "Hey dad."

"What's up with your shirt," he asked, casually, before continuing to eat his cereals—like seeing me covered with ice cream wasn't something abnormal and it really wouldn't affect his day.

"Spilled ice cream on it," I replied gesturing between the shirt and the remnant of the ice cream now in the garbage.

He nodded, smiling faintly, but then a veil of sadness clouded his eyes. "So, how was your night?"

Poor daddy . He might have been out of it most of the time, but he had a heart and my mother had crushed it.

But what was I supposed to say? I saw her *boyfriend* ? That would kill him.

"I got tired of waiting for her..." I simply replied.

And in a way it was the truth. I was tired of waiting for my real mom to come back. She was not coming back. That was it. End of story. Move on.

"That wasn't Alex's car I saw you getting out of," my father trailed, frowning.

Hmm...wow. My father had noticed that. Well, I should give him credits for that... Anyway, he had probably only been waiting by a window in case it had been mom who had driven me home, so he could have seen her...

Poor dad ...

"Yes. Did you see what kind of car?" I asked him trying to be cheerful, trying to change the place where this conversation was going.

It earned me a half-smile. "Hard to miss with those doors."

I smiled more. "It's a nice car."

"And who's the guy it belongs to?"

My eyes widened. *Frack* ! I sort of had shot myself in the foot there.

I tried to recompose myself quickly. "No one really. Some guy at school," I brushed it off, like it was nothing.

"It always starts with a *some guy at school* ," my father pointed out, and chuckled.

"Whatever," I groaned and headed back to my room. Like that was going to happen. Like anything was going to happen with Drake-who-really-is-Blake-Stinking-Eaton. If things were entirely up to me, I'd make sure to never cross path with him again. Sure, he had helped me in time of need, but now I didn't want to owe anything to the guy.

When I was at the top of the stairs, instead of going in my room right away, I turned and poked my head in through the door of my brother's room. "Night Ty."

My brother's attention was concentrated on the screen in front of me, but he still managed to answer me. "Hey... You don't want to play," Ty inquired, his eyes never leaving his Blu-ray TV. He was playing Resistance: Fall of Man.

As much as I wanted to kill a few Chimeran Hybrid, I was surprisingly tired even though it was only nine thirty and I had barely done anything straining—unless almost-going-out-to-dinner-with-your-adulterous-mother counted as a straining activity.

"I'll pass. Maybe tomorrow," I offered.

"Alright. Good night," Ty answered his head in the game.

"You too. Kill the monsters for me," I smiled at him and made my way to my room.

"I will," Ty shouted back.

The second, I stepped in the comfort of my own private space, I headed for my bathroom, took off my shirt, and threw it in the laundry basket. I looked at myself in my bathroom mirror and sighed. "What are we going to do now?" I asked my reflection.

Wouldn't it be fun if I got an answer? Something like go heal the sick or some shit like that, you know something that would make me worth being remember other than being the next girl running in the school all naked and covered with whip cream...

I sighed again.

I followed my usual night routine—I took a shower, brushed my hair and my teeth and fell on my bed.

Then, like every other night since the last two months, I curled up in a ball in the middle of my bed and cried until I fell asleep.

Chapter 6

Chapter Five

Chapter 5

A saccade string of continuous beeps harassed my ears in the morning.

What a nice sound to wake up to, isn't it ? I thought, while I tried to reach the snooze button of my alarm clock without losing the warmth of my bed.

I used to make it play the radio, but I would either not notice it or have a real annoying song in my head all day long so I had settled for the beep-beeps, even though they were freakishly annoying.

I curled back in my bed, holding my blanket closer, and buried my head in my pillow. "I don't wanna go to school, I don't wanna go to school, I don't wanna go to school," I chanted in a muffled mumble.

And then I fell back into a light sleep, until I heard the damn beep-beeps again.

I hit snooze.

I could do that all morning long. I was not a morning person and I didn't really need that much time to get ready in the morning but I still set up my alarm clock one hour before school started, because in the end I always ended up waking up twenty-four minutes before the school started.

And then I would run around the house telling everyone to get out of my way because I was going to be late but never was.

I liked my little morning ritual.

So, I rolled around in my bed until the next beep-beeps. But I didn't hit snooze this time. Instead, I closed it and got out of my bed and dragged my

SpongeBob SquarePant's pyjamas' covered butt to Tyler's room.

He was still snoring lightly when I fell on his bed right beside him.

"Beep, beep, beep. *Get up* ," I whined, shaking his shoulder lightly.

For some strange reason, I was Tyler's alarm clock. My parents had never bought him one when he was younger and he gotten used to it. I had no idea how he could live without the time in his room but I guess it had just became normal for him.

"Come back in nine minutes," Ty groaned and cover his face with his pillow.

"Get up!" I told him and took his pillow off and put it under my head, settling in his bed. It wasn't rare for us to fall right back asleep and then dad would have to wake us up.

"But I was having such a nice dream," Ty groaned again and pulled back his pillow.

"Well, just tell Megan Fox that you'll come back tonight," I snorted him and closed my eyes, sensing the sleepiness slowly creeping back.

"I wasn't dreaming about her," Tyler answered and yawned.

If my eyes hadn't been closed I would have rolled them. "Please, it's too early to talk about your perv dreams Ty," I informed him and yawned too.

After that, I think we fell asleep again because I heard our father. "I never signed up for Sleeping Beauty's. Get up kids!" dad said and waited practically impatiently, until we both got out of the bed.

Rubbing my eyes, I thought about lying and saying I was sick in order to curl back up in bed, but instead asked, "What time?"

Dad was almost smug when he answered. "You've got twenty minutes."

" *Great* ," I groaned. That was all I had needed to know, and ran downstairs.

My priorities quickly changed in my head as I cooked scrambled eggs for Tyler and I, while drinking coffee dad had made.

"Eggs are ready," I yelled for Tyler's benefit, and sprinted back to my room with my plate in one hand and the coffee in the other.

On my way up, I almost bumped into my brother, who was already fully clothed, his bag on his back, ready to go.

The kid had it easy—he didn't give a crap about what he wore, as long as it was clean, and had nothing to do with his hair because he had it cropped up short.

"Yum-yum. Eggs," he grinned evilly, grabbed my fork, and took a mouthful.

"Dumbass! Go eat your own," I reprimanded him, caught the fork back and ran again to my room.

I looked at my clock. Twelve minutes left. *Crap* ! *Clothes, on. Fast* ! I brushed my teeth while skipping to get in my dark blue skinny jeans, almost breaking my neck four times in the process. I slipped in a gray

V necked knit, grabbed my bag, and rushed downstairs.

"We're leaving," I screamed at Ty who was watching the Sport Channel in the living room, snatched my keys and jogged to my car.

I looked at myself in the rear-view mirror and sighed. My hair was a mess so I took my yellow beanie lying on my back seat and put it over it, trying to cover the mess that it was.

When Lazy-Ty finally got in the car, I backed out of the garage and sped out of our alley to the street.

Five minutes before the first bell would ring.

Obviously, my brother wasn't affected in the slightest by how late we were. Instead, he reached for the radio, about to change the music. "Kings of Leon is *so* depressing in the morning, Lexi," Tyler whined.

I slapped his hand. "Do *not* change my music. I love this CD and you're going to have to suck it up," I informed him in a tone that left no place for arguments, and turned up the volume just to reiterate my point.

"Don't you think we already have enough reasons to be depressed? Don't you think a little beat could be good for us?" he demanded, crossing his arms over his chest.

I wasn't going to have it though. I knew how that kid worked and even if he tried his puppy dog eyes on me I wouldn't cave. "Cold Desert speaks to my soul," I answered him absentmindedly, while overtaking the car in front of me in a very illegal manner.

Whatever . I was already going seventy miles per hour so if a cop stopped me, I would just get my money's worth.

"Well, your soul is one depress fellow and now you're feeding him!" Ty shot back, obviously still not done with our conversation.

That kid should have known me better. "Do you want me to put my fifties music? Or maybe my twenties?" I asked him mischievously.

"Go to hell," Ty mumbled just before trying to reach for the radio again.

I slapped the back of his head. That caught his attention. "Damn it, Ty! If you try to change my music again I swear to god I'm kicking you out of my car," I threatened.

Luckily, brother-dearest didn't try to fight back. "Can't wait to have my own car..." Ty mumbled but I didn't reply because my attention was suddenly brought back to the guy I had just overtaken that was following me dangerously close.

"What the hell his wrong with that guy?" I whispered to myself while looking at the dark metallic blue Cadillac Escalade in my rear view mirror.

That was when I saw Blake in the driver seat with a big smirk on his face, waving his hand at me, and getting closer and closer to my bumper.

" *That fucking asshole* ," I yelled and stepped on the gas harder, but Blake did the same.

"What the hell?" Ty squeaked, and turned his head around to look at the car behind us.

I seriously hoped Blake could see the murderous glare I was giving him through my mirror. *Damn moron* !

"Jeez, that guy gives me the heebie-jeebies when he makes that smirk," Ty said and faked a shiver.

I was too pissed to comment. What the hell was wrong with that guy? Did he *want* us to get arrested?

"Is there any particular reason why he's doing this to us?" Ty enquired.

This was not something I wanted to have to think about right away. My plan had been to never see the guy again, not have him follow me dangerously close in his car the very next morning, before even stepping a foot in school. "I owe him," I groaned.

Tyler snorted. " *Wow* ! You're in big, big trouble sis!"

I narrowed my eyes. "I know."

"You remember that girl who set her panties on fire in the science lab last year and had to pay the fine you get when you call the fire department. Well, she owed Blake too," Ty laughed.

Okay, seriously, what's up with all those freaky stories ? "Oh please! I don't need that kind of reminder," I yelled. "I should brake fast. Make him bump in my car. He's going to be responsible," I mumbled to myself wickedly.

"Yeah, *right* ! And his Escalade is going to make mashed potatoes with your Jetta," Ty snorted again.

Evidently, I didn't need a car crash. It seemed like a better option than having to face Dra—Blake so early in the morning though.

I stepped harder on the gas and turned sharply in the school parking lot. When I saw Alex's Jeep, I parked right beside it. Blake parked beside me. *Stalker* .

"A little persistent, isn't he?" Ty chuckled and got out of the car. I sighed heavily, grabbed my bag from the back seat and got out too.

Of course, Blake was walking towards me, grinning. *Asshole! Jerk. Dumbass!*

"What the hell did you do that for?" I asked Blake, because clearly I wasn't getting out of interacting with him, so I might as well show confidence and a

strong front and cut his bull. Then, I just turned around and walked in a quick pace towards the school.

I didn't give a crap about his answer. I didn't give a crap about *him* !

"Well, well. No need to thank me, babe. I'll just add this to your I-Owe-Blake tab," he told me, easily following my pace that subsequently slowed at his reply. *What the hell* ?

I gave him a look that was supposed to show him just how much I thought he was crazy, because he *clearly* was. "And why was almost bumping in my car a reason to owe you?"

"Cops can't arrest two cars speeding at the same time." Blake said in a duh voice. *Wow, he* really *is an idiot* .

"Highly unlikely," I pointed out because his was reasoning was flawed. "And I don't owe you anything," I told him and walked even faster towards the school.

"Oh, I think you do," Blake shot back and grinned.

"I never asked you for anything, you simply decided to act, therefore I do not owe you!" I repeated, walking through the school doors.

"Nice try Grayson! I give you an A plus for your efforts." Blake laughed. I was tempted to punch him.

"I'm serious. I don't owe you anything *Eaton* !"

"Wow." He pressed his palm against his chest. "You remember my surname! I'm *touched* !"

I rolled my eyes, heading to my locker, hoping I would have time to get my stuff and not be late. "Get over yourself!"

"I'd rather get over you," he said, smirking.

I snorted, not impressed. "Your pick up lines are really getting old Blake!"

"Are they? Or are you so attracted to me that those words leave you speechless and you can't come up with anything better than my pick up lines are old?"

Damn moron didn't even begin to cover it... "Try not to drown when you'll see your reflection in the water

Narcissus!" I told him, snorting. Honestly, the guy could hardly be more conceited.

"And don't come whining to me when only your voice will be left Echo," he shot back.

I stopped dead in my tracts and stared at him, my head tilting. Blake stopped in front of me and looked at me, his expression confused.

"What?" he asked, almost self-consciously.

"Mythology?" I pointed out, almost in disbelief.

"Yeah," he answered clearly not understanding what was happening, frowning.

"Blake Eaton, the jock of this school knows mythology?" I asked him, forming what was bothering me into words. I mean, come on! Who would expect him to know mythology, and not one of the most known and popular stories?

"You're quick to judge Grayson, that's your problem," Blake countered and there was a weird look in his eyes.

I wanted to say something back but then my gaze met Stacey's, Blake's fake platinum blond and orange tanned conquest of yesterday. And she was glaring at me—no wait, glaring didn't even begin to cover the way she was looking at me—she had the expression Darth Vader would have when he chokes people with the Force if he didn't wear a helmet.

Blake turned around and saw who I was looking at.

"Aw, shit!" I heard him mumble. "I have to take care of something right now, but don't think we are done here," Blake added, his eyes never leaving Stacey, and he left me there, walking away towards her.

"Oh by the way, the Echo reference was way off base! As far as I know I've always been the one pushing you away!" I yelled after him.

"Keep telling yourself that," Blake turned around and answered, smirking.

Ugh ! *God he's annoying* !

That was when the first bell rang and I ran to my locker to grab my things.

What a lovely way to start my morning !

Chapter 7

Chapter Six

A/N: I just want to say, before you start reading, sorry about Lexi rambling, sleep depravation does that to my writing!

And this chapter goes to my two soulmates that helped me create my characters! Sorry you guys, if I put so many true things in here, not my fault our life is too entertaining! ;P

So anyway, read, comment and vote! :D

* * * * * * * * * * *

Chapter 6

I plopped down my seat exactly when the second bell rang.

Always right on time!

While I was going through my bag to get my notebook and pencil out, something hit the back of my head. I turned to glare at the responsible and saw Alex grinning at me sitting at the desk in diagonal with mine.

"What's your problem, dude," I mouthed to him trying to not attract the attention of Mrs Muffin in front. The poor woman had inherited the lovely nickname because of her atrocious red curly hair that made her head look like a muffin. And I wasn't kidding here, it was true, it, honest to god, looked like a damn muffin.

Alex held his phone in front of him and shook it. *Alright, what am I suppose to make of this?* I whispered, "confused," and pointed to myself.

He kept tapping on his phone. *What? Does he want a new phone or something? Damn, that boy is confusing in the morning!*

"What's wrong with your phone," I hissed and held my hands beside me frowning and shaking my head like I had no freaking clue. Because honestly, I hadn't.

"Check your phone you dim-wit!" he said out loud and rolled his eyes.

I rolled my eyes. "Jeez, no need to be rude!" I answered and turned around in my seat to find a muffin with glasses staring at me.

"Is something wrong?" she inquired and I *think* she was trying to make it sound threatening, but it just couldn't work. First, she was the least believable mean person in the world. Second, muffins just couldn't get angry. Ever.

"No everything's perfect Ma'am. Proceed, proceed." I said, rolling my hand in the air urging her to continue with whatever she had been doing.

She turned back to her board, resuming with her note writing that we were expected to copy. That was all we ever did in this class—copy what she wrote on the board.

Hmm . We called her Mrs. Muffin but what was her real name? That really bothered me for a second. What *was* her real name?

I couldn't remember—which couldn't actually come as a shocked since I didn't seem to have perfect record on the whole remembering people's actual names thing.

Ugh . I was definitely never going to hear the end of that, I was sure. Drake would throw it back in my face—no pun intended—as often as he could.

But as much as the a-hole annoyed me, I had to admit, deep within, the whole bantering thing I had been doing with him, it made me feel like the Old-me again—the one that was a little bit stupider and a whole lot funnier, the way I was before my mother left. But only in small doses—Alex could support that statement; he often used to complain about it.

I shook my head, a bit confused by that realisation—I mean, why the heck would Old-Me come back to argue with a narcissist bastard? I looked at the board in front and sighed heavily.

This was getting boring—taking notes—I was about to make drawling *beaaa* sounds to support that state of mind.

I took my bag again, looking for my pen and saw my phone.

Oh yeah right! Ooops. How easily distracted was I, really?

I took my phone but it was closed, so I pressed the open button but nothing happened.

Damn ! I turned around and stared at Alex. "No batteries" I mouthed to him, tapping the screen for emphasis and he just rolled his eyes. *Pff* .

I gazed back at the board and realized that Mrs Muffin was already erasing a part of the board. *Slow down Speedy Gonzales! I haven't even started yet!*

I turned my head to the left and smiled sheepishly at Duke beside be.

"Hey Duke, mind lending me your notes?" I whispered to him, smiling as sweetly as I could.

"No problem," he mouthed and shook with a soundless laughter while he handed me his sheet.

I copied what was on it pretty fast—my hand writing sucked big time but I could write pretty damn fast—but then my eyes caught his name in the top corner of the sheet and I stopped writing—or moving—altogether.

It said Luke.

Luke. His name was *Luke* ? What. The. Hell? Was I confusing *everyone's* name?

This was getting into a serious problem! I mean, I knew I screwed up words a lot—like when I was younger I would say 'pacable' instead of 'capable' and even though people pointed it out I just couldn't say the right word and if I didn't pay attention I often confused the words gray and brown or bacon and ham or other things like that for some dark and mysterious reason. But I wasn't aware that I screwed up names too! No one ever pointed it out. I mean, I would have get it with Blake 'cause I barely ever talked to the guy but I talked a lot with Du—Luke. I was friends with him for Pete's sake!

Why didn't they tell me? Was I screwing up more names? *God, they must all think I was some kind of self-centered egocentric moron.*

I wasn't that stupid. I might have been a little dumb in life but I was really smart on paper. I could be smart—like perfect-grade smart, like analysing-contemporary-art smart and giving-the-deep-meaning-of-a-poem smart.

When I finally looked back at the board and stopped mentally rambling, Mrs Muffin was erasing the board again.

You have got to be kidding me!

I turned and smiled at Du–Luke—the kind of guilty smile where you lowered you bottom lip a little too much. His reply was an amused grin while he gave me the second sheet.

This time, I stopped getting mentally distracted and I copied it super fast, pretty sure I wouldn't even be able to read it afterwards, gave Luke his sheet back and started to copy the board.

My wrist was hurting from all the writing when the bell finally rang.

I gathered my things and waited for Alex to walk out with him.

"Vanessa's been trying to call you till yesterday but you wouldn't pick up your phone," Alex explained and offered me his.

"Crap! I totally forgot with the whole Blake fiasco," I groaned and started to dial Vanessa's number. "Why didn't she call home?"

Vanessa wasn't my best friend, because best friend didn't properly describe our relationship. She was like a second me and one of the only girls, aside from Daphnee, who I hung out with—well not so much anymore because she moved away six months ago to attempt an Art school that specialized in singing. She was an amazing singer.

Of course, I was very happy for her, but it that was really really hard for me, even though it was such a wonderful opportunity, because we had been in the

same class and best friend since first grade. Having her away made me almost feel like I had lost a limb.

And together, we were stupid multiplied by a thousand—Alex's words, not mine. He always said he couldn't stand us together but I knew he was always cracking up. We were *hilarious* .

"What's up, Tall-Dark-And-Handsome?" Van greeted —obviously she had seen the caller's ID.

"Hey, it's Lex!"

" *Lexi* ! I've been trying to reach you for *ages* ," my blond friend whined in my ear.

"Why didn't you call home," I asked.

"I did! Ty didn't tell you?"

I rubbed my eyes, already getting annoyed. "You two argued," I asked her even though I knew the answer.

" *Yeah* . But he said he would tell you," she shot back in her defense.

I huffed in annoyance. "Like you can trust Ty!"

Ty and Vanessa had this thing—it was a bit confusing. I mean, Vanessa was in the same grade as me, but she was born in July and Ty and I were born in November so she had like one year of difference with Ty and they kinda have a love/hate on and off relationship. They both wanted to rip each other's head off most of the time but then I would totally walk on them making out in the living room.

But they were *not* a couple. Yeah, *confusing* .

So Tyler did that often, not telling me Vanessa had called to annoy her, and me, but mostly her.

At first, when I realized the whole thing I was kind of mad and disgusted but then I was all *If you two end up together we would totally be sister!* plus I get that she likes my brother, I could admit that he wasn't that bad looking.

And my best friend was everything but ugly. It was almost painful to walk in the streets with her because she was so much more beautiful than me. She had blonde-almost-white super curly hair and sky-blue eyes and she was in great physical shape

because she played hockey for many years, and she was just perfect and I hated her.

"Anyway that's not the point! What happened yesterday?" she pressed.

I gave her a full report while walking down the jammed stairs on my way to my locker.

"So what? I leave for six months and you already hook up with the school jock?" she asked me, playfully offended.

"You seriously think I want this?"

"Yeah, I doubt it," she laughed. I wanted to glare at her through the phone. My misery was nothing to be made fun of. "You're in deep shit now! Remember Audrey in ninth grade. She changed school because she owed Blake and had post their sex-tape on the internet!"

Oh the kind, comforting and encouraging friends I had...

"Is that why you changed school too?" I asked bitterly.

"Right!" She laughed. "Of course that's totally me! I'm not dumb enough to owe Blake Eaton!"

"Oh, and I am?" I didn't let her answer that one. "Damn Van! Why are you telling me this? You want to kill me?" I whined, trying to replace the strap of my bag on my shoulder, swinging it, but I probably just looked like I had spasms.

"Don't worry, from what I heard she wasn't force into anything. It still happened, but she enjoyed every minute of it, before she had to change school I mean."

"God..." I groaned, rubbing my temples. I was about to have a headache. Speaking of head problems. "Hey! Do I confused names a lot?" I asked my mind totally going somewhere else.

She snorted. "You have to ask? Remember Nicholas?"

I frowned. "Eh no?"

"The guy who runs fast!"

I slapped my forehead. "Oh yeah right! Shit." I made a face.

Nicholas was this guy we had in our class for two years and I had never remembered his name, I always called him *the guy who runs fast* . In my defense the guy did run pretty fast!

Well, that settled things. No point in talking more about it. I changed conversation again. "So, how are things back at your place?" I asked her.

"Just awesome! You remembered that guy I talked to you about?"

"The one you stalked and that you forced me to create a fake Facebook account so you could check his page without him knowing?"

"That very one!" I laughed under my breath. *Crazy Van* . "Well, I was doing my vocals in one of the private studios and he totally walked in!"

"What did you do? What did you do?" I chanted, like girls exchanging racy story at a slumber party.

"I played it all *what the hell dude are you stalking me or something?* which is ironic since *I'm* stalking him, and he was all laughing and sweet and damn he's hot and I totally got a date on Friday! YEAH," she

squealed happily at the end. I could totally see her jumping up and down.

"Oh my god VAN! Distant high-five," I said and high fived in front of me with the air and I knew she did too.

"Old-You is back, isn't she?" I heard Vanessa ask me.

"Yeah," I answered smiling.

"I missed her..."

"Me too..."

And then I turned in the hall where my locker was and cocky-annoying-jerk aka Blake was waiting for me, smirking.

"Oh shit! Jerk-face is waiting for me," I announced to Van.

"Oh my god! Oh my god! Act like I'm your boyfriend or something! Flirt! He'll get piss!" Van ranted, almost squealing again.

"You're a genius," I answered and totally ignored winner of the Annoy-the-shit-out-of-Lexi's award and kept walking to my locker. "I don't know about

tonight I'm kind of busy," I trailed, like I was having a conversation.

"Get naughty!" Vanessa pressed and laughed. I tried not to.

I couldn't help but smiled a little, amused. "Hey! I think I have the right to be tired after the other time!"

"Genius! Go on," Van said and I could totally imagine her clapping her hands together.

"Whatever! Dad can't see you get out this time. He was pissed last time," I kept on going.

"This is fun," Vanessa stated, and I had to admit, it kind of was.

I started to do my combination on my lock and Blake was just leaning beside me one eyebrow raised.

Ha ah! You go on and keep guessing dumbass!

"Alright, there's this real annoying jerk that wants to talk to me so I'm going to go now."

"Say something like 'Oh yeah no worry you could take him down!'" Van said excitedly.

I looked at Blake up and down an evil grin on my lips. "Oh yeah no worry. You could totally take him down." I made a paused though Vanessa didn't say anything back, she was just laughing. "Sure, talk to you later babe." Another pause. "Love you too," I said quickly and shut the phone.

"That was mean," Blake frowned.

Oh yeah ! I was doing a victory dance in my head.

"Like I care," I answered and put Alex's phone in my jeans' back pocket. Huh. When had I lost him? I shook my head and grabbed my books. No need to overthink it.

"I meant not saying Hi to Vanessa for me," Blake said and gave me the hugest smirk I had ever seen him make.

You have *got* to be shitting me!

I closed my locker a little too hard and walked away from him, ignoring him, but fuming inside. Perfect. Now I had made a fool of myself. And how the hell had he known? Had he heard her giggle?

" That was a nice try though! I give you an A plus again. Go get yourself a medal," Blake said and laughed, still walking beside me.

"God! Is it your new hobby, annoying me?" I asked him and tried to walk faster. *Annoying prick* !

"Oh you can just go on and call me Blake, babe. I feel self conscious with the whole God thing," he replied, enjoying himself a little too much.

"You really like to listen to yourself talk, don't you? Makes you happy?" I taunted annoyed as hell.

"No, annoying you pretty much does it," he admitted and grinned.

Aargh !

Well you have succeeded , I wanted to tell him, but I didn't want him to think he was affecting me in anyway, though I think it was pretty obvious he was, but *whatever* .

"What was the deal with seminar chick earlier?" I asked him, trying to make *him* feel uncomfortable for a change.

"A little misunderstanding. All cleared out now," he simply explained, a little too fast.

Oh yeah I got something here .

"Are you sure? Or does it have anything to do with the whole *taking advantage of her in a seminar yesterday* thing?" I smiled sweetly at him and tried not flipping him off.

"Trust me, it was more like the other way around," Blake rolled his eyes.

"Sure didn't look like that," I snorted.

"Believe what you want to believe. I don't care. Now, about your debt," Blake started to say but then I saw Ty and I had to go kick that little punk ass.

"Sorry, family problem," I said quickly and left him there.

"Ty! You moron!" I shouted and stopped right in front of him, in the middle of all his friends.

"What did I do?" he asked me, rolling his eyes.

"You didn't tell me Vanessa called," I groaned.

"Hey Lexi! Vanessa called yesterday," he said and turned to one of his friends, ignoring me.

"Oh like that's going to work!" I grabbed his arm and made him turn to look at me. "What did you two argue about this time? You *know* you got to stop being a baby! I'm tired of you over reacting and getting mad at her for no reason!"

" *Me* over-reacting?" Woah, I suddenly felt like I had plucked at the wrong string because my brother suddenly looked *very* pissed. "Did she tell you about her date? Because that's the first thing she told me!" Ty ranted his voice raising and his eyes darkening "Hey Ty, what's up? Guess what! I have a date with this *hot* guy Friday. It's going to be *so* fun! Can't wait to be with someone mature for once," he said mimicking Vanessa's voice.

I looked at him and saw so much pain in his face, I almost hugged him.

"Oh Ty, I'm sorry. But seriously that's just a fling thing, you know," I explained, trying to cheer him up because I truly believed it was.

"Yeah sure," he answered me dryly and stared at his shoes, avoiding my eyes.

"She likes you, Ty," I whispered holding his arm, my eyes trying to get his.

"Wouldn't think so," he mumbled.

"We'll work it out. We always do," I told him and gave him a hopeful half-smile.

Tyler smiled back at me, but it didn't reach his eyes. *Stupid blonde best friend. And stupid brother* . "Anyway he's not even as half as handsome as you," I told him and mock-punched him in the stomach.

He grabbed my wrist and twisted it, spinning me around.

"JERK!" I yelled and then he let go of it and he was laughing.

"Oh big sis, you gotta work on those muscle of yours," he mocked me, and started to walk towards his class.

"Die!" I yelled after him and saw Alex walking to me.

He grabbed his phone from my back pocket and we walked together to our next class.

On our way there, Stacey stepped into our track, completely on purpose, and scowled at me like she wanted to fry my brains with her mind.

And then she turned around and walked away.

"What the hell was that all about," Alex asked, his voice stunned.

"I have no idea," I answered and we started to walk again.

Chapter 8

Chapter Seven

Chapter 7

The second class was pretty boring. I doodled in my notebook all through it. I didn't even pay attention to the teacher—he would repeat everything in the next one anyway.

I found myself drawing real things after a little while, actual figures and landscapes. *I should start drawing again* , I thought. I hadn't drawn since my mom left. I would draw after school today I settled.

At lunch time, I looked around the cafeteria, my tray in my hands, trying to decide where to sit.

This could get tricky. I was a generally well-liked person—that meant I had many options when it came to pick my seat for lunch. When Vanessa was still here, I would always sit with her and her singing friends, but she wasn't here anymore.

Now, I usually sat with Daphnee—she was still gone though—and Alex but he was always with the sport guys and that included Blake and I sure as hell didn't want to talk to Blake today. *Or even again* .

"Lexi get your pretty little ass over here," Alex called out.

Damn ! *Well I could always ignore him* .

"Lexi!" he yelled again.

"Why so pushy," I asked him when I reached his table.

Blake wasn't there. *Good* .

"We're planning on riding to the Dump Creek this weekend. Want to come?" Alex inquired, totally ignoring my question.

I rolled with it, and shrugged, taking the seat beside his. "Sure. What's the plan?"

The Dump Creek was a kind of lake that we had stumbled on one time when we were riding our dirt bikes—well the boys were, I was just *trying* to keep up—in a near forest and that was absolutely breathtaking. At first, we thought it was some kind of old dump filled with water, but we did some research later, to know if we could go swim in it, and we found that it used to be an old sand pit that had filled with water and it was in no way dangerous to our health. The whole dump thing had still stuck to it though.

Now, it looked pretty nice. We had built a deck and brought a few picnic tables. The only problem was we had to get there either on our bikes or with cars that could handle the pretty intense dirt road as in Alex's Jeep.

"Well, the weather is only going to go downhill after this weekend so we're planning on driving there Saturday afternoon and stay there—we might set up some tents—but we're totally doing a barbecue," he

explained to me and all the guys were already mouth-watering over the near feast.

"Sounds good," I nodded, and started to roll around the spaghetti in my plate. "What are the driving arrangements?"

"Well that's what we're planning now. Connor's taking Justin, Fred and Peter. Dwayne's bringing Janna, Mark and Catherine. If Jimmy can get his dad's car he'll bring the twins and Davis. Clark and Shawn might tag along if they aren't too hung over. Now if Jimmy can't get everyone I'll bring them with me and of course you but it'll be tight and we were planning on putting the barbecue in my car."

"Is that everyone?" I asked. *Please don't say Blake, please don't say Blake, pleaaase don't say Blake.*

Alex shrugged. "You can always invite your brother and his friends but they've got to find a way to reach the Creek on their own."

"And no whiny girls!" Davis suddenly interjected. "Don't take this the wrong way Lexi but I don't want

to hear complaints about the bugs every five seconds."

"Have I ever brought whiny girls?" I asked him teasingly.

"Well Vanessa used to be whiny but we didn't complain because she's hot," one of the twins, Trevor, said and every guy nodded around, even Dwayne and Mark who had their girlfriends sitting right beside them and Fred who I was sure I saw make a small move with his head on his arms.

I rolled my eyes at all of them.

"What are you guys talking about?" a voice behind me asked. Blake's. *Damn* .

"Planning our trip to the Dump Creek," Justin replied.

As Blake sat beside me— *come on* —he asked, faking an offended tone, "You aren't inviting me?"

I sighed heavily and raised my head, staring at the ceiling, shaking it in disbelief.

"Didn't you say you had that cocktail party with your mom's coworkers or something and you were

planning on doing as much sexy daughters as you could?" Shawn asked.

"I was supposed to, but Claudia's going to be there and Josh told me she's planning on making my life miserable if I show up." *Hmm, I think I like that girl* !

"And by making your life miserable she means fucking you until your balls are on fire," Clark said and grinned. *I don't like her so much anymore...*

And I was definitely not staying there, while Blake talked about his sex-life right beside me. I got up from my seat, grabbing my tray.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Alex asked, frowning.

I smiled sweetly, "To eat somewhere else."

He seemed completely mystified by this. "Why?"

"I don't know? I just don't feel like talking about Blake balls today," I replied, pretty sarcastically, and turned around.

"You want to talk about other parts of my anatomy? Or maybe yours?" Blake said and I looked back, to glare at his smirking face.

All I wanted right now was to throw my tray in his face. Or hit him with it real hard. I didn't get it. Usually I took that kind of joke pretty well—I'd normally reply with a sarcastic comment. But for some reason, I just couldn't stand Blake. From him it just felt more out of place.

"You know what? I think you've annoyed me enough for an entire millennium, so why don't you just give it a rest?"

"But that would be such a shame—we are just getting started. You still owe me a whole lot HoneyBun," he said and wiggled his eyebrows. If it wasn't for the fact that I had just frozen a little bit because of what he had just said I would have punched him in the guts for calling me *HoneyBun* . Seriously, what was wrong with that dude?

Clearly, I wasn't the only one kind of surprised by his statement seeing pretty much every guy at the table either chocked on their food, let it drop or spit it out. And their eyes were bulging.

"She's your next target?" Connor yelled and he looked pissed.

So did Justin and Davis and Peter and Jimmy and the twins.

One of the perks of spending time and being friends with so many guys was that they all had that alpha male WE MUST DEFEND OUR FEMALES thing working for them at some point in our friendship. Sure, Fred was still being a vegetable, and Dwayne was too caught up with eating his girlfriend's face to notice, but the rest all seemed to want to protect poor little me.

Of course, not all males were decent. That was why Clark and Shawn were high-fiving Blake. The idiot was clearly enjoying himself.

"Seriously dude, that's not cool. Lexi's a decent girl and she really shouldn't be caught into another of your stupid little games. You're an ass," Cameron, the other twin said.

"I thought it was an unspoken rule—don't mess with Lexi or she'll neuter you," his brother Trevor added.

"The rule goes more like, don't mess with Lexi or we'll neuter you," Cameron spoke through tense jaws.

"Aw, stop making such a big deal out of this. I won't do anything that involves her taking her clothes off," Blake said, exasperated.

Well, that was a nice thing to know, though, with that boy, it still didn't rule out everything sexually related.

"You better otherwise we'll give your phone number to Clara, you know the girl who owed you and that you ditch in the middle of a dirt road with only her underwear on," Trevor warned.

Aw, the twins. My knights without the shining armour. Those two boys were in a big family and had many younger sisters. They couldn't really help being protective. That was probably one of the many reasons why I liked hanging out with them. That and their straight forward honesty.

Speaking of honesty. "Huh, guys, do I screw up your names a lot?" I asked all the boys at the table.

"What do you mean?" Peter asked.

"She thought my name was Drake," Blake said, frowning.

I rolled my eyes and turned, staring at Blake. "Oh would you please stop making everything about you."

"Well, you did use to call me Austin," Justin pitched in.

"And you called me Timmy," Jimmy added.

Trevor on the other hand said, "You never confused us," motioning between him and his brother.

"That's because you have a freckle beside your left eyebrow and Cameron doesn't," I explained and every guy looked at the twins intently.

"What did you know? I never noticed that," Connor exclaimed, like this was a *huge* revelation.

"Yeah the only way we use to separate them is when we take our shower after practice," Shawn trailed.

I covered my ears, closed my eyes and shook my head. "Alright! I don't need to know!"

When I opened my eyes, all the boys were laughing. *Boys* .

Still, this revelation was kind of shocking. "Why didn't you guys tell me," I pressed again.

"That Trevor has a smaller wiener than Cameron?" Clark asked innocently. Really. *Really* ? *Stupid boys* .

Clark was rewarded with a punch in the stomach by Trevor.

"I really didn't need to know that," I told Clark even though he wasn't listening to me, he was just groaning in pain. *Serves him right* . "But really, why didn't you tell me about the name thing? Just today I called Luke, Duke, and he just smiled at me!"

"That's because he as a crush on you," Mark informed me.

"What's that have to do with anything?" I asked a little taken aback by this weird turn of event.

"He's not going to point it out because he doesn't want to say you did something wrong. And it's kind of nice for him, makes him feel like you've got a

special little name for him. Guys usually don't point it out," Mark explained.

No, that didn't make sense. "He pointed out," I said and slapped Blake at the back of his head.

Blake glared at me.

"Well, he clearly doesn't have a crush on you," Clark retorted, snorting and Blake slapped the back of *my* head.

"Bitch!" I squealed and stared at him.

Glaring contest !

After a little while, Blake just rolled his eyes and grabbed his Gatorade. *Yay me! I won!*

And then I turned to the guys. "But, I mean, I know your name Justin! And yours too Jimmy. When did I stop screwing up your names?"

"After talking a lot with you and having people use the right name. I guess it just clicked unconsciously in your brain. Like with Luke. How does every one call him?" Jimmy asked me.

"Spiderman," I said and rolled my eyes.

There was a story behind that name. He got it after a real awful party. Some guy caught him in the bathroom, with a girl and he was wearing a Spider-Man mask. There were few other details but it was probably better to just skip them.

"Exactly! No one uses his name and you never got to know it wasn't Duke and he never points it out," Jimmy continued.

"Okay, seriously, you've *got* to tell me next time I do that!"

"No worries," Justin answered and smiled.

Blake sighed dramatically, "Well enough with this little chitchat! Am I invited?"

Oh no, not that...

"Sure. Got a car?" Connor asked.

Blake thought about it for a second. "My Escalade won't work, but I can always come out with something."

"We got plenty of room in my car if Jimmy gets his dad's car," Alex offered.

He did not just offer that. Seriously I was changing best friend, Alex sucked!

"Great," Blake answered and took a mouthful of his spaghetti just before giving me a big smirk, like he could just read my mind and knew how much this bothered me.

That was it. I had enough.

Without even thinking about the consequences, I grabbed Blake by the back of his head and pushed his face in his plate. I did it so fast that he didn't get the time to react.

"Oh no you didn't," Dwayne yelled and laughed at the same time snapping his fingers and doing the little hip move.

All the guys burst into laughter, I even saw Fred move his shoulder a bit in what seemed like a snicker.

But that wasn't what I should be focusing on, what I should have been focusing on was Blake getting up in one fast move, his face full of spaghetti sauce, glaring at me while wiping it off with his forearm.

"You're in big, *big* trouble Grayson," he said his voice low and menacing, but I could hear a little playfulness in it.

"Surprise me, Eaton." I answered.

Hey, what was I supposed to say? I was already in deep shit after all.

Chapter 9

Chapter Eight

A/N: Alright, so this chapter goes to the one and only Ève! You're the most awesomest friend someone could ever have! 8D

Oh and by the way the only reason I didn't post this chapter sooner is because I needed her approval so if you want to complain complain to her!

Mouhaahahahahaha, I know you hate me now ^^

So anyway enjoy, read vote and comment!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I backed away a little from Blake, not breaking eye contact.

According to my daddy's one-oh-one fighting tips, you had to look at your opponent in the eyes, that way you could see him completely and not miss any move he would make.

My dad might have been out of it but he had always taken seriously the whole a-girl-gotta-know-how-to-kick-some-butt. I guess it made him feel better to know his little girl could defend herself.

Another advice from my wise father was that if you ever hit a guy and he was on the ground, you had to beat him up until he could never get back on his feet otherwise he'd chase after you and do it himself.

The metaphor wasn't lost on me here. I shouldn't have *hit* Blake and let him get back on his feet. Now I was a dead girl.

Blake's glare turned into one of his own personal smirk as he took a handful of spaghetti.

Alright that's not so bad.

I could easily run away from him. Unfortunately, I couldn't turn my head to see if I had a clear shot to run the hell away, because I would break eye contact and I just *knew* he would throw it the second I did.

Anyway, I really shouldn't be too confident about this. Blake was a freaking running back after all. He could probably easily catch up with me if I did run.

And then I saw his hand, full of spaghetti, coming towards me.

My automatic reflex was to grab his hand to stop him which was really stupid of me because that was when I lost eye contact. And totally didn't see what he was really going to do.

Blake grabbed his Gatorade and spilled it all over my shirt.

My screaming answer was spontaneous. "YOU ASSHOLE!".

Luckily, my shirt wasn't white and see-through, but it still clung to me uncomfortably.

Next thing I knew, Clark jumped on the table and yelled, "WET T-SHIRT!"

Everyone in the cafeteria stopped what they were doing and turned their attention towards us.

Alright, Lexi is mad now!

"Oh you want a wet t-shirt?" I asked him, while grabbing a can of soda on the table and started to sake it.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! Easy girl," Clark said raising his hands in the air.

"You asked for it *babe* ," I said and grabbed the lid.

"Be reasonable! Eaton's the one who spilled the Gatorade," he kept on pleading.

I smiled, and I think that for a second he thought I wasn't going to do anything. "Don't worry, he'll get his punishment soon enough. For now I'm just giving you what you want—a wet t-shirt," and at the same time I said that, since he had his guards down, I pulled the lid and the soda pretty much instantly drenched Clark.

The guys were up from their seats laughing at the scene, Clark dripping wet with soda everywhere on his shirt but also on his pants and in his hair... Maybe I had been a little mean... Whatever Clark was a pig!

"Nice tits!" I caught Shawn yelled.

Everyone were screaming things at him, seeing he wasn't jumping off of the table.

"You'll get a job at Hooters in no time now!" I heard Connor said.

I started to get hysterical, which was weird because it really wasn't that funny but I think I was just too on the edge lately.

But before I lost it too much I turned towards Blake who was staring at Clark, laughing and pointing him.

"Dance for us Clarky! Come on take that top off and show us your boobs!" Blake yelled, his deep voice echoing throughout the cafeteria.

Taking advantage of his distraction, I snatched someone's glass that was filled with ice, grabbed Blake's jeans and poured all the ice into it.

"FUCK!" Blake squeaked grabbing his crotch.

Alright now that was funny, and I was really hysterical.

Blake kept jumping up and down, trying to make the ice slid out of his pants but kept squealing.

"Scream for me Blaky," Clark laughed, clearly enjoying this.

"You shut the fuck up!" Blake said his voice strained, his hand in his pants trying to retrieve the ice.

I was slowly backing away from him, trying to stay inconspicuous. I had to get out of here and I had to do it quickly. Plus I was starting my shift at the library in ten minutes... and I had to find a dry shirt.

"Where do you think you're going Grayson?" Blake asked, the second I turned my back.

Shit!

I turned around slowly, trying to simply smile and not giggle every two seconds but it was hard not to when I looked at Blake, with spaghetti sauce still on his face, and almost doing the pee-pee dance.

But before either of us could say anything else a teacher made his way through us.

"What's all this supposed to mean?" Mrs Bull, or like Tyler and his friends like to call her; The Torrid Mrs Bull, asked.

Mrs Bull is the living definition of a bitch. She's the meanest teacher you can come across. I blame that on the fact that when you looked into her eyes, she seemed dead inside, like when Brady loses a Super Bowl.

The year after she had Shawn and Clark in her class, she actually took a sabbatical for health reason, but everyone knew it was because she had a nervous breakdown.

Shawn and Clark weren't angels. And they decided that if she was going to be a bitch to them, well they would make her life a living nightmare. And they succeeded.

So now, it was easy to understand how much she hated all the football boys...

"DETENTION! Every single one of you," she yelled and her face was getting red.

"Aww come on Mrs Bull, it was an accident," Shawn said.

"Detention!" she yelled again.

Damn...

Her stupid detention slips appeared in her hand; like they had always been there and then she started to hand them to every one of us.

I took mine with a frown.

"I want everyone in the detention room at three thirty or else this is going straight into your files!" she screamed and then she turned around and wiggled her big ass out of the cafeteria.

Bitch much!?

Sometimes it felt like some teachers really had nothing better to do with their lives than making their students miserable.

I sighed loudly and prepared myself to walk to the library when a squeal stopped me.

I turned again to smirk at Blake who had a big chunk of ice in his hand.

"I bet having your balls on fire by Clamedia sounds good now," I said with an evil grin.

"You know we're not done here!" he told me his eyes narrowing.

"Oh but we are," I said nodding with a little too much enthusiasm.

I turned around again, but I decided I wasn't quite done yet.

"Oh by the way, you should have that checked," I added pointing his crotch, "if you don't want it to turn black and have it cut off."

Then with a smirk, I kissed my palm blew him a kiss, winked and walked away.

When I was out of the cafeteria, Alex caught up with me.

"I'm going to destroy you Alexander Parker!" I told him, anger boiling up.

"What?" he asked, confused

"You invited him!" I hissed

"Aww come on. Everything's not always about you. Blake's my friend you know, even though he's a total douche and annoys the crap out of you I actually enjoy his company."

"Die!"

He laughed. "Fine. Be like that."

"Did you see what just happened in there? Did you see what he did," I asked him, taking the hem of my shirt pulling it away from me to emphasis what had just happened minutes ago.

"If I recall you're the one who pushed his face in his plate. You started it," Alex said shaking his head in fake disapproval.

"Oh sure! Protect your little boyfriend! He was smirking at me! What did you want me to do," I whined.

I knew I sound like a five year old but I didn't care. Blake was annoying! And yes, I was pouting.

"Whining will get you nowhere," Alex said and sighed.

"Whatever! I'm not going in the same car as him!, I said pouting and crossed my arms over my chest.

Damn. My shirt was still full of Gatorade.

Gatorade was sticky!

"You never minded being in the same car as him before."

"But before he wasn't talking to me and annoying the crap out of me. He simply ignored me and it was perfect that way," I said and pouted more, "I don't want to get in a car with him *now.* "

"We'll you're going to have to deal with it or find another car or not come at all," Alex answered not giving in.

He was used to whiny me.

"Bad Alex!" I said and tapped his forehead.

"Ouch!"

"You asked for it!" I said and turned around.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Alex asked.

"To the library!" I said a duh voice.

"With that shirt?"

Ugh!

"I'll find something!" I said and walked away.

"By the way I'm not your dog! You're my Kitty!" Alex yelled after me, his voice wicked but I just gave a small wave of my hand, not looking at him.

Chapter 10

Chapter Nine

I needed a shirt.

Badly . My arms were all sticky from touching the wet fabric, and it was just getting fracking uncomfortable.

I didn't have any spare shirts in my locker and I didn't have time to go back home and get one.

If Vanessa had still been here I would have been okay. The girl practically brought her whole wardrobe to school in case she felt like changing.

But she wasn't here anymore and I needed a shirt.

I practically ran out of the school, checking the time on my watch every two seconds. I couldn't be late for my shift again. Katy would be pretty pissed.

I stormed through the doors that led outside to the big soccer field, where I knew I would find Tyler, practicing soccer with his friends, and ran to it.

My pace automatically slowed when I saw him, playing with the soccer ball, doing is little master tricks, and talking with a girl.

What are you up to you little tweed ? I thought.

I wasn't sure what I should do. Should I just scream at him something very embarrassing like "Hey, don't forget that doctor appointment for your hitching down below" or should I just kick him in the nuts?

My thumb involuntarily went to my index to turn my ring around, a tick I had when I was pondering, but I realised again that I had lost it. Where was it for god sake?

I pushed that thought away when Tyler saw me and burst into laughter.

"Well, well, well, what'd ya know? Lexi in a wet t-shirt competition? I thought it was cheating to wear a bra," he said when he could manage a breath.

The girl beside him looked at him with something close to dumbstruck awe and giggled.

Oh this was just *perfect* .

"Seriously Ty? That's just gross," I answered him.

"So I'm guessing you want something from me," Ty said clearly enjoying this situation.

"Yeah. I need a shirt. Like right now," and my voice made him understand it wasn't time to mess with me.

Tyler just nodded and ran to the other side of the field, where his bag probably was and left me with the poor girl.

"So you're Tyler's sister, right?" the girl asked me.

Generally I might have made and effort, but I knew why Tyler was talking with her and it had nothing to do with liking her and everything to do with Vanessa. And I was *so* not in the mood for chitchat.

"And you're Ty's next bed toy? Don't worry he got his penicillin shot last week, his syphilis is *long* gone now." Maybe that could save her the heartache.

I didn't even wait for her answer and started to walk across the field to reach Tyler.

As I was doing so, someone kicked the soccer ball and it almost hit me right in the face, if I hadn't been quick enough to catch it. I looked around to see who kicked it and when I saw Landon, one of Tyler's friend and team mate, laugh, I kicked the ball, goalie style and it landed straight in his family jewels.

"You better think twice next time you try this you dim-wit," I screamed and flipped him.

"Hey, hey, hey! Calm down," Tyler said, running towards me.

"I'm not calming down! I'm pissed right now," I yelled at him.

"What's wrong?"

"What's wrong? You have to ask?" I hissed, showing my shirt, "I got fracking spilled with fracking Gatorade by fracking Blake I'm-a-fracking-ass Eaton!"

"Alright, alright! God, enough with the Battlestar Galactica cursing. You're corrupting my youthful ears," Tyler answered rolling his eyes while he handed me one of his many clean shirts.

"Thanks," I grumbled and turned around. "Oh by the way, I got detention with the Torrid Mrs. Bull so I'll drive you home from practice."

"Okay. Tell her I really miss her," Ty told me and then broke into fake sobs.

I would have rolled my eyes, but I really wasn't in the mood.

As I ran back inside the school, I almost took my spilled shirt off but then I decided I had made enough of a show for the day. So I change quickly in the bathroom and hurried to the library.

Katy greeted me with a frown.

"Sorry, sorry!"

"Yeah! Say that to my ruined lunch period," she answered and walked around the counter.

"I'm sorry Katy! I swear I had a good reason this time," I tried to explain, trailing after her.

"Well, next time you have sex in the school's bathroom, try to put your own clothes on. Can't wait to see who's the guy wearing your shirt," she sneered, and reached for the door.

That was totally uncalled for. I was just a few minutes late. If she hated her job so much, she should just quit. "Come on Katy! You know me."

"Yes. And you're always late!"

I made a face. "I do have a problem with that."

The thing was though, was that it wasn't exactly my fault. I just always took too much stuff to eat, and then I didn't have enough time to eat it all, and when I *was* finally done, I was late. So, it wasn't my fault, per say, it was my stomach's fault.

"Try to not be late next time," she said while pushing the door.

"I *will* ."

"It's like asking Clark to stop having sex," Katy mumbled.

I all but gasped. "Hey, I heard that!"

She was already out the door so I couldn't argue more, but I was annoyed. I didn't like being compared with sex-craze Clark! I would never admit this out loud, but he was even more of a pig than *god I couldn't believe I was going to acknowledge this* but Clark was worse than Blake. Seriously, Clark Anderson was just the biggest perv ever.

But there was no use to dwell on this, so I sat down at the counter and looked at the return books. Katy had almost done all the scanning but there still were a few left, so I reached for the scanning thingy but accidently made it drop on the other side of the counter.

That little thing really pissed me off. God! Was I close from my period because seriously I was just *not* in the mood today? Or maybe it was just Blake. Yeah,

that was it! Blake was such a pain he was like my fracking period.

I didn't want to walk all around the counter to get the thingy back so I just leaned over it, but it was on the floor so I couldn't reach it.

I looked around to make sure no one was eying me curiously, but it was just the usuals; there was Felicia, but as she had mentioned many, many times she preferred being called the Dark Priestess of the night Felicity. She was an emo-gone-wild. I personally had no problems with emo, I even have my moments now and then, but she had just taken the thing to a whole new level. Once I had tried to talk to her, since I kind of felt bad for her because she was always alone, but she had started to go on and on about her Great vampire Prince of Darkness that was coming to take her to his world so they could rule over it and blah blah blah, after a little while I had stopped listening and tried to just not laugh or look out for Spike and Drusilla. Anyway, she was in her usual spot reading her usual book that I was pretty sure was

some black magic kinda thing with spells and such... the girl was kind of scary sometimes.

Then, there was the nerds spread here and there, but they were all concentrated on their work so no one paid attention to me. I mean after all, they were kinda use to my weird behaviour by now anyway.

So I leaned even more, my fingertips touching the scan thingy, but I was almost upside down, my torso completely on the counter and my tiptoes barely touching the ground.

"Where do I have to pay to get a good seat for this show?" a voice asked me, when I was finally gripping the freaking thingy.

My body automatically leaned back, and I was glad I had enough coordination to not fall on my face because it would have been even more embarrassing, and then I looked at Blake who was laughing at me.

Jerk !

"Get lost!"

"Ouch. Aren't you happy to see me?" he said, smirking

"Seriously, *leave* ! I have work to do here."

"I could see that," he answered and I rolled my eyes at him.

"So who did you strip naked to get this shirt? No wait, don't tell me! I wanna guess this one."

I was simply scowling at him. Was there a moment when he would magically disappear? I should go see Felicia, I was sure she could give me a nice spell.

"Is it our seventy year old janitor over there," he teased, smirking.

"What do you want Blake?" I asked him, sighing.

"Can't we have a nice little chat?"

"Yeah right!" I snorted. "What do you want?"

One day, he was going to tell me what he wanted from me, what I owed him, so it was better now than later, at least that way I could just get rid of him.

"Well now that you mention it, see here's the thing I need—"

Unfortunately, that was when Felicia showed up at the counter, looking at us like she was possessed. "The Dark shadows are coming this way. They want to feed. They won't wait for the next orders," she said staring straight into my eyes.

Freeeeaky !

And just like that, she left.

I turned to look at Blake and we both burst out laughing.

"The Dark Priestess of the night Felicity talked," I stated, chuckling. Well, that was something I wasn't expecting; laughing with Blake.

"Personally, I think the Dark Priestess of the night Felicity just screams porn movie, don't you think?"

Of course . Trust Blake to turn this into a sex joke. Though, it kinda did...

I took the encyclopaedia, the one from yesterday that was still on the counter and hit Blake with it on the

head, though lightly; I didn't want to knock him out and have to do mouth-to-mouth or some crap like that, and then Blake grabbed it smirking, ready for revenge.

"Miss Grayson? Is there a problem?" Mrs *Pumpernickel* , the one in charge of the library asked.

"No Mrs, no problem at all," I answered and gave Blake a 'get the frack out of here' kind of smirk.

Blake frowned but didn't argue more because Mrs Pumpernickel was the kind of lady who started to work in the educational field when you could still beat the shit out of the students without chances of lawsuits and she was plain scary. So, he simply put the encyclopaedia back down and left.

Well, if I keep this up maybe I won't ever have to do anything for Blake.

Chapter 11

Chapter Ten

A/N: Okay, so this is a long one, and I know I mentioned that the name would actually have a sense in this chapter but it's 2 in the morning here and I'm getting tired so that's going to be it for today...

So anyway I hope you'll enjoy this chapter!

Oh ya... Is anyone interested in Blake POV, cause well I have a few things written down already but I'm not sure if I want to share it just yet ;P there a few interesting things in it that you might want to know... anyway what would you guys want?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Chapter 10

When my shift and lunchtime were over I walked, grumpy, to my next period. I wasn't in the mood to learn today.

I walked down the hallway completely oblivious to everyone surrounding me. I wanted to go home. I wanted to draw. I really, really wanted to draw. And I wanted to play my old vinyls while doing so. I hadn't taken them out in ages.

So intent on my thoughts I wasn't looking where I was going and bumped into someone and almost fell on my butt.

"Dude! Watch where you're walking," I shouted as the hands that had steadied me settle me back straight.

I looked up to see Connor grinning.

"Right back at you, sweetheart," he snorted as I stepped away from him. Before I could say anything back, I saw Jimmy walk over us.

"Connor," he said with a forced nod.

"Jimmy," Connor answered in the same even tone.

I rolled my eyes at them.

Connor and Jimmy could interact together when hanging with the guys but when it would be just the two of them, their resentment would get out in the open. The problem was, they were both outside linebacker and the constant competition for the starting spot just broached every aspect of their interactions.

"How'd you both managed to get stick up your asses at the exact same time?" I asked and started to walk towards my class again. That rivalry between the two of them was too often straining for me not to say anything.

Jimmy obviously ignored that remark, because well, I kind of make a lot of those in one day, and walked by my side.

Connor followed and came to stand by my other side.

I rolled my eyes again. I really must have been developing some kind of muscle in my eyes lately because it just seems like was doing a lot of eye rolling. Maybe I should change friends.

"So, I was wondering if you had found a lab partner yet?" Jimmy asked and I saw Connor scowl in the corner of my eye.

"Is something the matter Connor?" Jimmy asked smirking. *Ugh. Grow up* .

"Actually, I was going to offer Lexi to be my lab partner too and it's not like you actually offered, right? But anyway let's just let her choose, shall we?" Connor said his voice all *I'm trying not to sound like I'm pissed off, but I'm sooo totally there* .

I could have slapped the back of their heads. *Idiots* . I was not going to get dragged in the middle of their little preschool tantrums.

"I'm sorry guys, I already have a partner," I lied.

I would find someone, worst case scenario I could say I was teamed up with Bob, my kinky transsexual imaginary friend who has a tendency to control my

mind and make me blow up things because he likes the way the colors twinkles when you mix all sorts of chemicals together.

I was sure that would make them back away.

I left them behind, while they digested their common failure and walked into my literary class. My eyes automatically set on Blake who was sitting alone in the row beside the right wall, one spot in front of my usual seat, making beat on his desk with his pencils.

I scowled and then walked past him, to my desk, making sure to bump him with my bag on the way there. *Serves you right, prick* .

"Hey Honeybun! Aren't we grumpy?" Blake said as he leaned his back against the wall and turned his face to look at me, smirking.

Seriously, all that smirking was driving me mad. When was he going to stop already?

"My balls are doing fine by the way, thanks for asking," he added.

"Aren't you just full of yourself?" I said and picked my books out of my bag.

"What? Would you rather be full of me instead?" Blake asked, his eyes wicked.

"Oh my god! Enough with the pickup lines already," I said holding my head in my hands shaking it in disbelief. "Do you think I don't already have a low opinion of you?"

"Well, I don't really know what you think of me, but I hope it's X-rated."

That's it. I had enough.

I grabbed my books and my bag, got up and walked to another desk. But that didn't seem to stop him because he took his stuff and followed me.

No problem. Again, I took my things and changed seat. Blake still followed.

Blake was laughing after the fourth change of desk.

"You know there's no use in trying to get away from me?" Blake said between laughter. "Just give in Sugar-pie!"

I scowled at him again, got up and waited to find a seat that would be surrounded with other students.

If I kicked him in the crotch right now, would it be too much bad treatment in regards of it for one day or would people understand?

Because seriously the guy would have mother Theresa curse. It just felt like it was getting worse and worse by the minute. Honestly, I didn't think he'd ever been that much of a pain. He was seriously outdoing himself today. I might have to change that Clark-being-the-biggest-perv statement back and give Blake the crown.

It was moments like these where I would have just *love* to be a ninja. I would just go Jackie Chang on his ass and beat the crap out of him so he would just leave me the hell alone.

Breathe Lexi, breathe. Violence is not an option...yet...

Blake was still laughing in front of me.

"You know I'm just annoying you to see your reaction right? Because seriously, if you didn't get so worked

up there really wouldn't be any fun," Blake said smirking and laughing.

Ugh .

"Miss Grayson, Mr. Eaton would you care to take a seat please?" the teacher said in front.

I took the first seat I saw and oh what a surprise, Blake managed to sit right in front of me.

"Now everyone, open your book on page..."

As the teacher started to go on and on about... about what? I don't know, I wasn't listening, *anyway* , as she spoke, I brought my chair forward and kicked Blake's.

I snorted when he jumped in his seat and that earned us a glare from the teacher who went on with her lecture.

Blake turned his head slightly, and I could see the smirk on his lips. He looked back in front though and I thought he might drop it but then he pushed his chair back hard against my desk that bumped in my stomach.

Bitch! That hurt!

I tried to kick him again but he was obviously prepared because he grabbed my ankle before I could even touch him.

"Let go Blake," I hissed at him, sneaking glance towards the teacher, to make sure she wasn't looking this way.

"Nope, I'm having fun," Blake whispered back and pulled my ankle making me almost drop off my chair and on the floor if I hadn't been holding on to my desk.

Jerk, jerk, jerk ! What was *wrong* with him?

I leaned on my desk trying to slap him or something and finally managed to grab hair on the back of his head and pulled.

"Ouch," he said way too loudly but at least it worked and he let go of my ankle.

"I'm sorry, am I bothering you?" the teacher asked, staring at us.

Oops .

"Sorry Ma'am, won't happen again," Blake said, "right Muffin-top?" he added smirking at me.

"Sure Flat-bottom," I replied, scowling.

"What kind of pet name was that?" Blake whispered back when the teacher went on with her lecture again.

I didn't answer though. I didn't want to talk to him anymore. He annoyed me too much that I would have to kick him again. So I simply stared at the teacher and thought.

My mind wandered.

Could Blake be more annoying? Could Blake really make me any unhappier?

Unhappy , I thought, snorting.

When was the last time I had been happy, really happy? When was the last time my thoughts weren't clouded by unpleasant things? It was dark thoughts to have but I couldn't help having them.

I wanted to go back in time. I wanted to go back when my family was complete, sure a little dysfunctional sometimes, but still whole.

It still didn't feel real, my mother leaving us, my brain still hadn't accepted it. A shrink would have probably said I was in denial, and I was.

Denial was so much easier. Denial was simple. Denial helped you get out of your bed every morning. If you didn't think about it, if you didn't accept it than maybe it wasn't real.

God, I wanted to cry in the middle of my freaking literary class, surrounded by classmates and Mr. I'm-a-Jerk.

I'm pathetic . I was sure people were going through stuff way worse than I was. I should stop feeling so miserable.

When the bell finally rang, I grabbed all my stuff and almost ran out of the class.

"Hey! Wait up!" Blake yelled behind me.

I ignored him, and kept walking.

"Don't get all worked up now, it's fine, you can call me Flat-bottom," he said beside me now.

"When are you going to stop making everything about you? Everything's not always about you, Blake. There's a whole world that spins without bothering about your little egocentrically self-centered person," I said to him, my voice filled with venom.

Blake stared at me with wide eyes.

I must really look bipolar right now. Maybe I *was* bipolar. Or maybe I was going crazy. I should really go see a shrink. And as long as I was at it I should bring Felicia along too, I sure would be making the world a favor. And Stacey too, because she was still starring daggers at me in a corner, surrounded by her bitchy friends. I was sure that girl had some kind of syndrome that made her believe she could actually kill someone with a look. Yeah, that was it, I was going to make an appointment for the three of us, it would be great!

Blake was still staring but I simply walked around him and headed for my locker. No point in talking it out more.

I had one class left, then detention, and then I could go home.

You can do it Lexi!

As I walked to Chemistry I tried to think of a way to deal with the Connor/Jimmy/lab partner issue. Sure, I hadn't ruled out Bob just yet, but I had to think about something less drastic first.

I saw Luke sitting alone and without even thinking through walked to him.

"Hey Luke, do you have a lab partner yet," I said and sat in the chair next to him.

I was all proud that I was using his real name, but it didn't last really long, because he stared at me with something between disappointment and scepticism, like I had used the wrong name.

What was *wrong* with all the boys lately?

"Well, I'm already teamed up with Lorianne. I'm sorry, but I can always work something out," he started to say said, but I stopped him.

"No worries, I'll find someone else," I told him and changed seats.

I still hadn't forgotten about Mark revelation and as much as I didn't really thought it was true I didn't want to take any chances.

Sure, Luke was a nice guy. I started to talk to him because of Vanessa since they did gigs together sometimes. Luke was the emo-muscisian type. He was cute and all, but not exactly my type. Plus, I was a strong believer in sparks, and there wasn't any with Luke.

The last period went by pretty slowly. We had stoichiometry exercise to do alone and I finished them pretty fast because I ace that subject but then I was stuck with my mind again and bored as hell. I should have brought a book.

And then school was over and I was walking towards detention, the freaking slip in my hands, and my bag on my back.

Mrs. Bull wasn't there yet but the twins, Jimmy, Justin and Peter were already sitting at their desks.

"I'm pretty sure she's stuck in the stairs," Cameron said as I walked in.

"Yeah, that big ass of hers is slowing her down," Trevor added, while the other guys were obviously scowling.

Glad to not be the only one mad with the situation . I let myself fall on a seat in the left corner and waited. Dwayne, Mark and Davis walked in together with a gloomy look on their faces.

"I hate detention," I heard Davis say. *You're not the only one buddy* .

Then Alexander and Connor arrived, and Alex came to sit by me, after ruffling my hair like I was some kind of kid, while Connor sat in front of him.

"Aw, don't make that face Kitty," Alex said, grinning at me. "Plus this whole detention thing is your fault."

"No it's not! It's Blake's fault."

"Yeah, *sure* ," Alex said and rolled his eyes. *Ugh. I don't like him when he's mean.*

It was a bad idea for him to piss me off when I was mad. I had too much dirt on the guy.

"I'm not letting you wear my clothes again," I told him with a sneer.

Alex glared at me.

"Did I just hear what I think I heard?" Dwayne asked.

"Yes you did," I answered him.

"Well I want pictures," he replied, laughing.

"Make fun but I look pretty hot in her tank tops," Alex defended himself and every guy in the class started to laugh.

That was when Blake, Shawn, Clark and Fred walked in.

"What did we miss?" Shawn asked.

"The confessions of a travesty," Trevor said and everyone laughed again.

Fred walked to a seat and fell on it, his head automatically resting on his arms. Seriously, that guy had a problem. It was like he couldn't keep his head

up. He was like a freaking vegetable. But then, when he was partying with the guys he'd become a totally different person. Which was really something I *shouldn't* be thinking about. Fred and partying. Partying and Fred. Too much Sour Puss. *Ugh* !

"Alright, which one of you has an identity crisis?" Blake asked as he sat at the desk in front of me.

Really ? *Seriously* ?

"That would be our quarterback," Davis replied.

"Wouldn't he simply look lovely in the middle of the football field with Lexi's tank top on?" Connor said amused.

"Hot pink tank top," I added.

Blake had a weird expression, but before I could say anything Mrs. Bull walked in.

"Silence!!" was the first thing she said.

"Well, well, if it isn't Mrs. Bullshit who decided to greet us with her presence," Clark said smugly.

Oh my god! What the hell is he thinking ?

I could see a vein burst in her temple. The women was already going to explode and detention hadn't even officially started. "Who do you think you are? Detention for you again tomorrow! And silence," she repeated her face turning red,

"Sorry, can't do detention tomorrow, I've got football practice. Coach wouldn't want me to waste time with you," Clark remarked, still looking all smug.

"We'll see about that!" she replied, like she had any kind of authority. The poor woman was going to get chewed alive yet again. "Now I want every one of you to copy all the school rules for the next hour!"

Ah joy! Well, screw her.

"And how are we supposed to magically poop all those rules?" Shawn asked.

"They're in your school agenda! Now, silence!" she yelled yet again. She'd probably lose her voice by the end of detention.

"And where's our school agenda exactly?" Shawn kept on going.

"Handed at the beginning of the year! Silence!"

"I think mine is stuck up your ass ma'am," Shawn finally said and Mrs Bull turned red crimson.

"Fifteen more minutes for you! Now SILENCE!" she yelled.

I saw Shawn and Clark high-fiving beneath their desk.

This was just a game for these two dumbasses. A slightly funny game but a game that might keep our asses in detention longer.

"Talk about waste of time," Alex mumbled.

"Silence!" Mrs Bull yelled yet again.

"Doesn't she sound like Achmed the Dead Terrorist, every time she says that?" Blake whispered in front of me.

"Yeah! Seriously I'm waiting for her to say I kill you," I whispered back.

"Clark, I'll give you fifty bucks if you can make her say I kill you," Blake challenged, a smile on his lips.

"Game on!" Clark answered.

Clark raised his hand, wacing it in the air to get Mrs Bull's attention. She glared at him. "Mrs Bull. I was wondering... do you know the capital of Youhikill?" Clark asked

"Silence," was the obvious reply.

"But it's for my work in political economy," he whined. What was he doing?

"What country?" she asked, still glaring, still reluctant.

"Youhikill."

"Youhikill, Youhikill, Youhikill... never heard of it! You're just playing with me aren't you, you little smart pants! Well, another hour in detention for you!" she answered back.

"Pay up, bitch" Clark whispered to Blake his palm up, smirking.

Well, I had to admit the pervy dumbass had skills when it came to torment teachers and play them like his puppets. Now if he could use his brains of his for

something other than obscene comments, he might improve has a human being.

Blake paid him laughing.

"How many times do I have to say this? Silence," she yelled.

"Jeez, take a pill lady," Fred said in front, raising his head from the desk and that got everyone bursting into laughter.

"Every single one of you! One more hour!"

Damn it . Did the crazy lady realize she was punishing herself as much as us by keeping us here longer?

In the end, I think she did realize it, because Mrs. Bull was getting so hysterical that she let us leave after the hour cause she was on the merge of having a another break down.

"So, want to do something tonight?" Alex asked me as we all walked out of the class.

"I feel like staying home and drawing," I admitted.

"Hey, that's good," Alex answered, joy deep in his voice, "I was scared you would never again," he admitted sheepishly.

"Well, thanks anyway. You should go to that party you know," I added, figuring that was why he asked me about my evening plans, "it's Friday night after all."

"Yeah well, I don't want a hangover at the Creek tomorrow," he told me and then turned to the guys. "By the way guys, don't forget about tomorrow, I want everyone's ass at my place at one."

Everyone nodded and then we all went our separate ways.

I walked with Alex still by my side to my car and I knew Blake was behind, but I think he was texting or something so he wasn't making comments. He had been pretty quiet during detention. *Weird* . Maybe that had something to do with my little fit earlier. I felt a tiny bit bad about it, though not enough to apologize. The prick had it coming.

Ty was waiting by my car when I arrived.

"Took you long enough" he said as I unlocked the doors and he slid in.

"Well, you know Mrs Bull," I answered and started the car.

I drove at a reasonable speed home and wasn't surprised when I saw that dad's car wasn't in the drive way. Working, as always...

"Want some soup?" I asked Ty when we were inside.

That was something we did often when dad wasn't home. I made soup so we could wait for dad to eat supper all together and not be starving while waiting.

Ty let his bag drop on the floor, "sure."

I fixed it up quickly and then we both sat at the table with our bowls and ate in silence. Something was wrong with him. I was sure it had something to do with Vanessa.

I would need to have a talk with her. *Again* .

"Let's do the ten crackers contest," Tyler said out of nowhere.

"No way!" I shook my head and hands. "I think we tried it enough. We simply cannot eat ten crackers in one minute," I answered back, smiling.

"Don't forget the glass of water," he added, like the glass of water would make *all* the difference, like it had ever helped. "Whatever, let's make a race instead!"

That was my brother. One second he was down, the next he was challenging me to a ridiculous contest to lighten the mood.

He didn't even let me answer and gave me my ten crackers and went to the sink and brought two glass of water back.

"Ready," he said, not even letting me declining the idiotic race. And I let him because we were both kind of down and maybe we needed to do stupid contests like that to get our problems off of our minds.

"Set," I continued.

"GO!" we both yelled.

I took one cracker, thinking that a mouthful wouldn't really go that fast but Ty shove four in his mouth.

Shit !

He took a gulp of his water and he was already done and going for a next round and I wasn't even finish with my first!

Fraaaack .

I was sooo going to lose at that speed and I would never hear the end of it.

Ty put three more crackers in his mouth and tried to grin at me.

"I'm pfssoo pfwinning this," he tried to say, spitting a few crackers here and there and then took a sip of water, washing them down.

I took three and put them in my mouth but it wouldn't be enough. Ty had only three left and at the speed he was going he would be done before I got to half of mine.

Ty swallowed and he took two more in his hands.

"Well, looks like I can take it slow now," he said, all smug, and put them in his mouth.

I hate that kid!

I tried to force down the crackers but my mouth was scorching dry.

But then something amazing happened.

Ty took another sip of water but for some reason he threw everything up, not like profound throw up, just spitting his mouthful on the table.

"OH MY GOD," I yelled crackers spitting out of my mouth and I was laughing like crazy. "What did you do?" I laughed.

There was panic in his eyes. "Shit! I took too much water," he explained. " *Ew, gross* !"

I kept on laughing hysterically, victory now in my reach. "I won! I WON!"

"NO!"

"Well boy, you gotta eat your ten crackers and if you wanna win you're gonna have to eat that," I said and gestured to the puke on the table, still feeling smug. It

wasn't so much puke as chewed crackers mixed with saliva but nevertheless it was disgusting.

He got up from the table and I kept eating my crackers slowly with my victory grin.

"Aw, fuck it," Ty said and sat back and took some of the puke in his hand.

"Oh my god, oh my god, *oh my god* ! No, no, no, no, no," I kept screaming and laughing.

And then he put it in his mouth.

I was squealing like crazy. My brother was disgustingly insane.

But he puked it back.

"Man you're sooo disgusting," I said in between fits of laughter.

"You're not winning this," he yelled running to the sink waiting to puke again but he didn't.

I had only one cracker left.

Ty came back with a spoon.

"Oh dear god, Tyler you're disgusting. Just admit your defeat. Admit I,m the superior sibling."

"No! Never!"

He scooped everything with the spoon and placed himself on top of his soup bowl.

I took my last cracker and ate it like a maniac looking at Ty who was closing his eyes and putting the spoon in his mouth.

He spit it out again.

I swallowed the last of my crackers.

"I WON, I WON, I WON," I yelled jumping up and down everywhere.

"Die!" Ty answered back and tackled me to the ground.

I punched him on the shoulder and started to tickle him. Ty grabbed my hand but I elbowed him in the stomach. I tried to get back up but I kinda stepped on his ankle and then he was shouting.

" *Dear lord* ! You broke my ankle," he said twisting on the ground holding his leg.

"Oh my god, Ty I'm sorry," I said and tried to get a look at it, panicking.

But then he started to laugh. "I can't believe I tried to eat that," he said still clutching to his leg and now I was laughing too.

"You're so disgusting sometimes."

"That's why you love me," he said, smirking

"Pfff!" I snorted, rolling my eyes.

"And you didn't win."

"Oh, I won," I answered him.

"No you didn't!"

"I'm not arguing with you anymore." I patted his leg, and he smiled at me and then I gathered the stuff on the table. "I'm going to go draw," I told him and after putting our soup bowls in the dish washer I climbed up the stairs to my room.

I changed into loose clothes, tied my hair into a bun and took my pencils out. I didn't want to make something with charcoal today. I didn't want to get

my hands all dirty because I wanted to listen to my records.

It was my father that had made me start to listen to vinyl. I didn't know why but there was just something about the way it sounded. I just loved the kind of crispiness it gave to the notes.

I took my record player out of my closet and put it down on the stool I had especially for it. I randomly picked a record and was happy to see Billie Holiday. I liked the things I drew when I was listening to her records.

The first notes of *Gloomy Sunday* started to play in my room as I sat down in front of my drawing desk, my drawing pad open, and took an HB pencil to start my drawing.

Without any conscience of it my hand started to draw something that looked like an eye. I kept on going with the lines that seem to want to escape from my mind and next thing I knew I was doing something that didn't quite look like a face around the eye. But it was just lines and lines. I took a 3B and started to emphasise the lines I thought were more

important, using my stump now and then and my kneadable rubber to fade a few lines.

I hummed the notes that played in my room, my mind completely unaware of everything around, of the place and time.

After a little while, the record started to skip and I got up and took another one out.

This time, the winners were The Chorettes and the first track, *Mister Sandman* , started to invade my room.

I was snapping my fingers with the beat, and singing, unable to sit back on my chair when Tyler came in.

"Damn! It's the record player comeback! I thought he was dead," he remarked, but he was smiling a little.

"He has resuscitated, my brother," I answered and danced with the beat towards him.

"Put a good one at least," Ty whined.

"Alright," I answered, indulging his demand and walked to my shelves picking up another vinyl and then placed it.

The notes of *The Birds and The Bees* started to play. It was Tyler's favourite old song. I took his hand in mine and spun around holding our hands above my head.

Ty looked at me, smiling, and placed his hand on my back, dancing with me.

It wasn't serious dancing though. It was more like goofing around.

Tyler had never been the greatest dancer. He stepped a lot on my feet and stopped now and then to get some balance. Though maybe the stepping on my feet had something to do with the ankle thing, but whatever. I liked Tyler this way, carefree and smiling. It was the way my little brother was supposed to act.

When the song was over we were laughing like cuckoos.

"Alright, I have to go now. I have a date," he said, grinning mischievously.

" *Ty* what are you up to?" I asked, narrowing my eyes at him.

"Nothing," he raised his hands defensively, "just excited about my night."

"Ty, don't do anything stupid or I'll hunt you down."

"Yeah, right! By the way, I won the crackers contest," he stated.

"Hum, *excuse me* ! I *soooo* won," I replied.

"I didn't eat fucking puke for nothing," he yelled and got out of my room, while I just choked a laugh over his outburst. I stared at him as he left, shaking my head in disapproval, still smiling a little though. He was such a bad loser. And we would really need to talk.

I walked back to my table and drew a few more lines again. The eye looked disturbingly weird. Some kind of mix between cat, vulture and human. The pupil was just too piercing.

Why was I drawing an eye like that?

I walked back to my record player, putting *I Will Follow Him* in and started to dance on it like an idiot, singing at the same time.

I hadn't been doing that for a while now. No one was allowed to judge my little outburst. Plus, I was all alone now, so Ty wouldn't make comments about my bad singing.

My feet started to do some of my old ballet lesson's routine, my toes pointing.

And then I was doing arabesque and spinning on myself and jumping from one leg to another on my tiptoes.

"There isn't an ocean too DEEP, a mountain sooo HIGH it can KEEEEPP KEEEEP MEEE AWAAAY," I sang way too loudly with the Little Peggy March.

"Is someone killing a cat in here? Or bleeding a pig maybe?" a voice asked and I squealed so loud I hurt my own ears.

Right in my door step there was Blake, with a grin on his lips, clearly happy to have caught me in yet another embarrassing moment.

"HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET IN HERE?" I yelled at him, feeling like I needed to cover myself or maybe hide in my bathroom.

How in god's name had Blake managed to get in my house? What was he doing in my house, in my room, sneaking up on me like some kind of stalker?

Oh my god, is god mad at me for something? Because I did nothing wrong! Really nothing, nothing !

"Your brother let me in, told me you were upstairs," Blake explained, his smile so huge I could almost see all his teeth.

"Of course he did." *That stinking losing bastard* ! "Excuse me for a sec," I said and walked around Blake and out of my room towards Ty's.

Maybe I should pee in his bed. Or maybe not. I didn't want him to pee in my bed to get back. Knowing him he already did. That sneaky bastard.

Mental note: Smell my bed sheets more often.

I'd steel his PS3 instead. That ought to do it.

I pushed his TV so I could reach the plugs at the back.

"What are you doing?" Blake asked behind me, chuckling.

"Isn't it obvious? I'm stealing his PS3 as a punishment for letting the devil in," I groaned.

" *Ouch* . I thought you'd be happy to see me."

"Yeah, *right* !" I said and walked around him with Ty's PS3 tucked under my arm.

"See, the thing is we never got to finish our little talk..." Blake trailed, and then smirked at me.

Oh crap, here it comes...

Chapter 12

Chapter Eleven

A/N: Okay guys, so I really wasn't supposed to post this this soon but I don't know I just kept adding things instead of doing my homework and then it was all written and I figured what the hell right?

I hope you like it... :P

So read, enjoy, vote and comment!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Alright so, I had a few options here.

One, I could run the hell away shouting incomprehensible things to make sure I wouldn't catch anything Blake would say to me.

Two, we were alone. People probably didn't know Blake came over here and Ty and I made a pact a while ago that we would cover up for the other one if we ever murdered anyone so well... that could be an option.

Three, and that was the one I didn't like, I could listen to what he had to say. In some way, it was the best option, because afterwards I could get rid of him. On the other hand, did I really want to know what that perv wanted from me? Most of my brain screamed no, but a little part of it, the curious one was dying to find out what it was he wanted.

Ugh! I hate this .

"Spill your beans Eaton," I finally said and let myself fall on my bed. *Option three it is* .

"Alright, so here's the thing," Blake started to say while pulling a chair to sit in front of me "You're good in school right?"

"Yeaaaaah," I drawled. Where were we going with this?

"You ace literature and chemistry and maths and all that crap?"

"Yes, well I'm not the *best* but I'm okay, I guess," I answered. Didn't like this, didn't like this one bit. What was the perv getting at?

"Look, I don't want to say I'm dumb or anything, I'm not dumb but I do have to admit that I've let myself slip up on a couple of subjects at school in the past," Blake started to admit.

I smiled, a fake, sweet smile. "Because you were more busy with running with a ball in your hands and sleeping with everything that has a vagina?"

"Ah ah! You're funny, aren't you?"Blake said in kind of a sarcastic way. "Listen, what I want is really simple and yet kinda complicated..."

"You're losing me Blake," I told him, my face blank, not amused.

Blake frowned for a second, like he was thinking about how much he should reveal to me. "I kind of made this deal with my parents. I need all my grades to be above average at the end of the year. If I manage to do that, they say it'll prove them I can actually take care of myself, in a weird way if you ask me, but whatever, and if I manage to do that then it's rock star life for me."

"And that's where I come handy," I added and I already knew what he wanted from me.

"Exactly! I'm not really supposed to have a tutor or anything like that and I can't cheat. But I figured that if someone just *works* with me, they can't complain. Plus I need someone who actually does their homework and projects and other crap like that."

"Oh you got the wrong person boy!" I answered and got off my bed. "Look it hasn't been a walk in the park lately for me, and my grades have been dropping and frankly I'm the queen at procrastinating so I never do anything on time, and I *never* do my homework."

"Well then I can help you get back in the right track," Blake said with a smirk.

"I don't think so."

"Come on! I'm not asking you to cover yourself in butter and run around the street. I just want you to help me," he all but pleaded.

"But what? Like I help you every time you ask for it, no matter what?"

"Well, you do owe me," Blake trailed.

"What's in for me though?"

The idiot grinned and did jazz hands. "The joy of making me happy!"

I glared at him. "I don't think so," I repeated

"What? You wouldn't want to help a poor guy like me?"

"No you're an ass and you don't deserve my help. You annoy the hell out of me to be truthful," I told him, point blank.

"Come on, I know you have a thing for me," Blake said and he wiggled his eyebrows.

Stupid perv.

"I hate you," I stated matter-of-factly

"Ah hate is a passionate feeling," Blake answered, not even fazed.

"Wanna see passion? I'm going to passionately stab you with my pencil," I said and walked towards my drawing desk, eyes fixed on my sharpened 2B pencil.

"Ah, lighten up Sugar-pie," Blake said grinning.

"I don't want to have to spend time with you Blake! I really don't want to go to jail for murder just yet!"

"Ouch! You know, I'm not that bad. I can be really fun actually if you get my meaning," Blake said and wiggled his eyebrows again.

"Get it through your thick head buddy, I ain't sleeping with you. *Ever* . And I'm not helping you either."

"What if I gave you something in return?" Blake said, getting up from his chair to stand in front of me.

"I just said I didn't want to sleep with you, you dim-wit."

"No, I mean something else. What do you want?"

Peace.

You, the hell away from here.

Go back in time and fix everything.

To know what I want, where I go from here.

Mean ninja skills .

"Nothing that you can give me. So now if you could be so kind and get the fuck out of my house that way I wouldn't have to call the police, I would really appreciate it," I said and sat back in front of my drawing.

"How about that guy your mother was with? Would you like to know who he is, what he does, phone bill, credit card bill, have someone broke his legs?"

"What, are you in the mafia?" I asked snorting.

"No, but I know a guy," he said winking.

"I think I'll pass." *Though the breaking leg thing did kinda sound nice* .

Blake stood beside me, obviously thinking about what he could offer me which was completely useless because I didn't want anything from him. But then his eyes fell on my record player and he walked towards it.

"You listen to vinyls?"

"Yeah..."

"How would you like to have some?"

"I already have plenty, thanks."

"Frank Sinatra's 1939 Harry James 78 Brunswick, first record?" Blake asked.

"Whatever..." I mumbled but damn I wanted that record. It was fracking priceless!

"Billie Holiday with Benny Goodman Orch on Columbia signed?" Blake said his eyes twinkling mischievously.

"Don't tease me Blake," I warned him. You should be playing with a girl's vinyls feelings like that.

"Oh but I do not tease you. Here's what I offer, you help me whenever I need to and in exchange I'll let you go through my dad's record collection and you can pick whatever you want. And I mean it."

Oh dear god...

I was pathetic though. It was just vinyls, thousands of dollars worth vinyls but still vinyls, and this was Blake, the incarnation of Satan, well I might have been pushing a little but *not by that much* .

"By the way, his collection stands in a room bigger than yours," Blake added and that did it. I think he saw it in my eyes because he then asked, "Deal?" with his hand stretching forward.

Reluctantly I shook his hand and complied. "Deal."

And that's how I sold myself to the devil for vinyls... Pitiful, I know.

"Oh, and trust me babe, if I *really* wanted to have sex with you, you wouldn't be able to resist me," Blake whispered to me, his eyes wicked.

Dear god, please save me...

Chapter 13

Chapter Twelve

Blake's face was still inches away from mine, not showing any signs that he was going to move.

"Huh, you know you can leave now," I told him and backed away.

"What? Don't you enjoy my company?" he asked with his cocky smile.

"Thought I already made my point clear on the matter," I informed him with an annoyed smile. I turned my head back to my drawing and picked my pencil.

Maybe if I ignored him he would leave?

I almost laughed out loud at the thought. *Yeah right* ! Didn't I already know that? Getting rid of Blake was probably harder than getting rid of a bad perm!

Blake took something out of his pocket and then lent it to me.

"What's this?" I asked eyeing the folded sheet suspiciously.

"Rat poop! What do you think? It's a contract," Blake told me rolling his eyes.

"What for?"

"Well, it's just in case you decided to unsuspectingly drop our deal," Blake answered "Pen please," he asked his palm open.

I gave him one and then he quickly scribbled something on it and gave me the sheet.

On it, it basically said that I agreed to help Blake out, anytime he asked for it, and in return I had unlimited access to his father vinyls collection. If any of us broke the terms of the contract we had to run naked

around the entire school, screaming spinach as we went.

"Why spinach?" I asked as I signed the contract.

"I don't know I just like the sound of it," Blake answered and then he signed it too.

Then he put the contract back in his pocket, but his eyes fell on my drawing table, and more precisely my drawing pad

"What have you got there?" Blake asked and I almost threw myself over my drawing.

"Step back douchebag or else I'll cut your balls with my pink Swiss pocket knife!" I threatened him, my eyes narrowing.

Hell yeah! I got a pink Swiss pocket knife! And I carried it in my purse all the time! You never knew when you'd need to make an emergency neutering. A friend of mine bought it on her trip to Switzerland. She knew I had a thing for knives. Now I knew that sounded creepy but people should not be worrying. I wasn't dangerous. Or maybe I was. You never knew with me.

That's something my mom hated. When I was sitting on the couch reading a book, holding it with one hand and playing with my pocket knife in the other. Okay, that definitely sounded creepy... *Plus I did totally want to be a ninja...*

"What's so important under there? Did you write Lexi Eaton in different handwriting to see how it would look?" Blake asked his eyes twinkling evilly.

"Yeah, *right* ! I'm not one of your many hopeless bimbos Blake," I answered but kept covering my drawing.

I wasn't about to show him what I had done, because for one, showing my drawing to me me felt like bearing my soul and I wasn't about to do that. And this particular drawing was kinda disturbing.

"Then what's under there?" Blake pressed again, coming closer.

I shooed him away with my hand.

"It's a drawing, alright Mister Pompous-Ass! Now back off, because I'm dead serious about the pocket knife thing!"

"Oh I have no worries for my balls girly, because the minutes you'll drop my pants you're going to all but savagely attack me," Blake said and I think his smirk was so big the space station could probably see it.

I pretended to puke for about a minute.

"Yeah, right. I'm sure I'm gonna get all excited over your multiple STDs."

"If you can name them all I'll give you a cookie," Blake said, shaking his head, laughing.

I rolled my eyes at him.

"You're going to show me that, you know," Blake pressed.

"Nope," I answered back and kicked him with my right leg.

"You're so violent Kitty," Blake said shaking his head again.

"What do you want me to say, you bring out the best in me!"

Blake was about to say something back but then the phone rang.

Now that was dilemma. If I got up to answer it, Blake would probably get a look at my drawing. Whatever, we had an answering machine, plus it was probably meant for my dad or my brother.

But obviously Blake had other ideas and he picked it up.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" I yelled before Blake said, "You've reached Lexi the exotic belly dancer, how can we rock your world today?"

OH MY GOD!

My eyes almost busted out of their sockets and I literally jumped at his throat.

This could be anyone! That could be my fucking mother for all I knew!

But Blake was ready for my attack and he grabbed me around the waist, swigging me over my bed, smiling mischievously.

"You fucking asshole! Give me that phone!" I yelled trying to jump at his throat again.

But Blake simply put his hand over the phone and mouthed, "Language Pumpkin," to me, holding his other hand in front of him to protect himself.

"Of course, no problem, tomorrow we're going to the annual wet t-shirt tournament in MudandJello. Lexi has already won the local contest, but then she'll be all yours on Sunday," Blake said in a very businesslike voice but all I could think about was a way to kick him in the balls so hard he would need surgery to retrieve them.

Who the hell was he speaking to? Who was I going to have to do major explaining to?

"No, I'm sorry she can't come to the phone right now because she's got a violent rash from previous clients, but don't worry, it'll be all good by Sunday."

That's it, he's dead!

I jumped at him again, my main goal was to tackle him to the ground and destroy the freaking phone but instead Blake dropped the phone and pushed me back on the bed pinning my arms beside me.

"Aw, don't you love this? I know I'm enjoying it quite a bit," Blake said smirking over me.

"You fucking idiot! What's wrong with you?" I yelled at him, trying to lose the grip he had on my wrist.

But he wasn't letting go. Instead he grabbed both of my wrists in one hand, sat on my legs and grabbed the phone again.

"Now be a good girl," he said before putting the phone to his ear again "I'm sorry we had some technical problems but I'm on it now," he added winking at me.

I wanted to yell again but then I thought about it and whoever was on the other side of the line would probably think worst things. *Like it was even possible* .

What the hell had I been thinking, making a deal with such an asshole?

"Well same old same old, Lexi can't keep her hands off of me, I don't blame her though, I get it, but girl, she needs more self control. I can't even have a

decent chitchat on the phone without her going all "fat kid in a candy store" on me."

"Alright what the hell?" I asked him, my eyes narrowing, but Blake just shushed me.

"Aw, I'm hurt! You don't even recognize me. Tss," he said shaking his head in fake disapproval.

Alright. That probably meant it was someone he knew. Okay, so that ruled out my grandparents. *Good thing* .

But who could be calling? Maybe it was Alex? Nah, Alex would have recognized him right away.

Oh my god ! Could this really be my mom? He had kinda met her.

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my...

Stop Lexi, I thought, *if it's your adulteress mom than good thing* ! I wanted to make her mad; well that would piss her off big time.

"You got it right sugar! And by the way, that little stunt earlier at school was rude. I'm not that stupid

you know, I have a seventh sense for fake boyfriend phone calls."

My head felt back on my bed in relief.

Thank god, it was Vanessa !

"Yeah, I can also spot fake boobs in a fifty yards radius," Blake said smirking.

Alright what was that about?

"Any closer and I would need to be in her pants," Blake added, enjoying himself.

That stinking bastard! I squirmed under him, trying to get him off of me but he just held my wrist tighter.

"I swear Blake if you don't let me go I'm going to..." I started to say but Blake cut me.

"Tie me up to your bed and spank me? Don't you think it's a little too cliché? I mean I'm sure together we can come up with something more original."

I wanted to argue but Blake wasn't paying attention to me anymore, listening to Vanessa, smiling evilly.

"Oh don't pay attention to us. We're not even mating yet," Blake trailed off, smirking.

That's it!

"Vanessa! Call the freaking police! That bastard is trying to rape me," I yelled so Vanessa would hear it.

"Don't listen to her, she's being delusional," Blake said.

"He's on freaking top of me for Christ's sake," I yelled again.

"Yeah but she likes it," Blake added.

At that moment I wished someone could be in the house right now, someone could come in the room and get that fracking idiot off of me.

"Get off Blake," I yelled again but only got a smirk in response.

"Yeah, I kinda figured that out already," Blake said and I frowned not understanding what they were talking about. "But I'm having so much fun!"

"Seriously Blake," I warned, squirming to get him off of me.

"You sure you wanna talk to her when she's all feisty like that?" Blake asked

God! If I could just get my hands free I would choke that bastard!

"How worse?" Blake asked completely ignoring me.

I should have said yes to Alex. I should have gone with him tonight instead of being here, *under* that fracking asshole. Seriously, what was I thinking, making a deal with a complete and utter moron? There was no way I could help that douchebag. And now I had signed a contract. And there was no way in hell I was going to run around the school naked and screaming spinach!

Blake looked at me his eyes shining with deep amusement. "So you beat up a mascot?"

I'm going to kill Vanessa...

Okay, yes I did beat up a mascot, a few years ago, when I was dating Alex, and me and Vanessa, we had gone to a hockey game and this mascot showed up and I wasn't in the mood, I had a fight with Alex earlier, about the same old thing, and well... I ended

with a lawsuit on my ass... but whatever, my mother was still a lawyer then, the best there was and there were not records of it anymore. So, *there* .

Vanessa wasn't supposed to tell that. To *anyone* !

"You know what Vanessa? I think I'm gonna let her talk to you. It seems I'm not the only one she wants to beat up now," Blake said smirking and gave me the phone.

The second the phone came to my ear, I started to shout. "What the fuck is wrong with you? Why'd you tell him?"

Blake chuckled and then her let go of my wrist and was off of me.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. You know I can't ever keep anything to myself!" Vanessa said in her puppy dog voice.

"But why'd you have to tell *him* ?"

"I don't know! I just blurred it out! It's not my fault. Look I had an awful evening so don't take it out on me."

"What do you mean?" I asked her as I sat up on my bed.

I put my hand over the phone and warned Blake who was getting dangerously close to my drawings "Touch that and you're a dead man Eaton!"

Blake chuckled but step back.

Oh my god! Did he just listen to me?

"You know that date I had tonight?" Vanessa said on the other end of the line.

"Fake Facebook guy?"

"Yeah well the date was... god I don't even know how to describe it. You know he's hot and all, but it was weird. I mean, he just kept talking about school and the teachers, and what we should be doing for the Halloween show and Fall show and Christmas show and he just kept going on and on and on about how we should be doing a duet, and he never talked about him, really about him, and he never asked anything about me, except for who I had lessons with before and such. And you know in movies, when there's the couple walking in the street and the girl just keeps

rambling about anything and the guy starts to think about something completely different, well *I was the guy* !"

"Maybe he was shy. He didn't know what to talk about so he just kept rambling about a safe topic. I know I rambled all the time when I'm nervous."

As I was saying that I saw Blake starting to shake his head in disapproval.

"What's wrong BubbleHead," I asked him.

"Give me the phone back," Blake said rolling his eyes.

"What? No!"

"You're giving wrong advice Pumpkin. I'm sure Vanessa would like to know what really went wrong," Blake said, his palm up, waiting for the phone.

"Do you want Blake's advice?" I asked Vanessa, annoyed.

"Sure. A guy opinion wouldn't hurt."

I rolled my eyes and gave Blake the phone back.

Blake took it and then he listened for a little while nodding and saying "Mhm huh, I see," now and then.

This is really ridiculous.

"The guy is just using you. He probably only cares about making the nicest show and you fitted in his plans. If he had been shy he would have said something really awkward or embarrassing and then he would have blushed or something, but with what you're saying, he was just full of himself and he doesn't care. I say forget the guy, move on and if possible ruin his show."

I stared at Blake open mouthed.

Alright. Had Blake just gave dating advice? But not only dating advice but apparently *good* dating advice?

"Worst case scenario, I'm sure Lexi would gladly beat him up. Right Pumpkin?" he asked me smirking, but I was still frozen...

What the hell?

"You're welcome, anytime," Blake said and with that he gave me the phone back "There you go Pumpkin."

"Well, that was nice of him," Vanessa said.

"I'm a little confused," was all I could answer.

"Well, I'm not! Hey! Where's Ty?"

Oh shit...

"Out," I replied weakly.

"Where?"

"Not sure," I said.

"With whom?" Vanessa pushed.

"Not sure either,"

"Lexi!"

"He's on a date!" I blurred.

Ooops...

"What?" Vanessa hissed.

"Hey, this is all your fault! You shouldn't have rubbed it in his face! He was pissed!"

"Damn it..I have to call him. Does he have his phone?" Vanessa asked me.

"I think but I wouldn't call him right away if I were you. You should wait till he comes back."

"And let him make out with some bimbo? No thanks. Thank Blake again for me. Bye bye kiddo, mommy's gonna crash daddy's party."

"You're ridiculous you know that right?" I said shaking my head in disbelief.

That girl sure was something.

"Yope!"

"Bye."

"Bye."

I threw the phone on my pillows and looked at Blake who was staring at me.

"What?" I snapped at him.

Blake just chuckled.

And then all the anger I had built up against him came rushing back and lunged at him again.

I grabbed him around the neck, in a deadlock but Blake put one arm behind my back and the other under my knees and swung me in his arms bridal style.

"You shouldn't start a fight you can't win," Blake chuckled and I had no idea what he had in mind but I was kinda scared for a second.

But then as I was trashing in his arms for him to set me free, my door opened revealing my father, frowning at us for a second.

"Is he staying for supper?"

Chapter 14

Chapter Thirteen

A/N: Alright, because I'm a really good person, and I finally decided to procrastinate in a way that should be illegal, you get this new chapter! So you better enjoy it, plus it's pretty long.

Anyway, you'll get more info about Blake so I hope you like that... and well yes I know Lexi's dad rocks ;P

So read, enjoy, comment and vote!

* * * * * * * * * *

I looked at me dad, ready to make some sarcastic comment like, "Oh no, he can't, he's a vampire and he

doesn't eat food, but he was planning on sucking me dry so we should just burn him to ashes and then we can enjoy our little family meal."

But instead, I found myself squealing in surprise as my ass landed on the floor in a big *THUMP* .

What the hell?

I looked up to see Blake's face going all guilty and awkward.

And then I started to laugh, even though my ass hurt like crazy and stupid jerk had dropped me on the floor.

"What the hell? Why'd you drop me?" I asked him.

Blake looked at me and then at my father like a kid caught stealing a cookie.

"Where did you find this one, kid?" my father said, a grin plastered on his face.

"Cheap deal on Craig's List," I answered still laughing and got back on my feet without any help from Mister *I-Have-No-Coordination-And-I-Drop-People* , rubbing my hurt butt.

"Well, however you paid you got robbed kid," my father answered laughing, but then he glared at Blake. "Son, I'm going to tell you this just once. I worked for a butcher in my early years and I ain't afraid of using these skills on some hormonal teenager," he informed him in a strict almost scary voice.

I had a hard time not bursting into laughter.

"Yes sir. I'm sorry sir. I'll leave now," Blake said in a rush and he seriously looked freaked out.

By then my father pretty much laughed in his face.

"Seriously kid, where did you get this one?" dad asked me, taking a breath to calm himself, leaning on my door frame.

"The real question is how do I get rid of him daddy," I answered and walked towards my father, looking back at Blake who had a dumbstruck expression on his face.

Ha. Ha. HA!

"Easy. You sleep with him. When they get what they want they don't come bothering you anymore," my father replied and laughed even more.

I heard Blake gasp.

I knew actually what Blake must have been thinking. *In the name of all that is holy, what kind of father* is *that?* Well, that was my dad. My dad who knew me. He might not have known everyone I hung out with, or every detail about my life, but he knew me, the real buried-deep-inside-my-guts me. And he knew he didn't need to worry.

Blake, on the other hand, seriously looked like a trucker in a Tupperware party--completely confused.

"Stop making that face, son. You'll get grey hair prematurely. Don't worry, I didn't work with a butcher. But I worked in a coffee shop and I can grind your nuts," my father informed him and laughed even harder, but I just stared at him this time.

"Dad. No. That one wasn't funny," I told him dryly.

"You're losing your sense of humor kid," he said and then he looked around him. "Where's your brother?"

I shrugged. "Out with some bimbo."

"Damn kid! Well, that means more fish for us. So are you staying son?" my father asked, looking at Blake.

Seriously, I was really sad that I didn't have a camera close by because the face Blake was making was simply priceless.

"Is he dumb?" my father asked me since Blake still wasn't answering.

"Not in the mute sense, but yes in the brain damage one," I replied and laughed.

"I'm... a little...confused," Blake trailed slowly, frowning.

My father and I burst into laughter.

"Of course you are. Now, let's get this dinner ready otherwise we'll never eat," my father said and stepped out of my room.

"That's your dad?" Blake asked, emphasizing on the *dad* , the second my father was out of hearing range.

"Hmm, *DUH* ," was my only reply.

"No wonder you're so weird," Blake mumbled.

"Hey! I. Am. Not. Weird!"

"Oh, you are!"

"Am not!"

"Are too!"

"NOT!"

"Hope you aren't allergic to sea food because Lexi's reanimation skills aren't that good!" my father yelled downstairs and I rolled my eyes.

"Dad! Once! That was *once* . I was ten. How was I supposed to know mouth to mouth wasn't an option when you have an allergic reaction?" I yelled back.

Blake looked at me and now he was the one laughing.

"Yeah, laugh all you want. You wouldn't have if you had been the one giving mouth to mouth to your seventy years old perfume soaked aunt, who wasn't aware that there were chestnuts, in a chestnut cake," I informed him dryly.

It was a life-scaring experience. To that date, I hadn't been able to go anywhere *near* chestnuts or my aunt Patsy.

When I walked into the kitchen, Blake following close behind, my father was still laughing.

It was good to see him laughing that much in a row. I was scared it wouldn't come back again. We had all been pretty low these past few months, and it felt good to have my father smiling and laughing and not looking like he was thinking about my mom.

That was the only reason why I wasn't kicking Blake out of the house, because my father seemed to enjoy teasing him and I didn't want my dad to get all gloomy again.

I sat at the counter and took a shrimp from the plate and dipped it in the red sauce, while looking at my dad, putting lemon juice over the salmon.

I love seafood night. Before, when my mom was still here we would eat steak. Like literally steak was almost all we ate. You get tired of it after seventeen years. Ever since she left we hadn't ate any and I was

pretty happy about it. That was one thing I surely didn't miss.

"So, you got a name kid?" my father asked as he put the fish in the oven.

"Blake Eaton," he answered, still standing by the arch, leaning against it actually, not walking into the kitchen like he was watching the scene before him.

"Oh I know you," my father said as he took a few shrimps for himself.

"You do?" Blake answered and he looked scared again.

"Of course! You're the football's team running back. You've been doing a great job so far. I mean usually running backs are broader and shorter, but I gotta give it to you son, you sure can push through a defense," my father said with enthusiasm while I poured myself a big glass of Pepsi.

"Well thanks," Blake said to my dad and he looked relieved.

"Want some?" I asked Blake, gesturing to the Pepsi and he nodded.

I gave him a glass, *yes I can be civilized thank you very much* , and then went to sit back on my stool by the shrimps while my father cut vegetables to put in the rice with our fish.

"Oh and also, the school principal called at my business once because one of my employee's daughter had been caught in the school pool unauthorized with a boy named Blake Eaton," my father said like he was telling us it would be sunny tomorrow and Blake who had been drinking his Pepsi spit it out everywhere.

"I'm not picking that up for you," I said to Blake and threw him the roll of paper towels.

My father laughed again. "So, now you mind telling me why you were in my daughter's room at..." he looked at the clock on the oven, "seven-forty-six?"

"I was just..." Blake started to answer, while wiping himself and the floor but I cut him.

"He's stalking me!"

"So maybe I shouldn't invite him for dinner, right?" my father asked, his voice thoughtful.

"I'm not stalking her, she's helping me with school work," Blake explained shaking his head at me, and smiling a dim smirk, but still a smirk.

So that *might* have been the answer to say considering he was probably going to have to come back here if I was really helping him, but *whatever* ! In my mind, someone that popped in your room unannounced was a stalker.

"Extracurricular activity?" dad asked with an evil smile.

Okay, now the whole cool-dad was kinda getting annoying.

"He wishes," I mumbled, shoving another shrimp in my mouth.

This dinner, heck this whole day was really getting into a strange nightmare.

I looked at Blake and I could see he was repressing himself from making a snotty comment back. But he

just shook his head, smirking a little bit more and gathered all the wet paper towels.

"Huh, where's the garbage?" Blake asked.

"Right here son," my father answered and opened the door under the sink where the garbage was but then stopped his movement and frowned. "Why is there puke in there?"

Ooops...

"I won the cracker contest," I answered smugly.

"So that would be Ty's?" my father stated.

"Yope! He tried to eat it by the way!" I informed him while Blake threw the paper towel with a frown on his eyebrows and a grimace on his lips.

Oooh! That was something I hadn't thought about. If I grossed him out completely, maybe he wouldn't want my help anymore, but then he would still need to give me those vinyls.

"What did I do to God to have children like you?" my father said, shaking his head, but still smiling.

"Speaking of your many strange children, did you get any news from Anna?" I asked my dad.

"She called at work this morning. Said she's never been happier, college is great, she has lots of friends, plausible boyfriend on the way, good grades, and she's working at a new place on Monday," my father trailed as he poured rice in the boiling water.

"Meaning her life sucks, her college's boring, she's got no friends, she's stalking a guy, failing in every class and she got fired from her job?" I asked sheepishly.

If there was one thing I knew about my older sister, it was that she made up this little perfect world for herself when things weren't working out for her. She hated school, couldn't get along with a lot of girl because she's a natural bitch, didn't do boyfriends but *casual dating* which basically meant sleeping around and she was always late to work, that was probably a family thing though, so she got fired pretty often.

"Probably," my father snorted.

I turned my head to the left and saw Blake leaning on the arch again. Damn. I had almost forgotten about him. He was being strangely quiet. I didn't like that. I was scared about the comeback he'd make afterwards.

"Dude, just take a seat," I told him and pushed one of the stool with my leg. He was making me nervous by just standing up like that and staring at us.

"So Blake, tell me about yourself? Should I really worry about you stalking my daughter?" my father asked as he stirred the rice.

"Your daughter has a colorful imagination," Blake said laughing as he leaned on the counter to sit on the stool and took a shrimp.

My father laughed at that too.

"Alright, stop making fun of me," I told them and slapped Blake's hand holding the shrimp which feel on the ground, red sauce and all.

Blake glared at me.

Ha ha!

"I'm not picking it up," he informed me.

"Well, me neither, so I think we're at an impasse here."

We both stared at each other, for longer than necessary, glaring, but then Blake sighed, bent and picked up the shrimp.

Man, I was on fire! That was twice now that I was winning the glaring contest with him today.

"You aren't from around here, are you?" my father suddenly asked, his eyes narrowing like he was concentrating on something really important.

"No. I was born in New York, lived in Europe for a while. Prague. Paris. My parents have a studio in London so we stayed there most of the time, but we moved here when I was eleven after... well anyway, I have family living in London so I still go there often," Blake explained.

Wow . I didn't know that. I mean, I remembered he had moved here when I was in fifth grade, but I didn't remember him mentioning all that traveling. Actually, the only thing I remembered was that he

was a quiet kid, and he had ignored me when I had talked to him to be nice. Let's just say I hadn't like that.

"I knew I heard your sort of British accent," my father said smugly.

Hmm, that was true. Blake did sort of have a British accent. It just went with his voice. I'd honestly never heard a voice as deep as his. Sure, I hated the guy but his voice was seriously hot.

"Yeah well, I lost it over the years, most of it I think. I mean, at first I didn't have it, but then when you live for a while in one place you just get their accent, it's inevitable. Seriously after my trips to Paris I always have the stinking French accent when I speak in English. I need at least a week to lose it." Blake explained as he threw the shrimp in the garbage and took another one, carefully, and away from me.

"What do your parents do?" dad asked.

"Well, my dad's a musician, a pianist actually, but he's mostly a painter, and my mom's a writer. We're pretty artsy in my family," Blake trailed off.

I knew Blake's parents were loaded, but I hadn't thought they would be artists. I mean with a son like theirs they were probably disappointed. Wouldn't they want to have an artist too instead of a jerkalish jock?

"What's your father's name," dad asked.

"Christopher Eaton."

"I think I've seen one of his paintings somewhere," my father trailed off.

"The new exhibition at the gallery downtown is exposing a bunch of his paintings so maybe that's where you saw it."

"No, no, more like on a business trip. You said you were from New York?"

"Yes. We do have a gallery there," Blake told him.

"That's it!" dad replied, slapping his hand on the counter. "Yeah, that's where I saw it."

Christopher Eaton . I would have to google that.

I wondered who his mother was? I mean not all writers were famous. And I couldn't think about any Eaton writers. *Oh well.*

"Your father isn't disappointed that you're not following in his footsteps instead of playing football?" my father suddenly asked him.

"Actually no. My dad's a pretty reasonable guy. On the other hand, I know my mom would like that."

"That's the kids' burden. Will they follow the trail their parents left for them..." my father trailed off, as he started to take out plates.

I knew what he was thinking about just then. Would all his children follow in his footsteps and be ditched like him?

Would I end up like my mom?

That was something that frightened me. When I would hit forty, would that mean I would go all crazy like her and abandoned everyone around me, trying to change everything? People always said I was so much like her. Was I really like her? I wanted to say no, because right now, I could never do what she did

to us. I could never abandon my family and lie to them, I could never do that. But would things change?

"Well, dinner's ready!" dad suddenly said as he set the fish out of the oven.

"Are we setting the table?" I asked him, while I got up to help him.

"No need. The counter will do, right son?" my father asked Blake, who smiled and nod in response.

Alright . I was kind of confused now. I mean I was used to Blake the jerk. I expected him to stay the same jerk, or if he didn't, I thought I could see him struggling to not *be* a jerk, but right now, it seemed like this was the normal him, and the jerk was the forced one.

I mean, he just had a whole conversation with my dad and he hadn't made one, *not one* , pervy comment. It simply wasn't normal.

I handed a plate to Blake and stood by my father while he split the big salmon that smelled deliciously nice as Blake stood by me.

This freaked me out even more because it felt natural. Something was definitely wrong here.

"Alright, three equal parts, and no Lexi you don't get to have a bigger one just because you're too thin," my father cut before I could say one word.

Damn it! I really liked fish.

Blake was laughing again. "She eats a lot, doesn't she?"

"You should see my grocery bill. With her and her brother it's a miracle we aren't bankrupted by now."

I rolled my eyes at both of them and then, after my father had put my fish in my plate, I took some rice and went to sit on my stool again.

Blake followed a few seconds later and then my father sat too, we all ate. There was something extremely disturbing about this situation. Anybody would have guessed there would be awkward moments but Blake seemed to fit in, just like he had always been a part of our routine. That got me frowning over my plate.

When I was down to my last vegetable in my rice I heard the front door open.

" *Man!* I missed fish night," Ty cried in the hall way.

We were all laughing when he walked through the arch, but he stopped for a second.

"I see your little friend still hasn't left," Ty said with an evil grin.

"Yeah and you're in big trouble about that young man," I informed him and thought about his PS3 well hidden in my closet.

"What are you going to do about it? It's not like you can shave my head in my sleep anymore," Ty answered and opened the fridge.

We would see about that.

"Weren't you out eating just five minutes ago?" my father asked in disbelief.

"You know me dad," Tyler answered and sat at the counter with us, a bowl of macaroni salad in front of him. "So, how did she react when she saw you barge in?" Ty asked Blake.

"She screamed like a little girl. Seriously I'm impress I'm not deaf," he answered laughing.

"Hey! First, you had no right to pop in my room unannounced like that, and second, *I am a girl.* "

The three men laughed at my answer.

"I hate being in minority," I mumbled, pouting.

"Was she singing when you walked in?" Tyler pressed, his eyes twinkling evilly.

"Like a drunken girl in a karaoke club."

They all laughed louder.

"Laugh all you want! I'll be the one laughing when I'll beat you all up with my mad ninja skills!"

That got them laughing even more, and somehow, this made me feel the way it was when my family was still whole.

If anyone had told me two weeks ago that I would be sitting at the dinner table with my dad and brother and Blake, and I would actually enjoy it, I would have called the cuckoo's house on them, but again, if anyone had told me one year ago that my mother

would leave us, I wouldn't have believed them either so I guess life really was unpredictable.

Chapter 15

Chapter Fourteen

A/N: Okay seriously guys, I'm like on a writing frenzy with this story lately... and I really shouldn't. I got homework for pete's sake. Someone has to stop me. ;P

Oh well... what's the worst thing that can happen? I fail? Yeah that doesn't sound good.

So you better comment and vote! ;P

Anyway ENJOY GUYS! :D

Ps: ashleyy_ pointed out the fact, in Blake's POV excerpt, that he might have some underlying

issue... which is right... mouhahahaha... Any guesses? XP

* * * * * * * * * * *

So I had no freaking clue how he managed to do this, but it was like ten PM and Blake was still at our house, watching a re-run, yes a re-run, of a football game with my dad, Ty and me.

"Come *on* ! *Run* ! For Christ sake! I've never seen a defense more suckish then that! RUN!"

"Is she always like that when she watches football?" Blake asked behind me, but I ignored him.

" *Jeez* ! Why didn't you listen?" I yelled at the TV when the running back got tackled, letting myself fall back on the floor while Ty was throwing popcorn at the screen.

"YOU SUCK!" he screamed at the running back.

"Yes. It gets worse during the play-offs," my father answered, but I ignored him too.

"You know they win that game right?" Blake informed me, chuckling, and I threw a cushion in his face for that.

"Yes Mister Know-It-All, I am well informed of it, but I still think my tactic advice always helps them win in the end," I answered to Blake absentmindedly.

"Good thing you aren't a cheerleader at school, otherwise you'd give the coach a heart-attack with all your screaming."

"Don't you have somewhere to be? A party to attend? Alcohol to drink? Girl to fuck?"

"We don't say fuck in the living room Lexi," my father said at the same time Ty screamed, "YOU FUCKING WUSS! KNOCK THE SHIT OUT OF HIM!"

"Actually, no. I'm pretty comfortable here," Blake answered and leaned more comfortably into the couch.

"Suit yourself," I mumbled and then, "NO! LEFT! GO LEFT! WATCH YOUR RIGHT!"

"I never would have guessed your Friday nights consisted of watching football re-runs, screaming at the screen like a lunatic." Blake informed me, and just by his tone I knew he was smirking.

I wanted to answer "Go fuck yourself," but technically I wasn't supposed to use that word in the living room.

Bullshit!

"What do you want me to say? I retired from the wet t-shirt industry. Got too many rashes," I told him.

"So that means I should probably send the Lamborghini to the cleaner?" Blake asked.

"You're the one with the Lamborghini?" dad exclaimed.

"Yes, well, technically, it's my dad's."

" *Some guy at school,* huh?" my father mumbled.

I rolled my eyes, but he probably didn't see me.

Great! *Just great.*

"That car's a beauty," my father finally said, thoughtfully.

Oh here we go...

"I know. There's just something about the Murciélago LP 640 body frame... I mean there's the Roadster version but I'm not a fan of convertible and there's the new version, the LP 670-4 SV but I think the spoiler stays up so in my mind it'll just slow it down. You can't even compare it to the Gallardo. And of course, it's got 12 cylinders and the top speed's 340 km and you hit 0 to 100 in 3,4 seconds. It,s got 6 speeds plus reverse, everything's electronic. Sure, it has an awful millage per gallons but I'm not complaining. I love that car," Blake explained, and while he talked about the car, I think I saw something that actually, almost looked like a smile, and not a smirk, on his lips, but that was just for one millisecond, and it disappeared as fast as it came.

"But you don't give a shit about the Earth right," I told him, frowning.

"What?"

"Global warming, you dimwit," I explained.

"You know technically, some scientists say that global warming is all a natural thing," Blake said with a smirk I would have gladly punched off his face.

"Yeah and Santa Claus will put coal in your stocking this year because you've been a very naughty boy," I said rolling my eyes.

"Oh you have no idea," Blake teased. "But that's not the point here. IPCC says that there's global warming, so everyone has to say so. The UNO actually said that to stop global warming people had to stop having baby. *That's* ridiculous."

Huh? What...?

That was when the phone conveniently rang.

"I'll get it," my father finally said when no one was getting up.

"You know what, *your* scientists are ridiculous," I finally exclaimed.

Blake wasn't fazed. "There's a professor who actually had temperatures taken from the atmosphere with

satellites and they only registered a slight augmentation of the temperature, seriously like barely nothing."

Was I really having this conversation? Was he messing with me? "That's it. I'm not helping someone as stupid as you. No way I'll be able to make you understand irrational things when you can't even accept facts and prefer to listen to lies."

"You're so stubborn," Blake said, shaking his head slightly. "Remind me to bring my camera. I want to tape it when you'll run in the school halls naked. You better not forget about *spinach* !"

"Confused little brother says *what* ?" Ty cut in, his eyebrows raised.

"Yes Heather, just a second," my father interrupted, the phone against his ear while he got back in the living room.

Oh crap !

"Tyler, your mother wants to speak with you," he said

"Well ain't that nice," Tyler answered and fixed his eyes on the TV.

"Tyler!"

"I want Resident Evil 5, Madden NFL 10, Killzone 2, and then I might consider speaking with you again..." Ty trailed in the phone, while leaving the room.

"You're an idiot Blake," I stated, matter of factly.

"Why? Because I don't follow the majority? Because I don't believe in IPCC's reign of terror?"

"What the hell does I-see-peepee even means?" I groaned.

"IPCC," Blake said shaking his head, amused. "It stands for Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change."

I threw my arms up in the air. "And how the hell do you even know about that?"

With his smug smile he replied, "Seen a documentary on it."

"Oh, and that makes it true? I've seen a documentary on 2012 does THAT make it true?" I asked in disbelief.

"But 2012 *is* true!" Blake exclaimed.

"What!?"

"Of course, the Maya predicted it! The guys knew what they were talking about."

Was he seriously shitting with me right now?

I didn't even know what to answer to that. I just stared at him dumbfounded.

Fortunately, that's when Tyler walked back in the living room, his hand over the mouth of the phone. "Lexi. Mom wants to speak with you."

I made dramatic choking sounds, my hands around my throat.

"I'm sorry, she can't come to the phone right. She's barricaded herself in her room with some weird guy. I think she's fighting with him. Whatever they're doing seems to be pretty strenuous. Wait. Did she scream help me? OH! Sorry, my bad, she screamed fuck me," Tyler told our mother with a stupid grin on his face. And he pretty much backed the phone away

from his ear the second he finished speaking and I could hear her shouting.

Great, just great!

I opened my palm in front of me, but Ty threw the phone and I almost dropped it on the floor.

"You know well raised people don't shout," I said in the phone, leaving the living room, and walking towards the kitchen to sit at the counter.

"Lexi Grayson! Were you having sex?" my mother yelled.

Dear god.

"Yeah, I was having rough sex with my imaginary kinky transsexual friend, Bob. He just *rocks my world* . And later, Felicity the Dark Priestess of the Night will creep into my room and we'll try to link with the Dark World to see what her boyfriend the Vampire Prince is up to. I might shag one of his guards on the way. Oh by the way, she told me that the dark Shadows were coming so that's probably bad news for you, right? Maybe you should move out of town, or country, though that might not be the best idea.

Did you know that in some countries they stone people who commit adultery?"

"I'm pretty positive that in those countries they also demand you respect your parents," my mother answered, deadpan.

"Ah, but technically you'd be stone to death so therefore I couldn't really respect you anymore, you know, because you'd be dead." A little harsh yes, but when did I ever censure myself?

"Lexi look, I know I hurt you, but me leaving had nothing to do with you. *Nothing* . That's what scared me the most when I left. I was scared this is exactly what would happen, and you would turn your back on me," she trailed.

She thought this would calm me down, but it had the opposite effect. "Oh so you weren't scared about dad, you know, breaking his heart, making him consider suicide? That never crossed your mind?"

"Lexi, please..."

There was no stopping me at this point, I was on a roll. A pissed off roll. "Did you know I hid anything I

found that he could use to hurt himself the first weeks? He couldn't find any steak knives, or rope, even his envelop opener. I even thought about taking his shoelaces. Seriously, I all but wrapped him in plastic bubbles!"

"Lexi, please. You know how your father is. I couldn't live like that anymore."

Wrong answer . "Oh *please* . You were banging a younger guy, that's why you left," I replied sharply.

"Lexi, listen. Your dad and I, it didn't work anymore. You know how it is. He comes back from work at seven, and then when he gets home, he expected me to have dinner for him, and then he watches TV or goes out with his friends, and I just couldn't live like that, with my work, and having to take care of the house on my own, my husband never there," she explained.

"Seriously? Mom! You were the one always complaining that he depended too much on you. Set your mind straight! You want him around or you don't."

"It's not that simple Lexi."

"Oh would you just shut up," I yelled and I was even surprised myself, but I kept on going. *Pissed-off-roll* . "I'm tired, *tired* of your lies! Just once, for once be honest with dad. Be honest with us, be honest with *you* and live with the consequences of your action for Christ's sake! Did you know your sister called and I was the one who told her you had left? I'm sick of it. Sick of being the one who has to explain why the frack my mother left when everything seemed fine before, why my mother *decided* to leave, when I don't even know it!" Tears were slowly running down my cheeks as I yelled those words but I brushed them away furiously. "You know what?" I added. "I'm done. *Done* . I'm done crying for you. I'm done wondering what I did wrong, what we did wrong. I'm done asking myself what I could have done, what I didn't do, how you could have left us. I'm just done." I told her. I had wasted enough energy on this whole disaster.

"Lexi please. Listen to me," my mother said again in her sweet voice, the one she always used when I would run in her room at night after a nightmare.

I didn't listen though. Instead I just told her, "Goodbye Heather," not even calling her my mom and hung up the phone.

After that I punched my fist on the hard counter, and then grabbed the edge of it, leaning my head between my arms, breathing slowly in and out, to steady myself.

Breathe Lexi, breathe .

"Is everything alright?" a voice asked me.

I raised my head and saw Blake, holding the empty bowl of popcorn in his hands, looking at me with what felt like concern eyes.

"Just peachy," I answered, and after taking another deep breath, blastered a fake smile on my face.

Blake rolled his eyes.

"So, what's up?" I asked him, because he didn't seem to move from his spot and I wanted to think about

something else, anything else.

"Your brother told me and I quote *Be useful, douchebag and go get me more popcorn.* " Blake told me, his eyes narrowing.

"And you listened?" I asked, weakly laughing.

"I'm actually thinking about a way to humiliate him at school for that" Blake answered thoughtful.

"I have no doubt you'll come up with something!" I told him, and took a popcorn bag out of the cupboard and after taking the plastic wrapping around it, placed it in the microwave.

I took another big glass of Pepsi and then, sat on the counter waiting for the popcorn, sipping my Pepsi, holding my straw.

"Wanna talk about it?" Blake suddenly asked, sitting beside me on the counter.

"About what? The fact that my mother is a lying bitch or that the St-Louis Rams have no chance in hell of winning the Super Bowl this year? Or ever, really."

"Actually I was thinking about my hotness but whatever makes you happy SweetPeach," Blake said and smirked.

I rolled my eyes and kept sipping on my Pepsi, swinging my legs against the counter as my mind wandered.

Would my mother call again? Was it over, really over? Sure, I would never stop being her daughter, but being her daughter didn't necessarily mean that we were communicating. Would our relation be strictly blood related now?

I knew I had been harsh with her, but what was I supposed to do? I was a teenager for Christ sakes! That just doomed me to overreact and throw tantrum, right? What did she expect? That I would just forget about what she did and just act as if nothing had happened? She knew how unforgiving I was. And what about my dad in all of this, because even if I felt like she had abandoned me, my father felt like that a million times more.

Gosh, all I wanted was to go back in time. I wanted to be just a kid again in my red pocadot bikini on the

beach in Florida, digging up holes in the sands big enough to fit with Ty and then beat Anna in the holding breath under water contest.

I wanted to go back to Hawaii, trying to surf and having Ty's board hit me in the back of the head, then trying to drown him for that, and having mom ground me, telling me I couldn't go to the fire with other kids that night. And then I would ask dad and he would say yes.

I raised my eyes to the ceiling, trying to stop the tears from falling.

"You won't always be sad you know, one day you'll wake up, and everything will feel normal, even though it's not, but you'll realize you can go through your day, without thinking about it..." Blake whispered beside me, almost like he was talking to himself.

"Talking from experience?" I asked him, one eyebrow raised.

"Naw, I saw a documentary on it," Blake said and half smiled.

I snorted at the same time the microwave beeped.

"So when are you leaving anyway? I hope you aren't planning on having a sleepover because forget about it, I'm not braiding your hair and talking about the hot guy you have a crush on," I informed Blake as I transferred the popcorn from the bag and into the bowl.

"Dang it! And here I had brought that new nail polish and all my magazines filled with hot metro sexual wusses," Blake said snapping his fingers and shaking his head in fake disappointment. *Idiot* .

Unfortunately, I couldn't make any snarky remarks about that comment because that's when Tyler walked into the kitchen and asked, "Where's my popcorn?"

"Right here!" I answered, raising the bowl in front of me.

"So how's the game doing?" Blake asked, jumping off the counter and taking a handful of popcorn.

"Brian Urlacher's on steroids," Ty simply answered, taking a handful too.

"What?" Blake frowned.

"Here we go again..." I mumbled and set the bowl on the counter, rolling my eyes and sitting on a stool. This could take a while

"I'm telling you man, Brian Urlacher and steroids are like Batman and Robin. Won't come across one without the other."

"What are you talking about?" Blake asked confused.

"Ty's trying to convince everybody that Brian Urlacher's on steroids," I answered and shook my head slightly. *The things that entertained my brother...* At least he wasn't betting on it with my dad.

"It's not *trying to convince* ." He made quotations marks in the air. "It's the simple truth. I'm telling you, I have my source," Ty said and he honestly looked convincing.

"Well, I mean the guy does have a big neck..." Blake trailed off.

"Not you too," I groaned.

"TOUCHDOWN!" my father yelled in the living room before anyone could say anything else.

"Damn it," Ty cursed and ran back in the living room, almost knocking the popcorn bowl on the floor.

"What amazes me the most is the fact that he's already seen that game," Blake said laughing.

"My little brother is a special lil' creature," I answered. "So, again, when are you leaving?"

"Well, I *have* been harass with text messages from random people ever since I got here but I'm not planning on to attend any of the parties, after all Alex said he didn't want to see us hungover tomorrow," Blake explained.

"Define *harass* ?" I asked.

Blake grinned and got his iPhone out of his pocket, tapped quickly on the screen and then showed it to me. There was like an infinite list of text messages, most of them unread, as he scrolled down on the screen, and just very little lapse of time between every one of them.

"That's my personal favourite," Blake said, and while he showed me the screen I wonder when he had taken the time to look at them. I didn't even remember him taking his phone out. The text message read, " BLAskKkkEr WhghErrE Ar," and it stopped like that.

"My guess; he passed out before finishing it," Blake chuckled.

"Who's that?" There wasn't a name to this contact. Just the poop emoji and a male face emoji. Shitface? Shithead?

"Clark," Blake answered with a smirk. It was nice to know that even one of his friends considered him a total tool.

It was also kind of a good news, the fact that Clark couldn't even write a text properly. "Good! He probably won't come tomorrow then," I pointed out. I didn't particularly want to see Clark after the soda incident. He would probably try to get revenge.

"Don't underestimate his drunk guy powers. If Clark played football as well as he partied we'd probably be pumped up a division," he answered.

"GUYS! You're missing *everything* ," Ty yelled in the living room. "BRING THE POPCORN!"

I rolled my eyes and walked back in the living room, dropping the conversation. What was the point in worrying about Clark. I'd find out tomorrow.

We all watched the entire game, and close to the end even Blake started to shout at the screen.

Oh well, we were bad influence, so what?

Blake left well after eleven and then I went back to my room, to continue my drawing but for some reason I didn't feel like working on the weird eyes anymore. I wanted to draw a beach...

But before I could do that, I plugged my phone to recharge it and then saw like fifteen unread text message, all from Vanessa going all in the line of "Your brother is a dick and I don't ever want to speak to him again."

As I was about to shout to Ty what the hell was his problem, he yelled "WHERE THE FUCK IS MY PS3!?"

Haha!

He burst into my room, five seconds later.

"Where'd you put it?"

"What did you do to Vanessa?"

"Where. Did. You. Put. *It* ," Ty yelled, not bothering to answer.

"I'm not telling you until you tell me what you did and you apologize"

"You'll have to wax my legs first!" Tyler scowled.

"What'd you do Tyler Grayson!?"

"MY PS3! NOW!"

"I threw it out the window"

"YOU WHAT!?" Ty shrieked and ran to my window, his eyes in fury.

Hahaha!

"Lexi I swear to God if you threw my PS3 out the window, I'll flush your head down the toilet!" Ty threatened me.

"Such a drama queen! Tell what you did first and then I'll tell you where's your PS3"

"God! What did I do to have a sister like you!? Vanessa called. I was mad. I made Elle answer the phone for me and she might have been going all, "Ty stop kissing me I'm trying to speak" and Vanessa kinda started to scream after that..."

"TYLER GRAYSON!" I yelled.

Damn that kid was such an idiot!

"What!? She started it! Now where's my PS3!?"

"You gotta apologize first!" I told him bluntly.

"I'm not apologizing!" Ty scoffed.

"You are!"

"PS3! NOW!" Ty shouted.

"Jeez, enough with the screaming already!" I sighed and walked to my closet, took the consol out and shove it in his arms.

"Daddy's here. The mean lady won't touch you again..." Ty crooned to his PS3.

I rolled my eyes at him.

"Don't come crying to me when you'll be the best man at Vanessa's wedding and you'll have to watch her say "I do" to someone else!" I informed him and then pushed him out of my room.

"Whatever!" Ty answered back, but I knew I had struck a chord.

Stupid stupid kid! I mean I knew he liked Vanessa, I knew Vanessa liked him, wasn't that simple enough?

Why did people always have to complicate things more than they already were?

I finally abandoned my project on drawing a beach and instead took my shower and crawled to bed.

Right before I turned off my lights, my cellphone flashed on my bedside table and I took it, reading the

text message "Don't dream about me too much Pumpkin ^^" and even though I didn't have that phone number in my contacts I just knew who it came from.

I wondered where he had gotten my phone number.

I replied "PERV!" back and then turned off my lights.

For the first time in two months I didn't cry myself to sleep and instead feel into a peaceful darkness...

Chapter 16

Chapter Fifteen

It's a smell that woke me up the next morning.

A god damn awful smell.

And sure thing, when I opened my eyes, Tyler's freaking butt was in my face.

I pushed it away.

"YOU FUCKING DICK! YOU FARTED IN MY FACE!"

Ty was laughing like a maniac as he ran out of my room. I didn't even bother to put my pants on and ran, panties and indecent tank top, out of my room and after him.

"YOU ARE DEAD!"

I almost rolled down the stairs after him, running as fast as my legs could go, but then Ty reached for the front door and ran out of the house.

Ya... that might be a bad idea...

Whatever!

I didn't second guess any further and stormed outside bare feet.

Tyler probably guessed I wouldn't run after him because he slowed down his pace, and since I only fasten mine I caught up with him seconds later and jumped at his back, tackling him to the ground on the green grass of our front yard and sat on top of him.

"YOU!" one punch in his ribs "ARE" one punch in his stomach "DEAD!" this time Tyler grabbed my hand before I could punch him in the face, still laughing.

"Oh man! And that was a BAD one!" Tyler said and kept laughing.

My fist hit him in the stomach again.

"I gross my own self!" Ty managed to gasp between laugh.

I wanted to choke him now but Ty grabbed my hands before I could squeeze that little bastard's neck too tight, shoved me aside, and ran to the house.

I got on my feet and ran after him again, but when I reached the door, Ty had closed it, and LOCKED it!

I pounded on the door "TYLER GRAYSON! You fucking dick! Open the damn door! I'm in fucking panties!"

The day wasn't cloudy or freezing, it was actually pretty sunny, but it was the time of the year where the leaves had slowly started to lose their vivid greenness and the wind was kind of chilly. Especially since I wasn't really clothed.

Tyler stuck his face in the window beside the door, squishing his face on it, like some preschool moron, making farts on it with his lips.

I hit with my palm on the glass right in his face.

"Open the fucking door!"I screamed.

"What are the magic words?" Tyler screamed back.

"GO TO HELL!"

"Wrong!" Ty answered and then walked away from the window.

"WHAT? TYLER! GET BACK HERE!"

I started to pound on the door like a maniac screaming Ty's name over and over again.

He would have to open it at one point, or else the neighbors would probably call, thinking I was getting rape or something...

And then the door finally opened.

"Happy dad?" Tyler yelled "I opened it!"

I punched Tyler on the shoulder.

"Why the hell did you fart in my face? And locked me up outside?"

"Cause you stole my PS3" Tyler answered in a duh voice.

"Cause you let fucking Blake in!" I replied back angry.

"Didn't look like you minded him been there..." Ty mumbled.

"Oh shut up! He's an ass and you know I hate him!! And you're as much of an ass for letting him in!!"

"Because you sooo didn't win the cracker contest!"

"Dream on kiddo! I. Won. That's it. End of it. Period!"

"I ate puke! I get extra points for that!"

"Oh would you just drop it and go do something useful of yourself for once you sleazy scumbag!"

"DAD! I let Lexi in but she's been mean to me now!" Tyler yelled.

"Leave your brother alone Lexi!" my father yelled, his voice coming from upstairs, his study probably.

Ty smirked, and then grabbed me around the head between his arm and side and ruffled my hair with his fist.

"DAD!" I yelled back but Ty ran away.

I thought about running after him again but decided to go back to bed instead. I would find another way to get back at him later.

The alarm clock on my bedside table said 10:13. I wanted to sleep, but I had to be at Alex's place at one and I just knew that if I did get back to sleep I would zoom out until at least three in the afternoon. So instead, I put in my SpongeBob Square Pants pj pants and walked to my father study.

I walked in to find my father sitting at his desk, the curtains still close behind him, the study only lightened by the lamp on the table, making the room look gloomy. He had probably worked all night... Damn dad!

I looked around the oh so familiar room, and a small smile formed at the corner of my lips when my eyes rested on an old drawing I had done when I was about ten years old when my father had been searching for a new logo for his company.

The four wheels on the drawing wasn't the nicest thing I had done, but for some reason, my father had it framed and still kept it here.

But then my smile faded when I saw a picture of the five of us, in our snow suits in front of a white hill,

our cheeks still red from all the skiing and snowboarding.

Would I ever be able to look at that picture without feeling my eyes fill with tears?

I walked to the window and opened the curtains, letting the sun spread through the room.

"Hey kid... Hadn't seen you come in." my father said, his eyes staying on his work, a ruler and a pen in his hands.

"Have you been sleeping dad?"

"Hmm?"

"You know, getting into a bed, closing the lights and your eyelids; sleeping."

"What time is it?" my father finally asked frowning, his eyes on me now.

"It's almost ten and a half... in the morning." I informed him.

"Oh well... Come look at this kid!!" he told me enthusiastically.

I walked to his desk and saw a drawing for some sort of snowplow, but then shape was somehow not normal.

"Why is it all shaped weirdly?"

"Because it has more power!! With that you can blow snow over our rooftop!!" my father explained with glee.

"And why would I want to do that?"

"You don't see the big picture kid!" my father said laughing.

I shook my head in disbelief, but a small smile formed at the corner of my lips.

And then I walked to the couch resting against the wooden wall, under my father's diploma and other framed mention, and let myself fall on it.

"So kid, any plans today?" my father asked working on his new project again.

"Going to the Dump Creek with the guys at one. We'll probably be staying there, you know, camp out..." I

trailed off, my hand resting above my head dangling off the armrest.

"It's going to get chilly tonight, be sure to bring something warm..." my father trailed off.

"I will"

And then we were both silent, the only noise in the room, coming from my father's pen scratching on the sheet.

"Will that Blake kid be there?" my father suddenly asked, his eyes still down.

"Ya... why?" I asked.

Why would he care if Blake was or wasn't there?

"I like that kid... He's nice."

I almost had a heart attack. In what sick twisted dimension would the father of a girl actually say those words in a sentence without using negation or curse?!!?

"I like his car..." my father kept mumbling.

"He's a jerk dad!" I scowled.

"I used to be a jerk...And then one day, while I was working at that coffee shop, to pay for college this girl walked in..." my father whispered thoughtfully.

I knew this story. I had heard it a thousand times, I could almost recite it, like the multiplication table, but I still let my father go on.

"She had that, I-know-it-all face. She walked in the coffee shop like she own the place, her hands full of books and then this guy bumped into her, making her books fall on the ground. The guy just walked away, not helping and then she yelled at him "You know I could sue you, and your mother, and the chimp who impregnated her and the exorcist that gave birth to the ass you are, for that?" Nobody could mess with her... I walked up to her and then she clearly wasn't bending to pick up her things so I asked her "Are you ever going to get that?" and she answered me "If it's bothering you so much, do it yourself but don't believe it gives you a free pass to my panties" I don't know why, but before, every girl I had known would have been saying I was their savior or something, but

her, it was different. She didn't want or need a savior..."

Those things all oddly sounded like me...

"I feel in love with her for that... I mean, I was a nobody, who had no idea what he was going to do with his ass... And she was this all achieving student, she was going to be a lawyer, and just by looking at her you knew she would ace everything she did. I had been with a few girls but they didn't mean anything... and she was different. And honestly I would have never thought she'd agree to go out with me, but for some sick reason she did..."

Poor daddy... he loved her, he still loves her...

"I would have never started the company if it hadn't been for her; she's pretty pushy you know... And I never would have had you kids... So even though things changed, and even though it's hard... I wouldn't change anything... I would still pick up her books..."

My father sight and looked at me, a sad smile on his lips.

I felt the urge to give him a hug, to comfort him, to say something even though I knew nothing could stop the way he was feeling. He'd need a brain wash for that...

Nevertheless, I got up from the couch, walked up to him and wrapped my arms around his shoulders.

"I love you daddy..." I whispered.

"Love you too Lexi... you're a great kid, you know that right?" my father told me, his arms around mine.

"I try my best... You're a great dad too..."

And then my father let go of my arm and looked at me his eyes narrowing "You said ten thirty?"

"Yope."

"Damn! I got a meeting at eleven!!" dad said and then he was on his feet heading to his room, to get ready.

Must really be a Grayson thing, the "being late" problem...

Few minutes later he was running to the front door.

"Bye kids!!! Try not to kill yourself while I'm gone!" he yelled and then the door closed behind him.

I rolled my eyes at that and then my stomach growled, reminding me I still hadn't eaten.

When I walked in the kitchen, Ty was sitting at the counter, eating his cereal in a freaking salad bowl. I walked past him to the fridge and slapped the back of his head in the process.

"I really should have let you outside with the other uncivilized people!" Ty snorted.

"Dude, do you have ANY idea in how much trouble you are right now? Cause I mean it's bad, real bad!!" I simply informed him.

"Well you know that anything you do, I'll get back at you, worse, so will you and on and on and on until one of us snaps and kills the other..." he trailed.

"That's a nice way of putting up things" I laughed while taking out the milk to put with my Cheerios.

I sat opposite to my little brother and then I stared at him.

"What?"

"We need to talk Ty..."

"It's fine Lexi, dad already had the sex-talk with me!"

"I mean we need to talk about Vanessa."

"No we don't!"

"Ty! You like her! Heck I could even jump and say you actually love her! You had a crush on her ever since I brought her to the house!" I stated.

"No I didn't! I despised her cause she ignored me! And I still do!"

"Tyler! At one point you're going to have to be honest with yourself! If not for you than at least for her! You can't keep playing games with each other!"

"It's more complicated than that!"

"No it's not! Answer this! You care for her?"

"Yes..."

"You like her?"

"Yes..." he whispered.

"You love her?"

"I... look you just don't GET it! I mean I like her but I hate her!! One minute she just does something and it just blows my mind away and then the next minutes she says something to piss me off! And she does it on purpose!"

"But why do you both keep doing that?"

"I don't know... There's nothing rational about us..."

My Cheerios had gotten all mushy at that state. I frowned at that... I can't eat mushy Cheerios... I threw them in the garbage, the milk in the sink first, feeling guilty at the thought of all those kids that didn't eat one meal a day...

Bad Lexi... I should make a donation or something...

And now, I didn't know what to say anymore... I mean, I wanted for things to work out between Vanessa and Tyler, but at the same time, there really wasn't anything I could do... They would just have to work it out on their own...

And anyway if we kept talking about the issue, I'm pretty sure we would still be there at dawn so I better just drop it cause I still needed to gather my things for the Creek and I wanted to drop at the grocery to buy some things.

It occurred to me that Alex had said I could invite Ty, but it was kinda too late now, and anyway I was pretty sure he wouldn't have a ride.

I let Tyler ponder over his cereal as I brought my new bowl up with me to my room while I gather my things in my backpack. I brought my black sweat pants with my baggy gray hoodie and extra pairs of socks to make sure I wouldn't get cold at night and lighter clothes too. I put on my bathing suit under my faded blue jeans with holes on the knees and a loose v-necked shirt and then after grabbing a beach towel from the bathroom, headed downstairs.

"Where are you going?" Tyler asked, sprawled on the couch, when I walked in the living room.

"To meet the guys to head to the Dump Creek" I informed him.

"Planning on staying there for the night?"

"Yope!"

"Well, have fun," Tyler answered and then his eyes went back to the TV.

"Bye then!" I told him, smiling and turned around.

"Bye..." he answered absentmindedly.

"Oh and Ty?" I said, a thought hitting me as I turned around again.

"Mmm?"

"Call Vanessa!"

And with that I was out the door and walking to my car.

I drove to the grocery store we always went, just run-in-run-out, to get marshmallow, chocolate chips, honey cookies, a lot of Pepsi, and basically any other candies and junk I came across. I was walking fast in the alleys, not bothering about anyone when my cart bumped into some else's.

My eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

"Lexi!" my mom gasped.

I towed my cart away, planning on not so much as letting her know I had noticed her.

I'm not going to cry in public, I'm stronger than this, I'm not going to cry in public...

What the hell was she doing here anyway? As far as I knew she wasn't living in this city anymore!

"Lexi! Wait!" my mother yelled behind me and then she walked in front of my cart, stopping me "Please, please will you listen to me?"

"No!" I answered and tried to back up with my cart but she held it in her hands.

"Be reasonable you're going to have to talk to me at one point..." she whispered.

"Not if I can help it!" I spoke up and people were eying us, slowing their pace to look at the free entertainment.

"Please, sweetie, you're my daughter and I love you! You were always the one I understood the easiest... You know that! You were never difficult for me to

understand... my little feisty kid... just like me... You're my flesh Lexi, but now I don't understand, and I don't know what to tell you to have you listen to me... I don't know what to do to make things better..." she told me her voice low.

Well that makes two of us!

"You could tell me this is all a very very bad dream and I'm going to wake up in about four seconds!"

"Lexi... It's hard for me too you know!" she told me and this time her tone was a little sharper.

"Oh I'm sorry! I should definitely be thinking about how hard your life has been lately! I'm so sorry for not being considerate!" I told her and pulled my cart in one sharp movement, releasing it from her grip and then turned around and walked away, ignoring the strangers' stare around me.

"You can't always walk away from me Lexi! One day you're going to have to talk to me!" I heard her say and I found it pretty ironic.

Wasn't I saying that to Tyler just minutes ago... Talk about good advice!!

I paid for my things in a daze, and then after putting everything in my car I drove to Alex's house, fighting against the tears that treated to come.

Chapter 17

Chapter Sixteen

Hey guys. So, I know you've had problems for yeaaaaaars with reading this chapter. This is an edited version of it, which hopefully will make the Wattpad cut and will be available for everyone. Thanks for always being patient with me. :D Enjooooooooy.

Oh, here's a fanmade trailer for *I Sold*.. while I'm here because I ADORE it!

https://youtu.be/dHo0H-B65WQ

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When I got into Alex's driveway, I didn't see anyone else's car which meant that I was the first one to arrive.

Good . That way I'd have time to get control on my eyes before anyone could say something.

I parked beside the huge garage so that my car wouldn't be in the way when everyone else got here and then took out all my stuff and walked towards Alex's house.

His house had this really modern vibe. It was square, with a lot of windows and balcony popping out of the structure. His parents were really into that contemporary stuff. The inside of the house held that same vibe, all the walls usually white or grey or beige, usually empty except for a abstract painting or something in that line. Everything had a set place, every vase, every table, every *anything* . It was a nice house, even thought I liked the more homey style of mine with its wood and warm colors and complete disorder.

I rang the front bell and then walked in without waiting for anyone to open the door. I was used to coming here.

"I'm here!" I yelled as I let my grocery bags fall in the entry, my backpack still hanging from my shoulders.

"Hello Lexi," I heard Alex's mom yell from the kitchen.

I walked over there, and found her in front of the central counter, the box of a cake mix in front of her eye, her glasses on.

"Hey! What's up?" I asked.

"I'm trying to bake that cake" she answered, frowning.

"You know you just have to add water, eggs and oil right? And then stir, and then put in a bowl and in the oven," I trailed off, already smiling.

Nathalie was always hilarious. She didn't know how to cook, like *at all* . It was always Anthony, Alex's dad, who cooked or a chef when they had one hired.

Nathalie was really a nice mom. The way mine used to be years ago.

"Really? That simple? Why isn't that what's written on the box then?" she asked me, teasing. "I can't understand that cooking gibberish," she added, shaking her head.

I was laughing at that when Alex's walked in the kitchen and wrapped his arm around my waist, kissing the top of my head. "Hey Kitty."

I elbowed him.

"What was that for?" he exclaimed, laughing and dropped his arms.

"I don't know, maybe because I'm still mad at you for inviting *Blake* . Or just because I *felt* like it," I answered him and turned around and then stared at his very muscular and *very* naked chest for longer than appropriate.

"Put a shirt on in the kitchen," Nathalie told her son, stirring the cake mix but splashing it everywhere.

Alex laughed.

"Let me help you with that mom," he simply answered and walked around the counter to stand beside her.

"No, no, no," she started to say, shielding the bowl with her body "You're not touching my cake! I told your father I could do it on my own and that's what I'll do. I'm not losing the bet this time," she groaned.

Alex shook his head laughing and then looked at me.

"Got anything that needs to be put in the cooler?"

"My Pepsi," I answered enthusiastically, and he smiled with me.

I went back to retrieve the said Pepsi and then walked back in the kitchen and put my twelve cans box in the big blue cooler by the fridge.

"You're going to be sugar filled at the end of the night," Alex trailed, shaking his head in fake disapproval.

"Got a problem with that?"

"If you start rambling about McG destruction of the Terminator franchise, then yes!"

"But he did ruin it. *Come on* . That was John Connor. *John Connor* ! In the first *Terminator* , Kyle said he just appeared out of nowhere when all hope was gone and then he taught them how to fight *those moterphoquers* . Did that look like that? Because speaking on a fracking CB isn't teaching how to fight endoskeletons. McG *ruined* Judgment Day for me," I babbled, mad.

Alex rolled his eyes. "Come on, the action and the special effects were awesome!"

"I don't *care* . He made John Connor into a fracking wuss. And stupid FOX cancelled The Sarah Connor Chronicles," I whined. "That was like *the* best thing ever!"

"Alright, *alright* , I got it. Now, and all two hundred other times you talked about this."

"I died the day they cancelled that show," I mumbled, which got Alex laughing.

"Come on now, you'll survive. And I have to get my things downstairs and start putting everything in my truck before Judgment Day."

I followed Alex to his room and then fell on his bed, over its dark gray bedspread.

"I saw my mom at the grocery store," I whispered to him, while he was taking his sport bag to put clothes in it.

He stopped and dropped everything, walked over and sat beside me.

"Are you alright?" he asked, his eyes concerned.

"I don't know. I... I mean, she's my mom, but right now. I don't know," I breathed. I couldn't even make sense of it in my head.

Alex stroked my hair and gave me another kiss on top of my head.

"Can I do anything about it?"

"Help me build my time machine?" I offered.

"Fine. And then we can prevent McG's ruining of the Terminator franchise," Alex teased me and then gave me a hug.

"I'm still mad at you for inviting Blake you know," I told him frowning when he got back up.

"Yeah, I know..."

"And put a damn shirt on!"

*

As we were walking down the stairs, the front door rang.

I went to answer it, while Alex left for the kitchen to retrieve the cooler.

I opened the door to Mark, Catherine, Janna and Dwayne.

"Hey guys!" I smiled.

I was glad Catherine and Janna were there. I mean I knew it was every girls dream to be alone with a team of football players, but let's just say that's not the safest thing you want to do, for your sanity that is. You need at least one girl; otherwise you'll hear things that could kill your grandmother.

"Guess what I have in my pick-up truck?" Mark asked me, with a sparkling smile.

"You didn't!"

"Yes I did!"

"Dirt bike?"

"Correction my child, dirt *bikes* , as in two!"

I clapped my hands together and then Dwayne and Mark walked inside to find Alex probably.

"So, how are you doing?" Catherine asked me, with a warm smile.

I like Mark and Catherine. Oddly those two almost felt like parents for me.

"I've been better..."

"Don't worry, we're going to have fun at the Creek" Janna smiled too.

The boys came back, towing the cooler.

"My god Alex, what the hell did you put in that thing!" Mark breathed, holding the other end.

"Strict essential!"

"Your strict essential weighs more than my Aunt Dorothy and she needs to have her stomach stapled!

Little help here!" Mark asked, but Dwayne kept laughing behind, not showing any signs he would.

I opened the door for them and moved out of the way.

When Alex and Mark set the cooler on the front porch, two cars drove in.

The twins got out from the first, and Justin and Peter from the other.

"My precious little *queeeens* !" Dwayne yelled at them.

"Dwayne, can you try not being fabulous this early in the morning?" Trevor yelled while Cameron took their bags and cooler out.

Justin and Peter were hitting each other with their bags as they walked up to us. Those two were almost like brothers.

"Dirt bikes!" Cameron yelled in a really high pitch voice when he saw Mark pick-up.

That got us all laughing.

We were all gathered on the porch, now, the guys putting more stuff in the coolers, saying that they definitely wouldn't have enough with ten packs of twelve hot-dogs.

"Have you talked with Vanessa lately?" Catherine asked me.

"I talked with her yesterday," I answered, and then thought about Blake belly dancer stunt.

Little bitch .

"How is she doing?"

"Good, I mean I know she misses it here, but it's a great opportunity for her," I trailed.

"Sure is. She was always very talented." Catherine smiled.

"She is," I agreed.

Alex, Mark and the twins went around the house to go get the barbecue while we waited for everyone else.

Dwayne came behind Janna and wrapped his arms around her.

"So girls, should we be expecting some sort of fight in the mud today? You know for our entertainment. I think I've been a really good boyfriend and I need a reward for that," Dwayne said teasingly, squeezing her more tightly his chin resting on her shoulder.

"Dwayne! You moron," Janna exclaimed but then laughed.

Those two had started to date at the beginning of our summer vacation, and I was glad for them. I knew Janna had a crush on him for a while. And they seemed happy and just always adorable together.

"The only thing close to a fight in the mud you'll get Dwayne is me pushing you in it," Catherine told him rolling her eyes but then laughed.

I was glad to be out with those guys. I was going to have fun, I knew it, and I was already forgetting about the grocery incident.

Peter and Justin came to sit on the coolers their clothes all dusty with sand for fighting in the drive way.

That's when Clark old Jeep, without the top on drove in, followed by a red Yaris.

"What the hell?" I asked.

In the red car there were two girls. Two fake platinum blonde girls. One of them being Stacey.

Shawn and Clark got out of the car and waited for the two girls.

"What's up with the entourage?" Dwayne yelled and I muffled a laugher, along with everyone I think.

The two girls scowled and I recognized the other blonde as Miriam, one of the cheerleaders at school.

So unpredictable don't you think?

"We brought some friends along, I hope you don't mind?" Clark said and at the same time, Alex, Mark and the twins were back with the barbecue.

Alex's eyes narrowed. Miriam had kind of stalked him for a while last year and I knew he hated her.

"Karma!" I yelled at him and everyone eyed me suspiciously.

That's what you get when you invited in our car the guy who's annoying me, you get your own personal stalker.

"You'll be driving them?" Alex asked, while the twins put the barbecue in the back of his Jeep and Mark walked to Catherine.

And then the two girls gasped.

"We're not going in that unfinished Jeep! What about our hair?" Miriam whined.

That surprised Clark.

Ha ha!

"Come on, it's just to get to the Creek." Shawn said.

"And what about dust? And *bugs* ! They could fly right in our mouth!" Stacey whined.

"Worried about what they get in their mouths," Dwayne whispered shaking his head.

I giggled a little.

"How are you planning on getting them there, now?" Alex scowled.

"Maybe there's room in your car?" Miriam trailed batting her eyelashes.

I wanted to laugh in her face. If only she knew how useless her attempts always were.

"You know what? You can split up and fill those fifth empty seats," he answered and then turned away from her.

Ha ha!

Few minutes later Connor and Fred's cars drove in and then Peter and Justin started to put their stuff in Connor's pick-up trunk along with Fred.

"I hope Jimmy's been able to get his dad truck," Alex mumbled beside me stating everyone's worry.

And then we heard the sound of an engine.

Everyone looked at the car that was driving in.

That wasn't Jimmy's dad car.

"Sorry guys I really couldn't have it, the engine isn't done yet," Jimmy said sheepishly as he got out of his two door sports car.

"Shit," I heard Alex said.

We could never fit in the cars now with Shawn and Clark arm candies.

Davis drove in seconds after.

"Alright, we have to think about this," I said to Alex.

"We're going to have to completely change the cars arrangement" Alex breathed, his hands running over his face in discouragement.

"We can't put Jimmy and Connor in the same car," I trailed.

"And Davis will never fit in Connor's car with the four guys," he added.

"Okay, so let's put Davis with Mark, Catherine Dwayne and Janna."

"That's one full car."

I had still been thinking about a way to make Alex pay for inviting Blake and now I had an idea.

"Okay guys," I announced, not consulting Alex, "Trevor, you go with Connor, Davis you go with Mark

and then Cameron, Jimmy, Miriam, and Stacey can go with Alex," I said and I smirked a little

"What about you? And Blake?"

Oh crap .

"Okay, then I can go with Connor instead of Trevor." Damn it, I had been thinking about maing Alex suffer a little. I hadn't thought about where I would be sitting.

"No, no! You know what I like that idea, plus Clark's Jeep is pretty tight! You and Blake can go with them," Alex said with a satisfied little grin.

Craaaaaaap .

Why hadn't I thought about that? Why hadn't I thought about who I would be stuck with?

Shawn, Clark *and* Blake? The worst trio ever!

But everyone seemed fine with these arrangements and it didn't feel like they would change.

Fraaaaaaaack .

What had I been thinking?

I shot myself in my own foot.

Blake Escalade got in the driveway just then, at full speed, making sand spin everywhere and then he stopped the car fast, making marks in the gravel.

Talk about entrance.

Not only was I completely mad with having to spend the whole ride with him and the two other pervs, I was a little worried about the way I should act with him now. Sure, he came over last night and it was actually kinda fun in the end, but he was still a complete and utter jackass. He was still Blake.

Yawning, he got out of his car, stretching his arms, the hood of his black hoodie on his head, the sleeves pulled back to the middle of his forearm.

He looked hot. I felt kind of bad admitting that in my head but it wasn't like it wasn't a known fact. He never would have been this popular with girls if he didn't look the way he looked.

And I still dislike him.

"You're late!" Alex yelled.

"Ask me if I give a shit," Blake answered and then walked to the back of his car.

Well someone is in a crappy mood!

"Looks like Blake didn't get happy last night," Clark said and elbowed Shawn.

"Don't annoy me Clark, or else I'll tell everyone you made out with your cousin on your fifteenth birthday..." Blake said and then covered his mouth, his eyes evil "Ooops! My bad..."

"You made out with Haley?" Davis gasped.

Haley was Clark bikini model cousin.

"No, he made out with Sue! You know, chubby, stubbles, acne, bad perm and all Sue," Blake answered, while he opened the back of the Escalade, and took out two packs of beer one stack on top of the other.

"I was drunk," Clark snarled.

"Keep telling yourself that," Blake laughed.

"You're so dead Eaton," Clark said and charged at him.

"Woah, woah, woah, I got the beers my friend, wouldn't want to lost any of it now, would you?" Blake informed him, smirking.

Cameron and Trevor walked up to the car and both brought other packs of beer out.

"How much beer do you guys need?" I said and rolled my eyes "We're not attending a booze-up!"

Blake was just feet away from me when I said that.

"You're right, if we wanted to attempt a booze-up, I would have brought Sour Puss for you," Blake said smirking and then set the beers on the porch.

I glared at him.

"You are not allowed to talk about that party you moron! I still haven't forgotten about that uncalled punch," Shawn said, walking up to him.

"Oh it was so called. You had sex with... eh... Cynthia? Anyway, rules are rules!"

"Yeah well, you interrupted a nice moment, right Le–" Shawn said turning to me but then stopped because of the glare I was giving him.

Mental note to myself: When I build a time machine, remember to go back to Shawn sixteenth birthday party and prevent myself from drinking, or simply going for that matter.

"I don't think she enjoyed it," Blake smirked.

"That's not how I–"

"BOTH OF YOU JUST SHUT UP," I snapped, cutting Shawn.

"Aren't we touchy today, Pumpkin?" Blake smirked again.

"Don't you Pumpkin me, you jackass," I told him in an angry voice but only got a chuckle in reply.

If this was the way things were going to go during the car ride maybe I should just walk all the way there.

My crappy mood seemed to come back even more forcefully.

"Okay! It's almost one thirty now! We're leaving!" Alex yelled beside his car, the two fawning girls on his feet.

Ha ha.

But then I wasn't laughing anymore because I was walking towards Clark's car.

"Aren't we going in Alex's car?" Blake asked me frowning.

"Change of plans. You're coming with us," Clark said with a wicked smile.

Damn it.

"SHOT GUN!" Shawn yelled making sure he kept his front seat.

Great, just great. Well either way, anyone I was going to sit beside in that car was going to be annoying. Maybe Blake would behave.

Clark started his car and then this awful song started to play. Actually it wasn't a song. It started saying "What can I get for ten dollars... anything you want," and then there was really explicit moaning and the afterwards the singer started to sing, "me so horny," over and over again.

What the... what?

If I survived that car ride, I would deserve some kind of medal or something. "Like my music Lexi?" Clark asked me smugly.

"It reflects you perfectly," I replied snippily.

Clark seemed to find this very funny.

Alex's Jeep was in front leading the way to the trail, and then there was Mark's truck and then Connor's truck and finally Clark's Jeep.

The wind was warmer now, and I tried to tune out everything around, to forget about who I was with.

This ride wouldn't last forever. And then we would be at the Creek and I could ignore all of them.

We reached the dirt trail, which was fairly close to Alex's house and then we were in the forest.

"So what were you up to last night? You found a better party to crash?" Clark asked Blake.

I waited for the lie he would surely tell. I mean, come on! Would Blake-the-Player tell everyone he spent his Friday night watching re-run of a football game with

Lexi, her disturbing brother and her slightly out of it dad?

I didn't think so.

And I didn't particularly want anyone to know about it. I had a reputation to maintain. My disliking of Blake was a known fact.

"No, actually I was busy elsewhere. I believe little missy on my left owed me," Blake trailed and then he smirked at me.

Oh no, he didn't!

Shawn turned around to stare at us and then grabbed Clark's arm, "dude, stop the car now!"

And Clark did, making my head crash into the front seat in the process.

"What the hell," I said but they weren't listening to me.

"Are you implying that you two... that you two... did you..." Shawn started to babble.

"Get in her pants?" Blake asked innocently and I scowled at him.

"Did you?" Clark who seemed particularly interested in this conversation too, asked.

"Well I definitely got on top of her."

Oh. My. God . He hadn't not just said that.

"You dick," I yelled and punched him on the shoulder.

"What? You wanna see it?" Blake smirked.

"Oh my god, Blake! Just shut up," I snapped and punched him again.

"Does that answer your questioning?" Blake then asked the two guys in front, still looking just as amused. How could he find this amusing? It was *not* amusing.

"Sort of," Shawn answered and then Clark started to drive again, and he added, "when you said *on top of her* what did you mean?"

Blake, still grinning like an idiot turned his head and looked at me.

"If I say something right now, are my balls in any danger?" Blake asked.

"Depends..." I trailed, my eyes glaring.

"On what?"

"Are you willing to put your balls in the line to know?"

That made Blake chuckled. "I'm already having so much fun and we haven't even reached the Creek yet," he said shaking his head.

We all felt silent then, the only sound coming from the stereo, some other really explicit song going along the lines of "Girl you're nasty, kiss me, kiss me, now she wanna lick me..."

Out of all the songs in the entire world, why did Clark have to only pick crude ones? What did he need to prove?

I turned my head towards the forest and stared outside.

"Anyway you really missed a great party. You should have seen Jessica last night. That girl knows how to move that hot ass of hers," Shawn finally said in front.

Wow, reaaaaaaally appropriate and not problematic *at all* .

"And flash her boobs! Nicest tits at that party," Clark added in a thoughtful voice.

And it got better. Wow, just wow. Clark and Shawn really did nothing good for their gender.

"So what's the deal between you and Stacey?" Shawn asked Blake.

Alright, that might be a little interesting. I *was* a little curious about that fact.

"Nothing really," Blake said with a shrug. "What's the deal between you and Stacey?"

"Well I want to have fun tonight," Shawn said with a proud smirk.

"Thought Davis said no whiny girls," I mumbled.

I thought the guys were ignoring me but Clark turned his head a little towards me and said, "but there are times where whiny girls is pretty convenient if you know what I mean," and wiggled his eyebrows.

Classy, real classy.

"Have you ever slept with Stacey?" Blake asked, ignoring Clark's comment.

"No," Shawn answered.

"Well brace yourself mate 'cause you won't ever again, unless you're pass out drunk."

What ?

"What's that supposed to mean?" Clark asked.

"Girls as boring as a corpse," Blake answered with a yawn.

"Then why were you trying to do her again in the seminars?"

Blake shrugged again. "Desperate times call for desperate measures."

Once again, reaaaaaaal classy.

"Are you serious dude?" Shawn wondered, panicking a little. Serves him right.

"Yep! You just brought the worst one night stand you could find," Blake happily told him and gave him two thumbs up. "Have fun tonight!"

And then another song started to play, with an old eighties feeling to hit, but the lyrics were plain crude repeating over and over again something that rhymed with *shock my stick while I rock that mass* .

" *Oh my god* ! Seriously Clark! Don't you have *anything* else to listen to?" I whined. Anything, really *anything* . Silence would be so much better.

"Sorry babydoll, I don't," he answered smugly.

Blake shook his head finding this very funny, but then reached for his jeans back pocket.

"Here," he said lending me the earphones plugged to his iPhone. I frowned at him. "It's not going to eat you, you know," Blake laughed.

I took them reluctantly, afraid there was some kind of trick to this.

Blake tapped on the screen quickly and then he asked me, "What do you listen to?"

"Eh, I don't know, a lot of things..." I answered, feeling a little bit on the spot. Suddenly I had forgotten about every single singers and band I knew and loved.

"Alright, I have something," Blake smiled evilly and then Little Peggy March *I Will Follow Him* started to play. "Try not to sing too loudly this time," Blake said wickedly.

I frowned at him, put was still grateful for the break from Clark's crude songs.

When the song was over, Blake gave me his unlocked iPhone. "Pick whatever you want," he told me, absentmindedly and then looked to the left, at the forest.

I looked down at his iPhone and frowned. His screen saver was odd. It was a picture of two young boys, one arm around each other shoulders, in front of a yard, their clothes dirty with mud.

I was too curious not to ask, "Are these your kids or should we keep young children away from you?"

"As much as it touches me to see you have such high expectations on my procreative abilities, I couldn't be the father of a six and eleven year old and I'm not even going to dignify the second part with an answer."

"Alright so who are they?"

He took a second to answer. "That's me," he said pointing to the younger boy and I could clearly recognize him now, "and that's my brother," he added pointing to the other kid.

"Hmm, didn't know you had a brother. He didn't come to our school right?" I asked. For some reason, Blake kinda screamed only child. I never expected him to have a brother. There was just something about the way he acted and how he was in general that just didn't make me think he had any siblings.

"No..." Blake simply answered.

"So what he stayed back in London, or Milan or whatever?"

"Yeah that's it, he stayed backed..." Blake answered back and yawned.

He didn't look like he was going to say more so I figured I shouldn't press it. "That's a crappy screen saver. I mean, the least I expected from you was a naked girl," I finally told him, trying to tease him a

little. I didn't know why, it felt like something I should be doing.

"Disappointed with *my* screen saver! Alright, what's yours?" Blake said one eyebrow raised.

"Oh my screen saver rocks," I answered smugly.

"Oh yeah? Well show it to me Pumpkin," he asked with a grin.

I scowled at the nickname, but then took my phone out of my pocket and showed it to him.

"Pooky?" Blake asked, an evil smile forming on his lips.

"Pooky rocks for your information! It's the cutest teddy bear on the face of the Earth," I explained.

"Cute but mute right? The way every guy wants their girls," Blake said and then his eyes light up. "Oh my god! I just found your pet name. Hell, I'm so calling you Pooky."

"Don't call me Pooky!" I threatened him.

"Sure sure Pooky, whatever makes you happy. Ha ha! That *rhymed* ," Blake said excitedly, making no sense.

I glared at him a little, but then found it completely useless to keep arguing with him, so instead I dropped my eyes on the iPhone and looked through the songs he had on it.

I had to admit, the guy had pretty decent taste in music.

I was in his most listened songs and I played Phantom Planet's *Dropped* because I really love that song. I was kind of creep out with the fact that Blake had so many songs on his phone that I loved.

I tried to ignore that realisation And just enjoy the good music and the break from Clark's murder-for-the-ear-crap he called music.

I scroll down Blake's playlist and then my eyes caught *Time Is Running Out* .

I liked that song a lot and let it play but then I thought about something.

"So you like *Time Is Running Out* ?" I asked him turning down the volume.

Blake looked at me like I was one of the dumbest persons in the car, which considering who I was sitting with was kind of sad, then took one of the earphones and put it in his ear.

"That song is like bliss for the ears."

"Does that have anything to do with Twilight or something?" I asked him, smiling wickedly.

"No, that doesn't have anything to do with Twilight. That has something to do with Muse being one of the best bands on the face of the Earth," Blake answered almost mad, his eyes narrowing.

"Touchy, touchy," I said smiling even more. "It's fine if you like Twilight you know." I had to admit, teasing Blake totally had its perks. It was quite amusing.

"Muse. Greatest band!" Blake said again, tapping his iPhone where it showed the cover of the CD.

"Oh I bet you're a Twilight diehard fan. I can totally picture you sleeping out to be one of the first to get the books. How many times did you go see the movie at the theatre?" I kept on going. He was totally getting

worked up and I was enjoying it. It was his time to freak out and be annoyed.

"I don't give a shit about Twilight," Blake said anger deep in his voice.

I could cackle internally. "I bet you threw the book across you're room when Edward left, didn't you Blakie?"

"I swear if you don't drop it I'll take my iPhone back and you'll be stuck listening to Shawn and Clark comparing the pros and cons of oral sex."

"There are no cons in oral sex!" Clark said in front.

"Yeah if you're the one having it done to! And that can even be argued with," Shawn added.

I just ignored both of them. "Who were you rooting for? Edward or Jacob?" I kept pressing.

"That's it," Blake said and then he took the iPhone out of my hands and pulled the other earphone back.

"Hey! You know, if it wasn't true you wouldn't get so worked up with it." I told him frowning, but totally pleased with myself.

"Sorry? Are you saying something? I can't hear you over the sound," Blake said smirking.

"If you had been with *what's-her-name-chick* you'd know Clark! *Seriously* . Some girls just don't think about their teeth," Shawn said.

Oh my fracking god .

"Blake! Blake!" I started to say in a panic, shaking him his arm, like a petulant kid trying to get the attention of their parents, "I'm *sorry* . Please I take the Twilight comments back. Please, I can't listen to this!"

Blake just smirked.

"You know babydoll, this could be useful for you. Maybe with our advice you'd finally know what to do and your precious Alex might consider taking you back," Clark said in front and then red hot anger boiled in me. Pure hatred and rage.

That was *so* uncalled for. He had no idea why Alex and I weren't together, *no idea* . And it certainly had nothing to do with skills and everything to do with being the wrong gender. And I was damn tired of

having people assume anything they wanted when it came to our break up.

But before I could do or say anything Blake slapped Clark on the back of the head, so hard that his forehead banged on the steering wheel.

" *What the hell* ?" Clark yelled, the car coming to an abrupt stop right at the bottom of a cliff.

"You asked for it" Blake answered, bored.

"I'm driving here! I could have crash in a tree!"

"How about less whining, less messed-up advice giving and a little bit more driving?" Blake asked, exasperate.

Clark started to drive again, scowling, putting another crude song louder, but I ignored it.

Instead I looked at Blake frowning. Why had he just done that? No one ever had my back when it came to my relationship with Alex. Even Alex usually just stared at the ground or left when people talked about our break up.

"What?" he asked me.

".Nothing... I mean... thanks," I said, a little confused.

"You're welcome," Blake answered, half smiling for a second and then he turned his head again.

Why had he just done that? I mean I would have expected him to join the fest instead of stopping Clark.

But before I could think too much about it, we had reached the top of the hill and now the forest only surrounded a great meadow with the dirt trail in the middle. The grass was pretty high, someplace reaching my thighs. And at the end of the dirt road, the meadow stopped and dropped. And there was the Creek and the bottom of it, another forest behind it at its level, but when you looked at it from here, it was really one of the prettiest scenes I had seen, especially when the sun would set behind the trees.

We parked beside the three other cars, and then we were all out, looking around us, already enjoying our little sanctuary.

"Alright, now the party can begin," Alex announced.

Chapter 18

Chapter Seventeen

Alright people!! Another chapter!! :P

This one is shorter though, and well, it's just the beginning of the Creek, I just wanted to upload tonight so that's what you're getting, plus I like the end ;P Might have a few mistakes here and there, just point it out if you see any...

So anyway, this goes to all my fans!! We've reached the three digits y'all! YAY!

Oh and to greenypoop, cause if it hadn't been for her I might have waited a bit more to upload...

Oh and ya... the sneak peek isn't in this chapter yet... you'll have to wait for the next one!

So anyway, read, enjoy, vote and comment! I love comments, comments make me happy, comments make me write faster ;P (that wasn't peer pressure or anything...;P)

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The twins howled at that like two morons. And then they ran towards the little trail between the trees to get to the Creek.

I looked over at Alex, both of our eyes going all "We're so racing this" and then next thing I knew I slid out of my shoes and ran towards the trail like a maniac.

Alex, who had been a little further away than me, easily caught up and now, we were racing side by side, pushing each other towards the trees, slapping branches in our faces, and trying to make the other trip with our feet.

I could hear other people running behind us but I didn't care. What I did care about was getting to the deck before Alex.

And then we reached the end of the trail and I could see Trevor and Cameron jumping in the water with all their clothes on.

I had been smart enough to put my bikini under mine, so as I ran toward the deck, I took my shirt off and then pushed Alex again in the trees as hard as I could, and skipped to get out of my jeans.

And then I ran on the wooden deck, and without knowing if the water was warm or freezing I dove into the Creek.

The second my skin touched the water, I wanted to gasp.

It was simply freezing. I mean, I knew I would get use to it, still the shock was there.

But I ignored the cold and stayed under water, swimming away from the deck, trying to hold my breath as long as I could. And then I pushed myself up with my legs, only now aware that I was deeper

than I had thought and then my head finally emerge from the water and I took a big breath.

I pushed my hair away from my face and looked around, seeing the twins trying to push each other under water, and then I saw Alex's head coming out.

"I WON!!!" I yelled, swimming towards him, splashing water in his face.

Alex laughed and then splashed water back at me.

I let myself sink deep into the water, trying to reach the bottom, kicking the water with my legs and arm, but it was too deep so I glided back up.

I got spattered by water the second my head reached out, from Davis canon ball into the Creek.

Catherine was screaming in Mark's arm as he walked to the end of the deck holding her up to the water. And then he jumped with her.

Seconds later, Peter and Justin race on the deck and both dove in the water, followed by Jimmy.

Blake ran on the deck and front-flipped into the water, every guy cheering for him.

Show off...

Connor dove after him and after that Dwayne walked up, like Mark, with a screaming Janna in his arm.

"I swear Dwayne, if you drop me in the water I'm going to strangle you!! I don't want my hair to get all wet!!! Put me down!!!" she was yelling.

Dwayne made puppy eyes, but listened to her and set her on her feet on the deck.

"There's a thin line between being compassionate and being whipped Dwayne!" Blake yelled to him in the water.

"I'M COMING FOR YOU EATON!" Dwayne screamed back and then jumped, but of course he was a bad swimmer and Blake was already racing away from him.

"Someone get the middle line backer out of the water before we have to replace him!" Connor yelled.

"I'M FINE!" Dwayne screamed back, slowly swimming like a dog, his head sinking now and then.

I started to laugh at the scene but then something caught my ankle and sank me deep into the water, so fast, I barely had the time to take a good breathe.

My arms were struggling to get back to the surface, but whatever or more precisely whoever was pulling my ankle, wasn't letting go. I opened my eyes, and when the bubbles cleared out a bit I could see Blake swimming deeper, and really clearly smirking, which was kind of odd considering we were underwater...

Nevertheless I was pretty pissed... like what is he thinking trying to kill me or something?

I kept giving kicks, trying to release my leg, but Blake's hold just got stronger, and now, he was grabbing my hand too and pushing me deeper.

That's when I thought of a way to wipe that smug look off his face.

I knew I still had a good minute of air supply -I can hold my breath for ever- so then I stopped struggling completely, let out a few bubbles and stopped moving.

It took Blake about five seconds to realize what was happening, start to kind of freak out and then swim back up faster than I could have thought possible, towing me in the process.

Ha ha ha!

Take that, you bastard!

"LEXI!" was the first thing I heard when my head was out of the water.

Blake was holding my head out, holding my body like it was going to sink and when I opened my eyes he honestly looked frightened.

And I simply couldn't resist, so I started to laugh. That seemed to surprise him cause he kinda lost his grip on me and I sank a little, swallowing water in the process.

Everyone had swum towards us at this point, alarmed by Blake scream and my coughing water seemed to alert them even more but I ignore everyone screams.

"Oh my god! You should see your face!" I cough, still laughing.

"OH MY GOD LEXI! Are you alright?" Alex yelled swimming towards me "What the hell did you do?" he added, to Blake.

"I was just joking! How was I supposed to know she'd drown!" Blake yelled, still holding me in his arms, keeping my head out of the water.

"What's wrong with you?" Alex yelled back.

"God, you morons! I was just joking! I'm FINE, thank you!" I said and pushed Blake away and then swam towards the deck.

I hate it when people have a conversation about you but just freaking ignore you even though you're right there!!

Bunch of idiots!

I wanted to get out of the water but then I heard two high pitch voices coming from the trail.

"Oh my gawd! Is this some kind of swamp or something?" Stacey was saying.

"And what kind of deck is that? No sun chairs? This is ridiculous..." Miriam added.

Alright seriously what the hell were they doing here? I mean come on it's the freaking wood!!! What were they expecting?

"Come on girls show us your bikinis!" I heard Clark say and that obviously was the answer to my question... stupid hormonal jerks!!

And then I looked back at everyone and for a second it seemed we were all on the same page.

"First to reach the other side!" Davis yelled and the next second we were all racing away.

"Hey guys wait up!" Shawn yelled but no one turned their back.

Janna had even gotten in the water, her hairs tied into a tight bun on top of her head, and was swimming beside Dwayne, laughing at him actually but it was kinda cute.

I didn't wait any second and started to front crawl as far away from the deck as I could.

I concentrated on the movement of my arms and leg only, taking a breath every time my head got out of the water, and then I dove under and pushed myself faster. I loved the feeling you get when you swim under water, almost like your flying. The peace you feel when you're completely surrounded by it, like time has stop...

My lungs were almost empty of air and I slid back to the surface, and kept swimming but I heard someone call my name so I stopped.

"Lexi!!" Blake yelled again, and then he was beside me.

"Look, I didn't mean to drown you or anything, I'm sorry"

I frowned for a few seconds... alright... that's weird... Blake, actually apologizing...

"Well you really hurt my feelings alright!!" I said in an on-the-edge-of-crying tone, one I had so much practice with, you know to put the fault on Ty when we knock decoration thingy in the house while fighting. And of course I added the little quivering of

the lips, like a little three year old getting his lollipop stolen.

Blake eyes widen, in fright I think.

Ha ha ha!

"Look, I'm really sorry..." he pleaded.

"Ha ha! SUCKER!" I yelled and then pushed the top of his head under water and swam away as fast as I could, laughing.

Blake didn't lose one second and raced after me. I tried to go faster but he was pretty fast. And then he caught my ankle again and pulled me back, not underwater though, so I kicked the water with my other leg, splashing his face.

"You dim-wit, didn't you learn your lesson!" I yelled at him and kicked water again.

"Ya well I won't fall for your fake drowning stunt again! Or poor acting skills!"

"Poor? Come on! You sooo believed it!" I answered, pushed his head again and swam away.

A few minutes later, we had all reached the other side of the Dump Creek, where there was a rocky hill, you know the kind you climb on top and jump down from, into the water. The only problem with this one was that it wasn't deep enough beside it, and if you jumped from it, you'd hurt yourself real bad. But the guys had found somewhere else to jump from; a hyper-high tree that had sort of a curve that reached further away from the rocky bank.

"Keep dog paddling Dwayne!" Justin suddenly yelled and I looked back and saw Dwayne obviously struggling to get to us.

You'd think after all these summers, swimming here, he'd know how to swim properly...

"When you'll be able to do your job and stop ONE wide receiver we'll talk about it!" Dwayne yelled back, and he had a hard time keeping his head out of the water.

All the guys laughed at that.

Ya, it was a common fact that Justin wasn't the best corner back there was...

Suddenly, I looked around me, thinking that Blake was going to do something, HAD to do something to get back at me but I couldn't see him anywhere.

"Hey, so you're not coughing water anymore?" Connor asked, coming beside me.

"I was just trying to get that son of a bitch to stop, I wasn't actually drowning" I answered him, rolling my eyes.

"Well, you scared me!" Alex said, swimming towards me too.

"Ooooh I'm sorry papa bear!" I crooned, and then rolled my eyes again.

"DUDE!! YOU'RE AN IDIOT!" Cameron yelled, and when we all looked back, Blake was climbing in the high tree, but he was like really really high, like stupiditly high!

"Man! When you fall and break your neck, do I get your car?" Trevor yelled beside his brother.

"I want your spot in the team!" Peter yelled.

"You're going to have to run a whole lot faster to get my spot Petey-boy!" Blake screamed back at him and then his hands reached for a branch over his head, and he pulled himself higher.

What the hell was he thinking! That stupid jackass!

"I want your beer!" Cameron yelled.

Bunch of morons...

"You idiot! Are you trying to kill yourself?" I screamed at him.

Someone had to say the right thing!

He was going to kill himself!! That tree was high! And that Creek had a rocky bottom!

Why wasn't Mark saying something? Usually he was the reasonable one!

I looked around, but understood immediately; he wasn't paying attention to us, he was holding Catherine in his arm.

"YES! Goodbye cruel world!! I have no reason to live!" Blake said in a fake dramatic voice and then he jumped.

The guys all cheered.

I gasped.

Blake's feet touched the water first and all his body followed.

We all waited for his head to peek out of the creek but we just kept waiting and there was no Blake.

Ten seconds, twenty seconds, thirty seconds, still no Blake.

"I think I'm getting a lot of beer tonight..." Cameron whispered and then we all started to freak out...

Chapter 19

Chapter Eighteen

"BLAKE," I started to yell with everyone, which was completely useless, you know, because if he was drowning or unconscious underwater I doubted he could answer us...

We all swam towards the spot where Blake had fallen.

I went underwater, opening my eyes and looked around me.

What an idiot!? Hadn't I said something like that would happen!? What the hell had he been thinking!?

If he wasn't dead I would kill him!

I was out of air so I kicked myself up to the surface and looked again around me.

"BLAKE," everyone kept yelling, and Mark was swimming towards the rocky bank, climbing on it, to get a better look of the place I guess...

"Blake it's not funny," I yelled, and took a deep breath to dive under again.

"Well, I personally think it is," the voice we had all been waiting for yelled and we turned our head slightly back to the left, where there was a sharp rocky hill and small water trees growing everywhere on it and there he was, sitting on top, looking at us laughing.

"YOU FREAKING IDIOT," I yelled and everyone else was also cursing him.

"What the fuck's wrong with you?" Dwayne screamed, still dog paddling.

"You should have seen yourselves." Blake said and then held his hands higher on his side, flapping

them, mimicking the face of some hysterical girl "Blake! BLAKE! BLAAAKEEE!" and then burst laughing even more.

"You're dead douche bag," I yelled and swam towards him.

Blake, still laughing, dove into the water, from the rocky hill and raced away from the furious crowd he now had against him.

Ya... I was not chasing after that asshole! I'd get back at him another way for scaring the living crap out of me!

"He really is an idiot sometimes..." Alex said swimming beside me.

"Sometimes? I'm telling you, I'm going to strangle him at some point!"

"Well, looks like Kitty's taking her claws out!" Alex laughed.

"He almost gave me a freaking heart attack!"

"I tend to do that to woman, you know with my breathtaking hotness and all," I heard Blake scream

from afar and then laugh, and like, he was laughing a lot!

That's it! He's going down!

I raced after him. He wasn't going as fast as the other time. Might have something to do with his hysterical laughing causing him to swallow water...

Anyway, I was almost catching up with him but then we were reaching the deck and well, something you should know about that deck of ours... we don't have a ramp or a scale or anything... we might have been a little lazy when we built it, anyway, the only way to get on the deck from the water, is pulling yourself up with the deck. Now I don't know if you ever tried to do that when there's a little more than one foot of distance from the water to the deck, but you need arm muscle. And it slows you down if you don't.

Blake didn't really have that problem, seeing he's that all-muscular-and-well-shape-football-player type, but I kinda did.

So when I reached the deck, Blake had all but rolled himself on it and was waiting for me with a smirk.

I scowled at him and grabbed the edge of the deck, pulling myself up but Blake pushed my head down, to the water.

But I wasn't giving up just yet.

So I pulled myself up again, and then as quick as I could, grabbed Blake ankle.

He wasn't ready for that, and as I pulled, he fell backward on the deck. I took advantage of this and heave myself out of the water.

Blake was still laughing while my body was crouched, in front of his, on the deck.

"Pooky's mad," I heard him say between laughs.

He got some nerves! That freaking idiot!

I had a few options here. I could either roll him off the deck, or spit in his face, give him a wee-gee, I could kick him in the nuts, pull his hair, punch him a few times, all of the above, but in different order...

I settle on the punching, and lunged at him, my fist immediately hitting his chest.

"Don't! Call! Me! POOKY!" I yelled with every punch but Blake seemed to just find this funnier and dodged my punches by rolling a little from left to right, like I was tickling him more than punching him.

So then I sat on top of him, so he would stop squishing and punched his shoulder.

"You're an ASS!" I yelled

But all I got in response was a laugh and "You seem to enjoy it more when you're the one on top!"

"Good freaking lord!" I yelled exasperate.

"Ya, that's exactly what you should be saying!" Blake snickered.

Arrrg!

Why did he have to switch EVERYTHING into sexual innuendos!?

I punched him on the side of the ribs as hard as I could and then got off of him and pushed him off the deck and into the water.

I got on my feet and looked down at where he had fell, waiting for his head to come out, with a victory grin on my lips.

But strangely, he seemed to struggle to get to the surface...

Ya, he wasn't going to pull that little "I'm dying" stunt again!

Finally, his hand caught the edge of the deck and he pulled his head out of the water.

I was going to mention that I wasn't stupid, and he wouldn't get me again, but he spoke first.

"Damn it Pumpkin! Not so hard on the ribs next time, alright!" he told me, grunting, and then with his left arm, wrapped around his torso, he pulled himself out of the water with the other.

"You can cut the act dumbass!" I answered and was about to push him back in but then I heard the high pitch voice.

"OwwWwWW Blaaaake! Are you alrigth!?" Stacey shrieked and ran, which was one hell of an achievement considering she was wearing heels...

Heels? Come on! We're in the freaking forest! Tsss.

Anyway, she was running towards Blake like a crazy-psycho-stalker, so I wasn't going to stay there and dove in the water, away from the bimbo.

I think I saw Blake scowl at me for abandoning him, but the bastard deserved it!

I caught up with the guys and tried with them about a hundred times to touch the bottom of the Creek, which I did, a few times, and was pretty proud of myself!

When our fingers reached a good enough level of water shrinkinesh we all got out.

The two bimbos were sprawled on the deck, in their kid-size bikinis, trying to tan probably, while Shawn and Clark were drooling over them.

Pervs!

Blake wasn't there...

We found him, when we all got back to the cars, to get towels and eat a bit. He had taken the dirt bikes out of Mark's pick up trunk and it looked like he was working on the mechanic. He was still only wearing his short.

For two seconds my mind went "Swooooooon! That's a HOT back." And then I kinda wanted to slap myself cause first, don't drool over Blake; it'll come bite you back in the ass soon enough and two how the hell had I manage to NOT drool when I was fighting with him before? That second part deserved more of a path in the back though...

"All set!" Blake announced us, smiling, while turning around and then my mind went "double swooooooon, that's a HOT chest."

For freaking crying out loud! What the hell? Keep it together lady!

Luckily, that's the moment the guys decided to scream at each other to know who was going to ride them first.

"Forget about it Dwayne! We all know you won't be able to turn and then you'll fucking break the things!" Connor was shouting.

"Ya and you'll try to impress everyone and you'll miss your jump and YOU'LL fucking brake the things!" Dwayne shouted back.

"We should go first!" Trevor and Cameron yelled at the same time.

"None of you dim-wits are going first! I'm the quarterback! I lead! I go first!" Alex stopped them.

"Exactly you always have EVERYTHING first!" Davis yelled and I don't know why but I don't think he was only talking about the dirt bikes here... "Let the smaller player have fun first for once!"

"Alright if you don't all stop acting like pussies I'm cutting the spark plug wire and diving in the Creek with it and NO ONE will get on the dirt bikes!" Blake cut.

"And I brought the damn things so you'll listen to the man!" Mark added.

"We should let the boys play with their toys..." Catherine trailed, rolling her eyes and walked towards the picnic table with Janna.

I followed them.

"Hey Kitty! You aren't coming?" Alex yelled after me.

"Ya right! Like I'm gonna have a shot at driving them if you all but fight to the death in mud to go first!" I answered and turned around.

It could have been fun to go with them, I mean they usually did pretty stupid things with the dirt bikes but I wanted some female company for once.

We could still hear them shout at each other when the left for the sand pit a few minutes' walk away.

"Boys will be boys," Catherine said shaking her head but smiling.

"Ya but Mark is more reasonable then the rest of them," I told her.

"I know..." she answered smiling, the smile of a girl that loves her boyfriend.

"Mark and you are already like an old couple," Janna laughed.

"And you're like a newlywed one," Catherine laughed even more, especially when Janna started to blush.

"Is it true?" Catherine suddenly asked her, when we were sitting at the picnic table, her eyes almost wicked.

Janna and Catherine were on the same side of the table and I was sitting crossed legged on my bench.

"What?" Janna frowned.

"You know the myth that black men have a-"

"Jesus Christ! Catherine!" Janna shrieked and I burst laughing with Catherine.

"Come on! Can't a girl be curious?" Cath managed to ask, between laughs.

"We are NOT discussing this topic!"

"So it's just a myth then?"

"No!" Janna shouted immediately but then her eyes bulge "Wait! No no I didn't mean... Jesus!" she

babbled and I was holding my head in my hands, my elbows resting on the table, shaking with laughter.

"Can we please change the subject?" Janna whined, while she was hitting her head lightly on the wooden table.

Catherine patted her back "Don't worry sweetie, we won't tell a soul."

"Please!"

"Wanna bitch about the two bimbos that are sprawling on our deck like belugas on a freaking shore," I offered.

"Oh my god, yes!" Janna exclaimed.

"I'm all about not judging people but those two seriously need some neurones implant..." Catherine trailed.

"And please! What's with the white hair? I mean come on!" I added.

Janna nodded in agreement "And the fake tan? Why are they even tanning here, if they roll themselves in freaking carrots!?"

"And don't they know that dressing like a slut just shows that they ARE slut!" I said

"Acting like sluts doesn't help either for that!" Catherine complied.

"And did you meet Stacey's parents at the school meeting at the beginning of the year...

This list of things wrong with Miriam and Stacey went on for a while...

"And why the hell did Clark and Shawn have to bring them? Can't they survive one night without sex?" Janna exclaimed at one point.

"Apparently they can't" I told her.

"These two are such pigs! Worst duo ever!" Catherine said rolling her eyes.

"I think it's more like a trio if you don't forget Blake!" I snorted.

"Aww please Blake's not that bad" Catherine said, rolling her eyes.

"Have you met the guy?"

"As a matter of fact I have. Which Blake are you drawing your judgement upon?"

"The only one there is; the one who's a complete an utter asshole!" I answered laughing.

"You're wrong you know..." Catherine said with a small smile.

"What do you mean?" I asked frowning, but then I heard the dreadful high pitch voice.

"I was perfectly fine on the deck! Why do we have to go back to this freaking mud hole!?" I heard Stacey shriek.

"Dear god, save us..." I mumbled.

"Come on Stacey! We've been on the deck long enough; can't we just go see everyone?" Shawn pleaded, but he looked annoyed.

Ha ha!

"Why would we want to do that!?" Miriam cut in, her voice just as annoying and Clark, trailing behind, obviously didn't look like he was going to make effort to be nice.

"Hey girls!" Shawn called to us "Where are the guys?"

"They went to the sand pit with the dirt bikes!" Catherine yelled back.

"Let's leave right now..." Janna whispered to us and we both nodded and got up from the table.

"Are you going there?" Shawn asked when the four of them reached our level.

"Well, where were you guys planning to go?" I asked, because that would be the opposite direction.

"Well, I guess we could-"

Stacey cut him "Oh we're going to get something to hydrate! I'm keeping my skin as healthy as I can"

"No you're not with that tan..." I mumbled.

"Scuse me?"

"We're going to go for a walk alright..." Catherine whispered to me, but I just waved her off. I wasn't going to let that Stacey-one-brain-cell annoy me any longer.

Catherine and Janna left and Clark and Shawn did the same, actually running towards the trail to get to the sand pit.

I walked right in front of Stacey and stopped at four feet from her "I said "No you're not with that tan!" "

"Eeeeh like what's your problem, stupid?" she told me and then she was doing the glaring thing again, the one she had been doing for the last days.

"Oh but I don't have any problem... Why would I care if YOU got skin cancer... if that's what we can call that orange envelop of yours."

"Why are you being a bitch!?" Miriam suddenly exclaimed.

"I'm not! I'm just stating facts!" I answered smiling sweetly.

Like they were going to scare me. For all I cared this was my territory. I was with Alex and the guys when we found it in the first place! And there wasn't any room for skanks like them! And I was pissed... I mean with everything going on, with my stupid mom, with Blake being an ass all the time and annoying me, I

had to let that anger out at someone and Stacey was the grand prize winner.

"And you know apart from the two pervs that brought you, no one wants you here!" I added.

"That's not true! Blake enjoys my company," Stacey said smugly.

Okay, I almost burst into hysterical laughing right there!

"Well good for you!" I managed to say, trying real hard to stay serious.

"And you know, I had sex with Blake," Stacey needed to add, obviously.

Hmmm? Why in god's name did she need to mention that?

"Before or after you started to cry?" I asked her, a little smirk forming on my lips.

"That was nothing alright! And anyway I'd already done it with Blake, alright, cause he likes it with me!"

Okay.... Like I cared! And like that was true! I remembered clearly the ride here and the "boring as a corpse" comment.

"Illusion will take you far in life sweetie" I told her and pat her shoulder, laughing.

Aww great!

I just touched her!

I'm going to need to wash my hands now...

Without even bothering to listen to her reply I walked towards the trail to the Creek.

I skipped lightly in the trail, happy with my snotty replies, all the way to the deck and then frowned when I saw someone sitting, alone.

What was he doing here? Wasn't he at the sand pit?

Blake turned his head when my feet made the deck move a little. At first there was some kind of deep feeling in his eyes, like sadness almost but it disappeared the same second and was replaced by his usual smirk.

"Can't stay away from me, can you?" Blake asked evilly.

"Get over yourself!" I answered snorting and then bend and washed my hands in the Creek.

"I-" Blake started to say but I cut him "already know that come back line so you can spare it!"

That made him laugh.

"Can I ask you a question?" I said while sitting beside him.

"It's a free country."

"What's the deal with Stacey? Cause seriously ever since that little incident at the library she's been scowling at me like I was some kind of pariah and now she found it trivial to announced me that she had sex with you!"

Blake laughed again. "How should I know how that stupid head of hers works? I don't know maybe all that bleach in her hair got to her brains..."

"You should know the answer because meaningless sex is your specialty! And you seem to understand well the mind of those bimbos!"

"I'm going to take that as a compliment..."

"You shouldn't, you use girl for your own pleasure!"

"Hey I'm as much as a victim than everyone else!"

"Ya right!"

"I mean it! Women just use me for my rugged good looks, hard tanned muscular body, and large penis. Sometimes I just cry myself to sleep, craving for a hug in the morning. You know, I just want to be loved."

"Want me to cry a bit for you?" I said, rolling my eyes.

"I just wanted to point out the fact I'm a human with feelings too you know!" Blake said with an amused voice.

"No, you're a jerk filled with hormones."

"Ouch!" Blake snorted, but laughed.

I turned my head away from him and then looked at the Creek, the way the water moved with the wind, and wrapped my arms around my knees, breathing deeply.

Last time I was here, my parents were still together...

"What's bothering you?" Blake suddenly said.

"Hmmm?"

"Something's obviously bothering you..."

"It's just... it's my mom... I saw her this morning..."

"Want to talk about it?"

"What is there to say? You know... all I want is to be past it..." I whispered, looking at the blue sky, and the sun.

"You don't move past things like that Pumpkin... It just... becomes a part of who you are..." Blake whispered back.

We were both silent for a while.

"You know that offer to break her boyfriends legs... might take you up on that..." I suddenly said to light up the mood.

"But the agreement stops with vinyls Pumpkin!" Blake answered, smirking.

"Tell you what! I'll give you a lap dance as a payment."

Blake broke into an almost hysterical laugh.

"What?"

"Oh well you know I might sound stupid sometimes but let's just say I'm pretty positive that the day you'll give me a lap dance is... not going to come around soon..."

"Wow, you're actually learning!"

"Thanks! Speaking of which, tomorrow when we come back you'll have to take me to the library!"

"Why? Can't drive yourself on your own?"

"First, I have no clue where it is, and second I'm going to need your help"

"What for?"

"The history teacher said he would boost my grade if I write him a paper on some historic event..."

"What are you doing it about?"

"World War II"

"Why?"

"I don't know... A lot of important things happened in those years... A lot of history..."

"It was basically a slaughtering!"

"It's interesting..."

"That's just sick you know that!"

"You're the one to talk Pumpkin! I'm pretty positive you read a ton of stories that were set during World War II"

"Even if that's true, I'm not the one doing a paper on it!"

"You just like to be mean to me, that's all!" Blake laughed.

I punched him on the shoulder, but in a way he was right, I had read a ton of books in that time line, one of my favourites was even set during these events...

Maybe I was being mean to Blake. Maybe I did judge too fast...

For a second I tried to look at Blake with different eyes. I rested my head on my knees and looked at him, while he was staring in front of him, at the Creek, trying to set aside his pervy comments and seminar escapades and see him. See Blake.

I kept looking at his face but then my eyes feel on something under his right eye, on his cheek.

"Hmmm, that's weird..." I said frowning.

"What?" Blake asked turning his attention back to me, like he had been light years away.

"I never noticed you had a scar there..." I said pointing to the fine line a little paler than the rest of his skin.

"I'm going to use that "you thought my name was Drake" argument again, I think it's been a while since I've brought it up..."

"Ha ha, real funny" I told him in a sarcastic voice, but then I just had to ask "How did you get it?"

He was silent for a little while, and stared back in front of him.

"Because I'm heartless..." he whispered so faintly I barely heard it.

"Am I supposed to understand that?" I asked frowning.

"Why should you, right?!" Blake said snorting and he had a bitter expression on his face.

What was THAT supposed to mean?

"You know Pumpkin you should stop checking me out like that! I know I'm hot and all but you have to keep yourself in check sometimes!" Blake suddenly exclaimed his smirk back and his wicked eyes and jerkiness.

"At one point you'll get tired of being a jerk Blake..." I whispered and look in front of me too.

"And how would you know that?"

"Seen a documentary on it!"

Chapter 20

Chapter Nineteen

Alright people! I'm REALLY sorry for making you wait like this, but this is a really long one so I hope you'll forgive me ;P

So, I'm slowly starting to give you a little more info on our lovely Blake. Hope you enjoy that, and yes, he gets more and more confusing, and that's why I love him so much. And yes don't worry, I will give you his POV (I have over 50 Word pages so far) at one point, and you'll understand everything, but it's still too early yet... Anyone would like to try to guess what his problemS are?? ;P

Anyway, hope you enjoy this chapter.. Oh dang I almost forgot!!

This chapter goes to my lovely stupid friends!!! I know you guys won't be reading this, cause it's in English!! And you don't read ;P But the knock-the-crap-out-of-everyone football would have never existed without you, and the Creek wouldn't have either!! Can't wait for this summer so we can go throw some one else in it and then knock each other on the ground and broke someone else tailbone ;P (please not mine!!)

So anyway, read, enjoy, comment and vote!!

And thanks to everyone who leaves comments, I love you guys!! Comments make me happy, comments make me write faster XP

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Blake was still laughing from my previews comment, when we both jumped in surprise from the screaming.

"Lexi!!!! GET OVER HERE!!!!" I heard Alex yell.

I was on my feet the same second and ran to him, because that was his "something's wrong" voice.

I ran from the trail and then up to where everyone seemed to be gathered.

My eyes feel on Alex and I caught with him.

"What's wrong?" I asked and Alex pointed someone sitting on the picnic table.

"Jimmy-Dummy here tried to do a Can Can, but didn't bring his leg back in time so he freaking fell like an idiot and now he's all cut from the rocks but like, deep cut, cut.

"Get me the first-aid kit" I answered and then ran to the idiot.

Now, the reason why Alex called me is kinda stupid. Ever since we've been kids, every time someone got hurt, whether it was during recess in elementary school, or here during one of our many "trips", every time, it was kinda like a reflex; I would run to go help. I don't know maybe I have that "taking care of the sick" vibe in me... or maybe I just like blood...

Haha!!

"I'm fine alright!! Doesn't even hurt that much!!" Jimmy was telling everyone gathered around him, still wearing his helmet, the left side of his pants torn and bloody, so was his left arm.

I hastily twisted my still-a-little-damp-from-swimming hair into a bun and stood in front of him.

"Yeah!! Nurse Lexi's here!!" Jimmy said, trying to sound teasing but I could hear the strain in his voice.

He was in pain.

"Call me like that again and I'll pour lemon juice on your cut!" I told him and then Alex was there and he gave me the first-aid kit and two bottle of water, to clean the cuts.

There was a lot of dirt in the wounds but they weren't as deep as Alex had led me to believe. There was a lot of blood too but it was all mostly dried by now.

"You know, it was a stupid thing to try to do a trick you didn't nail!" I told him while pouring the water.

Everyone had left by then, seeing they were of no use anymore.

"It's a stupid thing saying that. You have to practice to nail a trick. You're never good in the beginning. You suck in the beginning." Jimmy said and flinched a little.

"Well, whatever, you didn't need to do tricks to begin with! Why'd you have to risk having this" and I gesture to his bloody leg "happen?"

"Look, we're boys, we mess around we do stupid things. Everyone was doing tricks, so I did, and no I don't need to hear; if everyone jumped off a cliff would you follow"

"You're an idiot." I said shaking my head "Take off your pants"

"What?" Jimmy asked startled.

"Take off your pants, I can't clean your cuts and bandage it with your pants on."

"That ought to make Connor jealous..." Jimmy whispered, while squiggling out of them leaving him in the shorts he wore when he was swimming.

"Alright, why is everything always about Connor with you?? Seriously?? What's wrong with you two!?! Not everything is a competition!!"

"You're right, sometimes it's a battle! You gotta fight to get what you want"

"What the hell does that mean??"

"That means... that means... look Lexi, there's something I've wanted to tell you for a while now... I-" Jimmy started to say but I stopped him with my hand.

"Jimmy, whatever this is, I don't want to hear it. Please." I whispered, not able to look at him in the eyes.

God I seriously don't need this!!

Why can't a guy and a girl be friends without having to go through this!!!

Because I'm not stupid, I know what he was going to say. I've been dreading this day.

Not because I think I'm all that and I attract every guy around. Honestly I'm quite plain, with my really normal brown hair and brown eyes plus I got like no boobs, too tall for a few guys, and too thin. I don't qualify myself as hot. That's Anna's department, I've heard it all through my childhood.

No, I knew this was coming because those two guys, Jimmy and Connor, they'll turn anything into a competition. And for some reason, they decided to put me in the spot of one of these stupid tantrums.

And I hate it, because I like both of them, but not that way. And I'm sure they don't really like me that way either!! They're just playing a game, trying to win.

I finished patching him up, in silence, avoiding any eye contact.

This would be just great now.

Awkward moments... Like I needed more of those...

When I was finally finished, I put everything back in the first-aid box and without any words from both of us I walked away.

This is great, just great!!

Alex walked up to me. "So is he alright?"

"Ya fine, just perfect, everything's great..." I mumbled, scowling a little.

"What happened?"

"Don't wanna talk about it..."

"Come on Kitty; just tell Papa Bear what happen"

"Just drop it alright, don't wanna talk about it, means don't wanna talk about it!!"

"Oh god, he made his move didn't he??" Alex asked laughing.

"Shut up!!" I snarled.

"Oh this is just perfect!! What did he say?" Alex chuckled.

"Honestly, Alex, you know how much I love you but if you don't drop it this instant I'm going to have to strangle you"

"You're no fun, you know that!" Alex kept laughing, and then ruffled my hairs, messing up my bun.

"I hate you..." I mumbled, slapping his hand away, and smoothing my hair back in place.

"Will you love me back if I tell you we're going to play football?"

"Orderly football or anything-allowed-to-get-the-ball-to-the-end-zone football?" I asked.

"Orderly football first and knock-the-shit-out-of-everyone football after!" Alex answered with a big smile.

Okay, so here's the thing. We play two kind of football. The guys play the real orderly, follow the rules and the game play kind of football. They all take their usual position and all.

And then, we all play the "other football" which is more like rugby to be truthful and well can't be

called football ayt all except for the fact that with play with the "football". We split in two teams and one starts with the ball on their end zone, instead of the middle of the field, and then it's a big free-for-all. We basically have the right to do anything to get to the other side. Doesn't matter if your knee touches the ground or if you're knock down on it. Everything is allowed. Tugging on the shirts, kicking, punching, even biting sometimes... All in all it's pretty chaotic, but it's fun as hell. Usually we're all piled up trying to get the ball while someone is holding it under, getting squished by everyone, until someone actually managed to steal it away and then we all run after him. There's no end of game or anything. We play until someone gets the ball to their end zone. And then the other team starts with the ball on their zone.

And it's awesome! Might not sound like it but it is.

"Alright, I might like you a little bit more..." I mumbled.

"Good Kitty! And you can be on my team on the knock-down game!"

"So you'll make me the center and grab my ass at the beginning of the play?"

"You know me girl!"

I rolled my eyes at his answered but felt a little better nonetheless.

Knocking down people on the ground is always a nice way to ease down your anger and annoyance right?

We were all in the middle of the meadow; the guys were settling some things, deciding whether they would just stick with always playing defense and offence or if they would both do it. They used the usual trees to mark the two end zones. Fred who is usually the kicker was nominated as a corner back to even up the teams, because not all the players were here, because well, a few of them didn't hang out with us.

Catherine, Janna and I brought camping chair to side on the side lines, to watch the boys play, and Tweedledee and Tweedledum aka Miriam and Stacey had gotten into their stupid heads that they would be

doing their cheerleading routine. That earned them a big mental roll of my eyes.

The boys all took their place on the field and then Alex called out the play.

Clark, the center, threw him the ball, and then Alex backed up a little looking over to Shawn who was running away. Dwayne was running towards Alex to tackle him but then instead of throwing the ball, Blake ran in front of him, took the ball and sprint away. I had to give it to Blake, he ran fast. Like fast, fast.

Cameron managed to stop him and tackle him to the ground but Blake had ran almost half of the field.

The guys took their place again, and then Alex called the next play, Clark threw him the ball, and then Alex threw the ball at Peter who had ran a few more yards away.

The game went on and on like that. They didn't change offense and defense, always sticking with their usual spots. I think since the season hadn't start yet, they kinda wanted to practice.

There was something almost eerie about watching them playing all together. They really formed a team.

After eight touchdowns, a few interceptions, a lot of tackling and many hysterical screams from Miriam and Stacey who I just wanted to bitch-slap most of time, the boys had enough of the orderly way of playing.

Fred, who looked bored as always didn't stay for that part of the game, and Jimmy, who didn't want to get his bandages rip of, which they most certainly would if he played, didn't stay. Miriam and Stacey whined long enough so that Clark and Shawn didn't stay to play either.

Catherine decide to stay out, because for one thing we wouldn't have been even, and also because she didn't particularly wanted to be tackle to the ground, so Janna and I were the only girls playing.

Alex, Connor, Cameron, Trevor, Davis and I formed one team, and Dwayne, Janna, Mark, Blake, Peter and Justin the other.

"So, ready to get kicked on the ground Lexi?" Cameron asked me kicking my butt.

"You're lucky we're on the same team otherwise I'd murder you right now" I laughed and then jumped on his back, trying to make him fall on the ground, but he was ready for that.

"I knew I was the favorite twin!!" he laughed, me still clinging on his back.

"Wouldn't bet on that!!" Trevor yelled and then grabbed me around the waist, tearing me from his brother and swung me over his shoulder, my head upside down.

"Put me down!!" I laughed and punched him on the side.

"No can do!"

"Put me down or I'll pull you pants down!!" I treated.

I was on my feet seconds later.

"Alright kids!! Let's play!" Alex announced and we all gathered at one end zone taking our shoes off.

Trust me, shoes are very dangerous in this game.

"Skin versus shirt?" Blake asked, after drinking from his bottle of water.

"Ya right!!!" I answered rolling my eyes.

"What? You're scared you're going to be distracted by my breathtaking hotness if I'm shirtless?"

"No, it's just going to be unfair for the other team, you know, grabbing on the shirt to throw on the ground"

"Well then you can take your shirt off, I have no problem with that Pumpkin" Blake answered and winked.

"No need for anyone to take their shirts off" Mark said, shaking his head.

"Ya, and how are we supposed to know who's on what team when we'll be all piled up?" Blake asked.

"Awww for Pete sake, let's just start playing and if we see we have problems we'll let you strip down for everyone Blake!" Alex answered rolling his eyes

"And we could butter you up afterwards and let a mob chase you in the forest!!" I added and then Alex

said "You watch too many Family Guy", at the same time Blake said, "That's all good, as long as you're in the mob Pumpkin"

"Just keep it in your pants Eaton" Connor said and then took the ball and threw it to me "You're our center!"

Of course...

"Okay, so what's our plan?" Davis asked while the other team gathered up too.

"I say, Davis you go after Mark, Connor, you go after Dwayne, and I'll stop Blake. Now, I'm sure Dwayne won't let Janna get the ball or anything, so Lexi could go after Peter, so that just leaves Justin, so the twins you can easily run with the ball." Alex whispered.

"Ya that's good" Connor nodded.

"So Trevor, I'm giving you the ball? You up for running?" Alex asked.

"No problemo!"

"Okay, so Lexi, you're the center, and then the second she gives me the ball, you all run and tackle whoever I said you have to go after to the ground alright?"

We all nodded and then we took our places.

Connor and Davis were beside me, and then Cameron and Trevor were beside Alex who was behind me.

I crouched, one hand on the ball, the other supporting me, on the ground.

"Dwayne mom's hairy, that's not hot hot hot!" Alex called instead of saying a play and then I threw him the ball muffling a laugh.

I ran straight to Peter, who was standing on the left, but he saw me coming, and dodged. I slipped on the grass but managed to turn around and then grab his shirt, pulling him, and then turning him making him loose his balance.

"The twin got the ball go after him!!" someone yelled while I kept a strong hold on Peter, my arms around him, while he tried to struggle out of it.

"WHICH ONE!!!" someone else yelled.

Ha ha.

Using the twins was brilliant. That sure would confuse everyone!!

"Oh my god Lexi you got a bug in your hair!!" Peter said, probably trying to make me lose my grip, but I wasn't stupid.

Everyone were screaming orders, or laughing, and then, Peter managed to squirm out of my arms. I got back on my feet, trying to see where the ball was and spotted a pile of people that everyone ran to.

I could see one of the twins, under everyone, with the ball in his hand.

"OVER HERE!!!" I yelled, and then he saw me and threw me the ball.

Everyone spotted me at the same time, and then I was running for my life, holding the ball tightly against me, laughing.

Something hit my back, and next thing I knew, I was laying on the ground.

"Got you Pumpkin"

"Oh crap!"

I looked around trying to find someone to throw the ball to, but Blake hands were trying to retrieve it, out of my hands, so I curled around it, right after kicking Blake away.

Blake charged again, turned me around, but I kicked him again and then saw Alex running towards me so I threw him the ball.

I tried to get back on my feet, but Blake held me to the ground.

"What the hell!" I yelled and squirmed in his arms.

"I'm not letting you go after that ball!" Blake laughed.

"That's a stupid move. You should be going after it!!"

"Thanks for the tip Miss I-scream-orders-to-players-on-rerun-games" Blake said at the same time we heard Alex yell "TOUCHDOWN!!"

"See stupid move!" I told Blake when he let go of me, and help me get back on my feet.

"It's all about priorities" Blake said and before I could ask what the hell Dwayne yelled "TEAM UP EVERYONE!!!!" and Blake ran away, smirking.

I ran to where my team was and then after short orders from Alex, we all face the other team.

Blake was the center, and Dwayne was behind him.

"Alex's mom sells chicken wings at Hooters and they're hot hot hot!!" Dwayne screamed and then Blake held his hand with the ball in his back and Peter and Justin went to stand beside him, Dwayne still behind and they all ran together.

"Who has the ball!!??" Connor screamed beside me, and then the other team all broke apart, running every direction, but no one had the ball in their hands.

"What the hell??" Alex said and then ran to Dwayne, who hand his arm wrapped like he was holding a ball.

But my eyes fell on Blake, and for some reason, I thought his smirk was a little suspicious so I ran after him.

His smirk widen when he saw me, and then he stopped, stepped left, but I stepped left, and then right, left, left but I stepped with him every time.

This was stupid; he didn't even have the ball in his hands, why was I bothering?

Blake stepped right, and this time I lunged at him, tackling him to the ground.

He was laughing, as I thought of how stupid this move was, but then my eyes fell on his ass.

Not because I was checking him out or anything, but because he had a huge bulged, the ball, in his pants.

"Come and get it Pumpkin!!" Blake laughed.

"BLAKE HID THE BALL IN HIS PANTS!!!" I yelled so everyone could come squish him and save me from having to retrieve the ball myself.

Seconds later, we were all piled up, everyone squishing us, hands and legs everywhere and I had no idea where the ball was anymore.

"THOSE AREN'T THE RIGHT BALLS!!!" I heard Blake yelled at one point, and then I was laughing like

crazy and I was having a hard time getting my breath back, because, well obviously, I was pretty much at the bottom of the pile. At one point, someone even kinda grabbed my ass, and I have no idea who it was.

In the end, the ball wasn't even in the pile anymore and Janna, who had stayed away, grabbed it and ran to the end zone, everyone on her heals but I stayed on the ground still laughing.

"You were so feeling me up Pumpkin" Blake laughed beside me, still lying on the grass.

"Ya, well I bet you were the one grabbing my ass!!"

"No, actually I was aiming for your boobs"

"Good luck with that!"

"So who's boob did I grab then?" he asked thoughtful and I burst laughing.

I sat up and then saw Janna doing a little touchdown dance.

"That's my girl!!!" Dwayne yelled, and then showered her with kiss.

I smiled at that. They were so cute together.

"Come on, on your feet" Blake said, holding out his hand for me.

We played for over an hour like that, the guys doing stupider and stupider things every time.

But at some point everyone was exhausted and getting hungry and hot so we all agreed to end the game and we ran to the Creek.

I dove in, swam a little but I was starving so I got out a few minutes later and ran back to the picnic table, wrapping my beach towel over my bikini.

I took all my candy and junk out and then started to eat my M&M's.

I love M&M's. M&M's rock!

When Alex got back from the Creek, him and Mark got the barbecue out of the Jeep and set it up.

We took the camping chairs out of the cars setting them in a circle around the spot where we usually put the fire, while others started to set up their tents.

After we were all set I went to stand beside Alex.

"Yes, Lexi, I know you want hamburgers AND hot dogs" he told me before I could say anything.

"And how many do I want?"

"As much as I can bake" Alex answered, rolling his eyes.

"Good boy!" I said and patted his cheek

About an hour later, we were all sitting with our food in our hands, the nice smell of junk food cooked on a barbecue swirling around us.

"How much hamburger did you eat?" Blake asked as he sat beside me while I squished more ketchup in it.

"That's my third" I answered before drinking from my fourth bottle of Pepsi.

"What she didn't care to mention is that she also ate five hot dogs" Alex said, laughing on my other side.

"I eat a lot. So what?" I answered shrugging.

Blake laughed at that.

Alex got up from his seat, and went back to the barbecue, to make some more food.

As I took a bite from my hamburger, Clark came to sit beside Blake, while he watched Miriam and Stacey walking to god-knows-where, Shawn on his heels.

"So I totally didn't ask but do you mind about Miriam." Clark said.

"Dear god, hell no. Do whatever you want with that girl!"Blake said rolling his eyes.

Okay... weird...

And then I thought about before we left for the Creek, Blake had said something about a rule...

"What's the rule?" I asked.

"Hmm?" Blake frowned.

"You know, the rule you talked about when you said you had punched Shawn?"

"And why would I answer that Pumpkin?" Blake smirked.

But Clark answered for him, mischievously "Blake doesn't want to sleep with girls we've already slept with, and always gets first round"

Alright, gross!!!

"What's wrong with you?? First round?? That's disgusting!!"

"Well I don't fancy sharing" Blake snorted.

"You're just a pig"

"And why's that?"

Wow, he really is dumb!!

"You talk like girls are just objects you use! Like you can pass them around!!!"

"But he DOES use them? Right Blakey? Mister just needs vagina to dump his load in ain't that right?" Clark said laughing at him, but Blake glared at him.

"Look who's talking?" Blake said.

"Well at least I announce it proudly! You play the sad eyed dude and all the girls sleep with you because they want to be the one making you smile!" Clark defended himself.

"What the fuck are you talking about!" Blake exclaimed.

Ya, that's exactly what I was going to ask.

Sad eyed dude? Blake never had sad eyes! He was always smirking like a psycho-macho.

"Dude, I banged practically every chick you did! And let me tell you my man, it ain't the funniest thing, especially when it's recent! You know once this girl just kept saying, "I don't get it, why he didn't he like it, why did he keep that blank stare?!!" Let me tell that doesn't help your mojo!!"

Okay... too much info here...

"Ya right!!" Blake snorted.

"It's true!!! You know it was that girl... what's her name... anyway the one at Shawn's party!"

"We're not talking about my party..." Shawn mumbled.

"Cause you got punched in the face and cried like a girl?" Clark laughed.

"I didn't cry!!!" Shawn defended himself

"You passed out a little" Blake laughed.

"I fucking didn't!!"

"Still wish I had crooked your fucking nose..." Blake mumbled.

"Alright so you punched him, why? Cause he slept with a girl you wanted, before you did? A girl you didn't give a crap about? A girl you were just planning to use??" I exclaimed.

"What are you doing? Trying to make me feel bad about myself?" Blake asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Ya cause I think Karma kicked him in the balls already!!" Clark said laughing.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Well that's the night he got in that car accident" Clark said, like it was the simplest thing.

"You got in a car accident?" I asked looking at Blake and there was something weird about his eyes.

"Ya, I got in a car accident, what's it to you anyway, it's not like you care? Or even knew!!" he snorted.

For one second, one tiny second, I actually felt bad. I mean, I should have known that right? But then I

thought about the way he treated girl and I didn't feel bad anymore.

He deserved that!!

"So you punched Shawn, left and then got into a car crash? That really is Karma!" I said laughing.

Blake gray eyes turned almost black.

Ooops.

"You forgot the part where drunk you screamed at him!" Clark laughed.

"What!!!?"

"Hell yeah babydoll, I didn't see it, but I was told you were pissed and you screamed at him!!" Clark laughed even more

"Why??" I asked shocked.

"Cause when I punched Shawn, I interrupted your nice dancing!" Blake said his jaw tight.

Okay... I really didn't remember that...

Well it's not like I remember a lot about that night... when I woke up the next morning, I had no idea how

I had gotten back home, and then Vanessa had walked into my room, and told me, Catherine had called her from Shawn's party telling her I was finished and I needed a ride home.

After that, people had filled me in my nice evening and I had been told that I had drunk like three bottles of Sour Puss, all by my stupid self. I had made a fool of myself. Sang Happy birthday to Shawn like a freaking cheap whore, rubbed myself all over Fred, and then Shawn. But no one had ever told me I had screamed after Blake. Heck I didn't even know Blake had been at that party!

But what he just said, that him punching Shawn had interrupted our dancing, kinda made me glad he did... cause well I had no idea what would have happen if I hadn't been stopped.

Because that night I was pissed. I had broken up with Alex, because, after like almost nine months, basically nothing had happened between us. Like we kissed but that was it. And it's not because I'm a slut or anything, but it just seemed like there was something missing between us, a spark or something.

That night I had gone to his house, to tell him this, to ask him what the hell was wrong between us, and oh boy had I been surprised... and pissed... mostly pissed.

So we had broken up, and I had sluttied up and gone to Shawn party, trying to prove something to myself I think, trying to convince myself I wasn't repellent, I wasn't-

Ya, no, not going there...

Anyway... That was a night I would gladly erase if I could!

"Well, I'm sure you deserve what I told you but thanks nevertheless," I told Blake and then stared daggers at Shawn "because I would never rub myself on Shawn with my sane mind!"

"Ya because me and Shawn we don't use our little sad eyes trick!!" Clark said fakely offended.

"What the hell are you talking about!? Blake doesn't have sad eyes; he has evil eyes, and smirks!!"

"Thanks!" Blake snorted.

"Wow, are you blind babydoll?" Clark asked.

"No I'm not."

"I'm not kidding, seriously!" Clark said and then called out to Stacey and Miriam, who came rushing back like bees to honey.

Blake was shaking his head, drinking one of his beers, and rolling his eyes.

"Just drop it Clark, you're annoying me" he said.

"No, no, no. I'm proving a point here" he said and looked at the two bimbos "Tell us girls, we're having a little argument here, and we'd like to know; why did you sleep with Mister Eaton here?" Clark asked.

"It's the sad eyes..." Stacey stated.

I rolled my eyes, and took my Pepsi.

"I just gave him a blowjob..." Miriam said and shrugged.

I chocked on my drink a little.

"Still counts!"

"Sad eyes" she simply stated.

"Thank you girl, you can go back to frolicking in the meadows now" Clark said, whooshing them away and then looked at me evilly "Told you!!"

"Congrads Clark, you just proved us all you really have a lot of time to waste" Blake said snorting.

"Whatever dude, I was just trying to prove a point. Us players we have to stick together ain't that right, my wing man!" Clark said patting Blake on the shoulder and then he walked away, to where the bimbos had left, Shawn with him.

Well... That had been interesting...

Blake was still sitting beside me, scowling, and drinking his beer and then something occurred to me.

"So that's your trick?" I told him.

"Hmm?" Blake mumbled, and then looked at me.

"Your way to get any girl. Pretend you're all sad and desperate..." I answered.

"Who said I was pretending?" Blake answered, and then it was like they hit me; his sad eyes, I could see

them, and they didn't feel fake, not for one second... but before I could add anything he got up and walked away.

Chapter 21

Chapter Twenty

Okay, so I wanted to make this one longer, but I don't know, I like how it ended.. :P And I'm sure you guys are happy to have a little something to read :P

So anyway, enjoy you guys! It's my last post in 2009, cause yes, I'm still in the other decade... lol

So read, enjoy, vote and comment!! Well mostly comment... I love comments :D

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I was still sitting in my camping chair, stunned, when Alex came back, with two hot dogs for me.

But all I could think about was what the hell is wrong with Blake... because there had to be something wrong right? I mean why the hell would he have such sad eyes for no reasons? Or maybe he was just trying to make me feel bad... ya that's something he'd probably do...

"There you go Kitty," Alex said, handing them to me, snapping me out of my thinking.

I thanked him absentmindedly, still trying to figure out why the hell would Blake act like that.

"What's wrong?" Alex asked me, sitting back in his chair.

"Hmmm?"

"You have something on your mind."

"Ya, well... I think I might have said something wrong... does Blake get offended easily?" I asked frowning.

"What do you mean?" he asked, before taking a big bite from his hamburger.

"I don't know... I think I said something mean and now Blake's mad at me..."

"And that's a problem because?"

"I don't like having people mad at me, you know that!"

"Ya well, you kinda worked for it you know... Half of the time you speak with him, you insult him. That was bound to bite you back at some point," Alex chuckled.

"Hey! It's not like he's a gentlemen either, I mean please he turns everything into sexual innuendos and is always using freaking pick up lines!"

"Ya but he's not telling you "you're an ass" every two seconds."

"Whose side are you on, young man?" I exclaimed, turning to look at him fully.

"Fine, be like that," Alex laughed, shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

"I hate you," I mumbled and laid back in my chair

"No, you love me because you know I'm right," Alex said with a half smile.

"No, no, I'm pretty sure I hate you..." I pouted.

Alex just laughed and ruffled my hair, but I slapped his hand away.

"Aww, don't get mad at me Kitty. I mean I still love you even though you're a meany. That should count for something," he chuckled.

I raised my head, looking at the still blue sky, breathing in and out slowly.

The truth was I wasn't mad at Alex, I was more like mad with myself. I mean what the hell had I done wrong again?

I ate the rest of my food in silence, listening to everyone conversation around me, but not really listening at the same time.

When I was finished, I looked around, trying to find Blake, so I could go see him to understand what the hell was wrong with him I guess, or at least try to apologize...

"Do you know where Blake went?" I asked Alex, interrupting his conversation with Connor about how hot their asses looked in their spandex football pants.

"Sorry Kitty, I don't."

"I think I saw him walk to the deck a little while ago," Connor told me.

"Thanks!"

I got up from my seat, taking my M&M's with me, you know as a peace gesture, and made my way through the trail, towards the Creek.

But then when I could see the deck, instead of finding Blake alone, I saw Catherine, sitting there with him.

For some reason, my pace slowed and I watched intently the scene in front of my eyes.

Catherine leaned her head on Blake shoulders, and then Blake's arm wrapped around her waist, his head resting over hers, and my eyes were bulging.

WHAT THE HELL?

What was THAT supposed to mean?

And then I could hear what they were saying...

"Easy for you to say..." Blake mumbled.

"I meant it... the truth is bound to come out at some point..." Catherine answered.

"That's what scares me..." Blake said.

Oh god, oh dear mother of god...

Is Catherine cheating on Mark with Blake? Oh my god, that would be perfect, just freaking perfect!

I can't believe she would do something like that to Mark! They're so perfect for each other! What is she thinking?

Cause I mean come on... "the truth is bound to come out"?

Dear god...

And just the way they're standing...

And then hadn't Catherine been all "Blake's a good guy, there's a nice side to him"...

Oh god, oh god, oh go-

"Hey Lexi!" Catherine suddenly exclaimed while her head turned towards where I was.

Damn it! I'm spotted!

Weird thing, they didn't split apart like I would have guess they would...

"Hey guys, I didn't mean to interrupt or anything... not that I'm saying that there's something to interrupt, I'm just saying you know, if... ya rambling... I'm going to shut up now..." I said and turned around heading for anywhere far away from here.

But before I could walk away, I saw Mark coming from the trail.

Oh crap... oh crap crap crap!

"There you are!" he said, and then I turned my head back, to look at Catherine and Blake, expecting them to finally separate because they got caught, but instead Catherine pinched Blake's cheek, and he ruffled her hair, before she got on her feet.

Okay... I'm extremely confused now...

"Stop trying to take advantage of my girlfriend Eaton!" Mark said laughing.

"It's not taking advantage if she willingly comes to me..." Blake trailed, smirking a little.

Okay, this situation is just getting more and more confusing...

"Is this true Cath?" Mark asked, smiling.

"Well, Blake's hot you know," Catherine said, waving the matter with her hand and then laughed, Mark joining her.

Okay, seriously, what's going on here?

"Hey Cath! Remember what I said, I'm not kidding about your face!" Blake warned, when Mark and she started to walk back in the trail.

"Don't worry hysterical pre-teenage girl," she said rolling her eyes and then left with Mark, leaving an extremely bemused Lexi standing by the deck.

"You know, confusion suits you well Pumpkin," Blake snorted.

I stared at him, frowning and then walked towards him.

"Okay, I'm like really really lost here... Care to explain what I just saw?"

"And why would I do that?" Blake asked me, as I sat beside him, my feet dangling off the deck and in the water.

"I brought M&M's?" I said, offering him the bag.

Blake rolled his eyes, but still took and handful of candy.

"If you insist, our families are pretty close. Catherine's dad owns the art gallery downtown, so her father and mine are friends, so are our mothers, oh and I'm friends with her half-brother Josh... so ya... that wasn't me hitting on my mate's little sister so don't get you panties in a notch Pumpkin, plus a bro would never hit on another bro's girlfriend," Blake explained, while eating my M&M's.

Hmmm... that actually made sense...

Wow, I did jump on conclusion pretty fast, didn't I?

"Didn't think you had enough morals to follow the bro code!" I said and then regret it a little because I hadn't come here to insult him more, but to apologize and that didn't really help my cause.

But it was just too easy to give snotty replies with Blake... and it was actually kind of fun...

"Did you have a legitimate reason to come here, or you were just planning on annoying me?"

"Oh so now I annoy you?"

"Yes, actually, you're getting into one of those stalking not-even-girlfriend that attack my inbox. I know I'm delicious and all, but I expected more from you Pumpkin," Blake said smirking.

Well that was more like the normal Blake!

"Well to be honest I came here to apologize," I told him, resisting the urge to bite back with another insult.

"And why would you apologize Pumpkin?" Blake asked and then leaned his head back, throwing a handful of M&M's in his mouth.

"I don't know... looked like I hurt your feelings back there."

"Aww, but don't you know that Pumpkin, I don't have feelings, remember? I'm basically a penis on two legs, searching for his next victim."

"Please, let's not speak about your penis, I'm trying to be nice here!"

"And what, talking about it, is just turning you on so much? Admit it you picture me naked all the time!" Blake said and wiggled his eyebrows, smirking.

"Idiot!" I said and punched his shoulder, earning myself a laugh from him.

"Anyway, thanks for the apology I guess..." Blake said frowning and smiling a little at the same time.

"You better be thankful, cause trust me, you won't get a lot of those!"

"Oh, I feel really privileged," Blake said, nodding, but smirking.

"Good!"

"Oh and... that's for calling me a pig," Blake said and then grabbed me around the waist and threw us both into the water.

Chapter 22

Chapter Twenty One

Alright you guys, here it is! The next chapter! :P

Hope you like it! I know I had mention that I was going to wrap up the Creek with this one, but I just have too many stuff to write.. we're never going to see the end to this story.. lol.. Plus I think this chapter was long enough..

Anyway, I want to say a big thanks to all my new fans, looks like the family is growing ;P

But I would also like to thank all my older fans! I love you guys! :P

Oh and thanks to everyone who comment! I love you too! ;P lol

So I hope you guys enjoy this one... I KNOW you will.. ;P I wasn't sure about putting a part, actually I've been arguing with È.. sorry girl, we're sticking with it.. but anyway.. I hope you'll like it :P And don't freak please.. lol

So read, enjoy vote and COMMENT! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A few things crossed my mind as my fully clothed body hit the water.

One, well, I was fully clothed.

Two, my M&M's were falling with us.

Three, the water was freaking cold.

Four, if I had mean ninja skills, this never would have happened.

And five, Blake was a dead man.

It was as simple as that. I had come here to actually be kind and apologize and now mister pompous ass throws me in the water!?

He's dead.

D. E. A. D. dead!

Blake was still holding me around the waist, as we got deeper into the water, and all I could think about was that the second we would come up for air he was going down!! I would drown that stinking bastard!

My shirt and shorts were slowing my movements but I still managed to shove Blake away and then come back up for air.

A few seconds later, Blake's head appeared on the surface and he was laughing, actually laughing!

That asshole!

Without hesitation, I jumped on him, to dunk him, and pushed us both down. I kicked myself deeper, my hands pushing his shoulders down, but the shorts kinda made it hard to go fast.

Stupid shorts!

I wonder how guys can actually go fast wearing those... well not the point here anyway.

I grabbed Blake's shirt and towed him deeper. But then Blake held me around the waist again, and he was the one dragging me to the bottom of the Creek. I wiggled out of his hands, kicking and pushing him away, and then pulled myself back to the surface, gasping for air. I barely had time to take one breath before I was pulled by the ankle back into the water.

Ya, I'm probably not going to win this fight, I thought as I was once again surrounded by the coldness of the water.

I hate to admit this but I'm still a girl and the guy I'm up against now is kinda the running back in my school football team. As much as I'd loved to believe I'm a badass, I don't really stand a chance when I lose the element of surprise.

Stinking jackass, stinking stinking jackass!

So I kicked Blake in the chest, and swam to the surface, heading for the deck.

But before I could lift myself fully on the deck, Blake grabbed me around the waist and then I was falling back in the water again and I could hear Blake laughing.

I pushed him away.

"Do you have any idea in how much trouble you are right now?!!?!?" I screamed at him and then kicked the water with my legs, splashing him "Because trust me, you're in so much trouble that your children and your children's children will pay for this!!"

Blake couldn't answer because he was laughing too much.

"GOD! You're sooooo annoying," I yelled, and pushed his head underwater before swimming as fast as I could to the deck to finally make it out of the water.

I got on my feet, my clothes all dripping, furious.

"Look at what you've done! Now I'm all freaking wet because of you," I yelled at him, pulling my shirt and short a little away from me, to not have it stick on me.

Wet clothes are so uncomfortable!

"Oh that's sooo not the first time I'm getting this from a girl," Blake said while pulling himself back on the deck.

"Dear freaking mother of god! Could you just once, just freaking once not turn EVERYTHING I say into something sexual? Just ONCE?" I yelled at him, shoving him on the chest.

"I could, but where would be the fun in that?" Blake replied laughing and smirking.

Oh my god!! I hate him! I HATE him, I hate him, I HATE HIM!

I turned around, walking away from him, scowling.

What is it about him that just infuriates me so much? Ugh!

I rushed furiously in the trail, my clothes sticking on me uncomfortably.

"Aww, come on Lexi, lighten up!" Blake laughed behind me, and I purposely made a branch snap behind me so he could get it in the face.

"OUCH," Blake yelled. "That was just mean Pumpkin!"

"Well that's all you deserve, you stupid prick," I yelled and then I turned around punching him on the chest "Not only did you threw me in the water but you freaking DROWNED my M&M's, you asshole!"

"If it can make you happy, I'll buy you more," Blake laughed.

I groaned furiously and ran the last few feet out of the trail, scowling.

"Oh my god! Kitty what happened to you?" Alex laughed, the second he saw me.

"That jackass, that's what happened," I said mad, pointing towards Blake.

Blake was still laughing like a moron and then he took his soaked shirt off, shoving his hair back in the process.

For one tiny tiny second, my brain went WOW but then I mentally kicked myself in the ass.

"And don't you think taking your shirt off will make up for it, you dim-wit," I yelled at him and then ran away again, his laugher echoing behind me.

Ugh!

"Kitty, wait up," Alex yelled behind, and ran to me "I put your things in my tent."

"Thanks," I said, but my tone was still fuming.

"Calm down Kitty, breathe in, breathe out" Alex snickered.

"Do you have any idea how mad I am right now? Do you have any clue how much I want to punch that idiot in the face? Seriously I have no idea what I'm going to do to get back at him just yet, but trust me, when I do figure it out, he'll wish he was never born," I said, furious.

"You know you should just calm down for a second, so what, he pushed you in the water, no big deal" Alex said with a little smirk like it was actually funny to him.

"Okay, now you're annoying me too," I scowled and without listening to his reply ran to his tent to change.

I zipped it close behind me and then took off all my soaking wet clothes, and my bikini too and changed into my warmed clothes; my black sweat pants and my gray hoodie, over a light t-shirt. I got out, a minute later, my damp clothes rolled in my hands, while I tied my hair into a bun again, to not have them wet my hoodie.

"Wow, you look mad" Janna said to me when I walked to the picnic table to get my hands on some food.

I settled on a chocolate bar.

"That's because I am mad" I answered and took a big bite of chocolate.

"Does that mean we won't get Lexi's famous marshmallow and chocolate chip honey cookies?" Trevor said beside her, pouting.

"No don't worry you'll get one" and as I answered I saw Blake walking to the tree where everyone wet

clothes were hanging to dry, still laughing "BUT SOMEONE SHOULD LOOK OUT FOR THE SPIT IN HIS," I yelled so he could hear it.

He just laughed more.

And I just scowled more.

I ate my chocolate bar with rage and then proceed to hang my clothes on the branch too.

And that's when I had an epiphany, when I saw Blake's bathing suit.

I laughed alone mischievously while I left to walk in the wood.

I looked around for a little while and then finally found what I was looking for; those plants with little round spiky thingy that are kinda like Velcro, well actually they kinda inspired the guy that invented Velcro, and you know, that clung to your clothes when you walk through them and that hurts your finger when you pull them off.

I took a bunch, hurting myself a little in the process, and then still laughing alone, walked back to the tree

with everyone's clothes and put all of the spiky things inside Blake's bathing suit!

Now I'll be the one laughing when he'll put it back on! Because I knew how things went, we would all go swimming back in the Creek when it would be dark.

And I would have my revenge.

Ah sweet, sweet revenge.

Nodding to myself, I left and headed to the camping chairs, where everyone looked at Cameron, trying to start the fire.

"I'll bring you fire, my people," he was saying, when I sat in an empty seat beside Alex.

"If you could do that, like in this century that would be really nice," his brother said beside him, laughing.

"We should throw beer on it!" Shawn said, drinking from his bottle.

"Wow, what a wonderful idea Shawn, why don't you try that and see how much that won't work considering how low in alcohol that stinking American beer is," Blake answered shaking his head.

"Got a better idea?" Shawn asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Just give him a minute, we're not at the throw-gas-on-it stage yet," Blake answered.

"You look less furious Kitty," Alex said beside me.

"That's because I just realized I was getting mad too fast and for no good reason," I answered with an evil smile.

"What did you do to him?" Alex laughed before drinking from his beer.

"Nothing that will harm him... yet."

"Is this the moment when you laugh like Cruella Devil or twist your mustache with evil eyes?" Alex said, laughing.

"Hey! I don't have a mustache," I replied, fackly offended and mock-punched him on the shoulder.

"So what, you do kill puppies?"

"Dumbass," I smiled, pushing his shoulder.

"Oh oh! It's starting guys," Cameron yelled clapping his hands together, jumping up and down like a little girl getting her first Barbie.

"You're such a girl Cameron," Connor said, while sitting.

And then I smiled to myself, just enjoying being here, with all these stupid guys that I called friends, grateful for the fact that even though they were complete idiots sometimes they could always make me laugh, they could always make me smile, and they made me forget about everything else, and made me just enjoy the present. Not everybody had that...

I lifted my legs to my chest, resting my head on my knees and looked at the orange sun set behind the trees, pink blue red white and orange twisting together into a perfect picture, one that only the sky could hold.

And just like that, I was happy again, and I didn't care that my life felt screwed up right now, I didn't care that my mother had abandoned us, or that Blake was an ass, all I cared was that I was looking at

something beautiful which I was lucky to be able too, and it was enough for now...

"Alright, who's the man?" Cameron smirked, holding his arm up beside him, leaning back a little and nodding.

"Your mom," Dwayne yelled and then Cameron and Trevor said, "Don't you dare talk about my mom," at the exact same time, in the exact same tone and attitude, making us all burst into laughter.

"So you guys are enjoying our trip?" Alex asked when everyone had taken a seat around the small fire.

"I'm going to be enjoying it more when I'll have one of Lexi's marshmallow cookies in my hands," Trevor said.

"Forget about it dude, you ain't getting your hands on my cookies," I said smirking.

"OW, Trevor got BURNED," Dwayne yelled, and everyone laughed.

"See that's exactly what we were missing, dirty jokes," Clark nodded, smirking.

"Please..." I rolled my eyes.

"Oh yeah and I made another of my legendary versions of the Aristocrat's joke for you guys," Clark added and then we were all shouting at him to stop and shut up, that we didn't want to hear it and that he was just a gross perv... well I yelled the last part.

"So, a family walks into a talent agency. It's a father, a mother..." Clark started to say really loudly, ignoring our shouting, but then Blake yelled, "If you don't stop right now, so help me god, I'll tell everyone about that time you tried to p-" and Clark lunged at him, efficiently shutting them both up.

"If you EVER tell anyone," Clark was yelling and Blake was just laughing.

He seemed to be laughing a lot since pushing me in the water! Well he wouldn't be laughing soon enough... when he would put his shorts on... Mouhahahahaha...

"Alright guys, break it off," Mark intervened, shoving Clark away.

"Fine" Blake laughed and settled his chair back on its feet and sat on it.

"I was just trying to tell a little joke" Clark pouted.

"Ya, like THE most disgusting joke in the history of dirty jokes," I snorted.

"You don't know about that! Maybe in this version they really WERE doing a talent show," Clark answered me.

"Alright, what's an aristracrap joke?" an annoying voice I had almost forgotten about, Stacey, asked.

"If you answer that Clark I'm telling everyone," Blake warned him.

"Aw, come on! She ASKED," Clark whined

"Well, we ask you to keep your jokes to yourself," Alex told him.

"If I can't share my sex jokes than I might as well leave right now," Clark pouted again.

"Please do," I smirked, nodding my head.

"Shush! You like me! My presence is a blessing."

"And now, I'm asking you to stop being delusional," Alex laughed, shaking his head in fake disapproval.

"Fine, as long as I get to ask one thing!"

"Depends," Alex answered.

"Oh it's really simple, there's one thing I want to know in life ONE thing, and that is," Clark started to say and then turned to face Blake "how the hell did you manage to score that Maxim girl? Seriously HOW? I'm begging you man!"

I rolled my eyes. I was prepared to something so much more dramatic.

"Don't get all whiny, damn it. I don't know! She was at one of my mom's book release..." Blake answered rolling his eyes too.

"What kind of book does your mom write that makes a Maxim girl come to the event?" Clark exclaimed.

"That's... she was with a guy, a publisher or manager or some shit like that, alright, that's just how it works," Blake said, shaking his head.

"But HOW?" Clark begged.

"I told you, I don't know, I was drunk," Blake answered, lifting his hand and letting them fall back beside him.

"See, that's why life is so unfair, he gets drunk, he gets a Maxim girl, I get drunk I get-"

"Your cousin Sue" Blake cut him, laughing.

"Just shut up!" Clark said, falling deep in his chair, sighing "Life is so unfair..." he frowned, shaking his head and then drank from his beer bottle "I wonder who deflowered you..."

"Aww for fuck sake, aren't you done talking about my sex life," Blake exclaimed.

"I bet it's that chick I saw on one of the pictures in your phone... Evelyn I think..."

"Dude, that's my cousin! Unlike you I don't do that family thing. And if you don't wipe that fucking smirk off your face and stop thinking about her I'm going to do it myself," Blake warned.

Hmmm? Blake sounds like an over-protective big brother right now... That's a side of him I wasn't expecting.

"Ah please, you can't keep all these England girls to yourself," Clark exclaimed.

"You know what, suit yourself, go on and try to nail any of them, just keep the fuck away from my family..." Blake mumbled.

"And why would you want to go anywhere else when I'm here?" Miriam crooned to Clark and then she was all over him.

Yuck!

I made a disgusted face.

"Aww, get a room or something!" Blake frowned and then picked his chair up and walked over me smirking and then set it right beside mine.

I rolled my eyes at him.

"So, still mad at me Pumpkin?" Blake smirked.

"Of course not," I replied angelically.

"Should I be scared?" Blake said and snorted.

"Very," I smirked.

"Oh well, I guess I'll deserve, whatever it is right? After all, I killed your M&M's," Blake laughed.

"Exactly and murder should earn you a death penalty or something. Especially since what you did was like mass murder!"

Everyone around were having conversations, talking about anything, but strangely, I didn't really cared about what they talked about. Fighting with Blake was so much more fun!

"So you're like an over protective brother with that cousin of yours?" I said.

"Well, she is like the little sister I never had. Every time I go back to England with my parents, we stay most of the time at the family mansion so I spend a lot of my time with her, and my other cousin of course."

"Family mansion? How loaded is your family for Pete sake?" I asked incredulous.

First the Lamborghini, then all the trips and the house everywhere, and the studios and the art galleries and now a family mansion?

"Oh it's because I'm a prince you know I'm the heir to the throne and all that, and my family rule the world with an underground organization, fighting all the mythical creatures, so we get a lot of cash killing zombies." Blake explained, matter-of-factly.

"Dang it, and here I thought you were an undercover cop or something"

"And I was spying on you because your mom actually found a new profession; prostitution and her pimp, that we saw at the restaurant, is like the leader of all pimps and I want to take him down because he shot me once and because of him I can't pee straight anymore. But now, I can't seem to take her down because I'm hypnotize by your beauty."

"No, no. no, that's not it! You're actually a double agent and you fell in love with one of the whores and you kidnapped her, trying to pull a Stockholm syndrome on her!" I said, enthusiastically, laughing.

"And it turns out the pimp is the love of her life and I can't kill him because otherwise she'll be mad at me... ya ya I like that scenario," Blake laughed.

"But seriously?"

"Oh... well my families just always been lucky in business. They invested in the right companies at the right time, I guess, oh and inheritance and life insurance helped too. But ya, both families, always been loaded, always will be I guess... well who knows with the stock market these days" Blake smiled and laughed "I think I liked the pimp story better."

"Me too."

"Alright Lexi, I think I've waited long enough now!! I want my cookies," Trevor whined.

"Okay, don't get all hysterical-girl-in-a-50%-off-sale-on-shoes-shop on me dude," I laughed and got up to go take my food.

When I got back with the marshmallows, chocolate-milk chips, and the honey cookies, some of the guys where already waiting by the fire with stick in their hands for the marshmallows.

"Okay guys, no fighting," I laughed and then took the branch Alex was handing me.

"I'm first! I'm first!" Trevor yelled, and I rolled my eyes at him.

After stabbing one of the marshmallows with the stick, I laid it over the fire, turning it over, to not grill it too much, just trying to give it that perfect golden tan.

"Alright Trevor, take your two cookies, Alex can you open the bags of chocolate chip?" I said, ordering every one, which was kinda fun.

And then, I took the marshmallow out and, after telling Trevor how to angle the cookies properly, slid it between them, and after, I took the chocolate chip bags and let them fall on the melting marshmallows, making some fall on the ground, but that was just standard procedure. And then, his cookie was done and I squished them together.

"Voilà!" I said, and bowed a little.

Trevor didn't say anything cause he was already attacking it.

And so, I started to make more, for everyone. That was a habit I had. Every time we camped out, I made those cookies, and I had to be the one grilling the marshmallows, I don't know why, I guess I'm just weird like that but I liked to do it all.

When I had given one to everyone, even to Stacey and Miriam, but let's just say I let theirs grill a little longer and made most of the chocolate chips fall on the ground instead of their cookies, I finally started to make one for myself.

"These are great you know that!" Alex said, his mouth full, his fingers full of melting marshmallow and chocolate.

I smiled at him "If they weren't you wouldn't ask for more every time"

But then I looked down at my marshmallow and it was on freaking fire.

"Aw crap!" I whined and then proceed to stop the fire by shaking it from left to right "Now great, I have to get this off" I groaned.

The white and black goop was scorching on my fingers and all sticky, and I wanted to wipe it but there was no way I was doing that on my clothes and then, oh joy, I knew exactly where I would put it when I looked at Blake, who was standing up, right beside me because he was the last one I had made a cookie for.

With a smirk I wiped it all in his face.

"Damn it Lexi! That's hot," Blake screamed, jumping away in surprise.

I just laughed. It was good to be the one laughing for once.

"Oh you wanna play that game," Blake said and he was the one laughing now.

And then he opened his cookie and slid it all, marshmallow and chocolate, everywhere on my face.

"Ew! You jerk! That gross. Take it off," I yelled, and I wanted to clean it off my face, but it was hot and all sticky and dang that wasn't pleasant.

"Alright," Blake said, smirking even more and then he took my chin in his hand and then licked my cheek, actually licked my freaking cheek.

"OH MY GOD! Blake! You fucking dick," I yelled and then pushed him on his chair and took his chin in my hand too and lick his face but like with as much spit as I could making a nice "Bheeeeaaa" sound doing so.

"Alright alright get off," Blake yelled, laughing and pushing me off.

"You know that was just gross," I scowled, and tried to wipe some of the crap I had on my face now.

Gross, just gross!

"Hey you licked too," Blake laughed.

"You know what, ground rule; no face licking, or just licking for that matter!" I said sitting back on my chair and then I took Blake's hood, and wiped my face with it.

"I can't promise that," Blake answered, shaking his head and laughing.

"Dumbass," I exclaimed and punched his arm.

Blake just laughed more

"God I hope you didn't give me your herpes," I whined.

Stacey, who I had still forgotten about, snorted "For him to have herpes, he'd need to kiss a girl!"

"What?" I answered, rubbing my forearm on my face, trying to clean my face, but still falling. That marshmallow was sticky.

"Oh ya, mister doesn't like to get kiss," Stacey continued.

"You'd blame me for not wanting to kiss that mouth..." Blake mumbled, low enough that I was probably the only one to hear.

I muffled a laugh.

"You're so weird Blake!" Stacey exclaimed, shoving her hair, in a typical bitchy move.

"Thanks, coming from you, I'll take that as a compliment," Blake snorted.

"Whatever," Stacey said, waving her hand and then she went to sit on Shawn's lap.

Wow, how pathetic.

"I don't know about you guys, but I think it's dark enough to go swimming now!" Connor said.

"Great idea," I agreed.

That way I could wash my face. And Blake could put his short on.

Mouhahaha.

Everyone else agreed, and next thing I knew we were all taking our bathing suit form the tree and going to change.

I went after Alex's in his tent, my bikini, still damp, which wouldn't be fun to put on but at least it would be easier to get in the water. It would be less cold.

When I was changed, and untying my bun, letting my still a little damp hair fall to the middle of my back, that's when I heard what I was waiting for.

"LEXI," Blake shrieked.

Ah sweet revenge...

Chapter 23

I Sold Myself to the Devil... [EXTRA: Lexi&Alex's Break-Up Scene]

Okay, so before you read this... Oh I'm kinda worried about this one.. lol.. Damn you È for not getting on MSN to proofread it!! Anyway.. ya.. that's a little treat for you guys (not sure you can call it that way though..:S) anyway I'm posting it because I think you guys deserve to know why Lexi and Alex broke up, and that way you might understand a few things more clearly! I'm also posting it because I want Lexi to be able to say things a little more up-front about their relation, I mean if you read carefully there a lot of evasivness about when they dated..

So, okay, you have to keep in mind that it happened like more than one year ago from where we're at in I

Sold Myself, so of course Lexi had time to cool down and all...

And to all of you who already guessed it, round of applause for you ;P

So anyway, enjoy!! Oh and comment, I'd like to know your reaction! Oh and please don't freak!!

Lexi&Alex's Break-Up Scene

"Alex, we need to talk!" I told him, the second I walked in his room, not bothering to knock, but just walking in like I owned the place.

Alex walked out of his wardrobe, shirtless as always and left me breathless as always.

If only things could be as simple as that. If only I could just be content by staring at his really really hot body...

"Well well aren't you nice looking tonight Kitty?" Alex said with a half smile looking at me up and down.

"Right back at you. I think you have the perfect birthday suit!" I told him half smiling.

"Oww, perfect? Really?" Alex said smiling.

"Alright, I so not came earlier to talk about your nice bod" I said rolling my eyes.

"What for then?" he asked, absentmindedly, going through his closet.

"Alex..." I started to say but then the words got caught up in my throat.

How could I say this, how could I explain this without sounding like a stupid slut?

Alexander turned around and then looked at me frowning.

"What's wrong?" he asked his voice southing.

Okay, so I'm his girlfriend, I should be able to say this, to state this easily I mean...

But the words wouldn't come and then I just kept staring at him, staring at Alexander who was my closest friend beside Vanessa, who I had a crush on for has long as I could remember, Alex who was my boyfriend now, and who was shirtless and so dang hot...

So instead I just did what I wanted to do and walked up to him, grabbed him around the neck and kissed him. I kissed him like there was no tomorrow.

I could feel him frowning against my face, but I didn't care, I just kept kissing him, my fingers tangling in his hair, pressing our bodies together, while tottering back towards his bed.

But deep inside I knew it was useless, I could already feel it, or more like not feel it. But my lips were still more and more demanding, almost fighting with his.

When the back of my knees touched the side of his bed I let myself fall, bringing Alex down with me. He stopped himself from squishing me, putting his hands on both of my sides and then for a tiny second, I actually believed that I might have been wrong, and that I had just been freaking out for no good reason, and that everything was alright and so before this moment stopped, before this sudden change of habit disappeared, I wrapped one of my legs around his waist, as one of my hands ran over his hard and muscular chest, slowly trailing down his stomach.

But then reality came crashing back down.

"Lexi..." Alex mumbled against my ravenous lips "Lexi, stop..." he said as his hand unwrapped my leg from him.

And then I was mad, so I pushed him off hastily.

"SEE!!! This is why we need to talk!!" I yelled furious sitting on the bed.

"Why? Because we not..." Alex sighed, beside me, before rubbing his palms against his face, and then brushing his fingers in his hair.

"Because for some reason, you don't seem to really want me, and all right, I know how slutty that sounds but please! We've been going out for like what? Ten months? I think holding hands and kissing is overdone by now! And I'm not talking about having sex, I mean, just making out! That could erase all my worries, but it's like you don't even want that!!"

"Lexi..."

"And you know what? It's like there's no spark between us! You know like those couples that just can't keep their hands off of each other! We don't have that!! We act exactly like we did before except

that sometimes we kiss! That's all!! I mean, if you don't like me, just say it!!" I yelled and then covered my face with my hands.

"Kitty I'm so sorry I never meant to hurt you..." Alex whispered and then came to sit closer to me.

"WHY?? Just why? Tell me what's wrong with me? Please! I'd like to understand why you aren't ATTRACTED to me!!" I shrieked, raising my head back up, staring in his eyes and I felt mine starting to tear up.

"Lexi please don't cry... I just... I thought... I thought because I loved you so much I could change..." Alex whispered, his voice strained.

"What do you mean?" I sobbed.

Wow, I'm already crying? How pathetic...

"Please, forgive me Lexi, please... I'm so sorry..." Alex said and then he took me in his arm, hugging me as tightly as he could.

"Alex?"

"I'm the quarterback. I hang out with guys that only think about scoring a new girl every night. And they started to say, started to ask, "Why the hell aren't you going out with any one?" and I knew they were jealous because you were always hanging with me-"

"What?"

"Let me finish... So I didn't know, I wasn't sure... and it was mean but I knew how you cared about me, and you have to understand Lexi, I care about you more than you can possibly imagine. You're like half of me. So when you kissed me at school before getting in your bus, before leaving for your trip to Hawaii that got me thinking. All the while you were gone... I thought, well if I love her so much maybe it's going to be enough, maybe I'm going to change, maybe I can be normal... but then it wasn't... but I just couldn't break your heart Kitty, because I love you so much, but not that way. I can't love you that way... And I couldn't tell you the truth because I know you'll be mad at me, and you'll stop speaking with me, and I'm going to lose my best friend and I just can lose you..."

Oh god...

"What are you saying Alex...?" I breathed but I already knew it...

"I'm saying I'm not attracted to you that way, because I'm just not attracted to girls..." Alex whispered.

And then, I pushed him off and got on my feet.

I started at him wide eyed.

Alex, my best friend since preschool, the boy I had a crush on for as long as I could remember, Alex my BOYFRIEND was gay?

"Please Lexi, that's exactly why I didn't want to tell you!!"

"Oh because going out with me was so much better!! You could have just said the truth!! God Alex!!" I hissed, the tears spilling out of my eyes and I wiped them away furiously with the back of my hand before my hand grabbed the roots of my hair on top of my forehead "And what? Have you been with... someone else?!! Did you cheat on me? What..." I rambled.

"Please Lexi" Alex started to say and got on his feet too "I would never do that to you!"

"Oh but you would still lead me on for TEN months!! Go out with me even though you knew you would just break my heart in the end!?!"

"Don't say that! I never meant to hurt you! Believe me Lexi! Please" Alex pleaded.

"BELIEVE YOU? How can I believe you!! You lied to me all this time!!" I shrieked, still holding my hair away from my face, the tears still spilling.

"Lexi..." Alex breathed and walked towards me, reaching for my hand.

"Don't touch me!!" I yelled, stepping away from him "DON'T EVER TOUCH ME!! I don't want to see you ever again!!" I yelled and then I stormed out of his room, banging the door behind me, while Alex yelled after me, to stay.

Oh my god... how can this be happening, I sobbed while fighting with my purse to get my keys, running to my car.

I stumbled in it, and as I took a last look at Alex's house, I could see him standing in the threshold of the front door, looking at me.

I ignored him, and then looked ahead and drove away.

How could this be happening? How could this be happening...

Oh god, oh god, oh god...

The tears still spilled, on my black metallic dress, making it hard for me to see and drive properly. I couldn't even breathe.

What was I supposed to do now?

What did this even mean??

I parked on the side of the road, clutching the steering wheel, hyperventilating.

How could I have been so dumb? How could I have been so blind? I should have known!!

I punched the seat beside mine and then lean my head back, my loud sobs escaping my lips.

This was just fucking perfect!! My only boyfriend didn't even like girls!! I was so freaking pathetic and unwantable that all I could attracted was a gay guy trying to hide the truth!!

And Alex had lied to me. Alex who I trusted with almost everything, Alex who was my best friend, aside from Vanessa. Alex who knew me almost better than anyone!!

And all these years, I had thought I knew him, but it was all just a fucking lie!!

I punched my steering wheel and cried even louder, gasping for air.

Why is this even happening?

I cried.

And cried.

And cried...

And to think that just hours ago I was getting all dressed up for him, so we could go to that stupid Shawn's birthday party together!

Who would have thought that instead I'd be parked by the side of the road, crying my freaking heart out!!

God...

And then my cell phone rang in my purse. I took it out with shaky hands and looked at the caller ID.

Alex.

I wasn't answering that!

I threw my cell phone on the back seat and held the steering wheel tightly again.

I started the car and then I drove.

Without even realising it, I found myself parked in front of Shawn's house, the party already wild.

I looked at myself in my mirror, wiped my tears away, brushed my hair with my fingers, and then took bloody-red lipstick out of my glove box and put it over my lips.

With one last glance, I stepped out of my car and walked to the house, the music loud, people already going wild.

The second I stepped in, I got my hands on the first bottle of booze I could see; Sour Puss was the grand prize winner, and took a good mouthful, right from the bottle, my expression twisting from the sharp taste.

"Hey Lexi!!" someone yelled and then Connor was in front of me smiling.

"Where's Alex?" he asked frowning.

The tears slowly built up in my eyes.

"We broke up!" I said sharply and then took another gulp.

"Whoa, easy there" Connor said.

"Can't get drunk on Sour Puss!" I told him and then walked towards the dancing crowd, the bottle still in my hand.

Now let's see if there really is something wrong with me...

Chapter 24

Chapter Twenty Two

Alright guys, come on, say you love me ;P

I mean seriously, I think it's a record! Plus I'm not giving you just two pages here! So if you see mistakes, point it out please, I did post this pretty soon! :P

Hope you'll like this chapter! And Blake's reaction! Mouhahahaha ;P

So anyway, read, enjoy, vote and COMMENT! :))))

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"LEXI GRAYSON! GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE RIGHT NOW!" Blake yelled, walking blindly in the forest.

After his first scream, I kinda figured it would be smarter on my behalf to just make a run for it and hide like a coward.

But I had a hard time keeping myself from laughing. I was actually, crouching behind a bush, holding my mouth in my hands, trying not to laugh.

Of course, in my hurry, I hadn't put any shoes on and now the branches were hurting my bare feet, and I was only wearing my bikini and it was pretty cold out there, but I didn't care. I wasn't going to move from my spot.

First, because I was kinda worried about Blake reaction.

Second, because if I moved and got deeper in the woods, I might get lost or something considering I didn't have a flashlight. Plus, I could totally walk into one of the plants like the ones that I had put in Blake's shorts and that would just be straight dumb on my behalf if I got caught by my own weapon.

"LEXI! SHOW YOUR FACE YOU LITTLE COWARD!"

Oh god, he sounds so mad... Haha!

I muffled another laugh.

"Get out of your hide out so you can explain to me why the hell you seem to find so much pleasure in torturing my balls!" Blake yelled and this time I giggled a little.

But I mean it's not like the spiky thingy could actually stick on his skin, I mean it just sticks on fabric, so worst case scenario he got sting a bit, so what, that's not the end of the world, he'll survive!

But that's when something occurred to me, something I really hadn't thought about because well honestly I don't have a fixation with Blake's balls, but those things got caught in hair too. I remembered all the time's Alex's dog came with us here, and we had to take all the plants out, one by one, which took like forever...

Oh god! I get why he's so mad now. Ha ha ha ha!

This time I really couldn't control my laugh anymore, and actually fell on my butt and laughed out loud, clutching my stomach.

"Oh Grayson, you're so dead right now!" Blake screamed and then he was right in front of me.

I couldn't see his expression, but I guess he was scowling.

I just laughed more.

"Oh god... I'm sorry... I didn't think about all the aspect of this prank... or your hairiness," I said between laughs and then Blake just crouched over me and put something in my hair.

"Good luck taking those out! By the way I gave you the same! Enjoy," Blake said, and I think I could actually hear a smirk.

"Oh that's just gross!" I yelled after him, getting back on my feet.

"Should have thought about it first," Blake said, walking in front of me.

I started to take the spiky thingy out of my hair and pulled hair in the process.

That definitely hurt. And my god damn long hair didn't help my cause.

But then I stopped dead in my track because I heard a sound. Almost like a growling.

"Oh my god, did you hear that?" I asked Blake in front who was still walking like he hadn't heard anything.

"My balls weeping in pain?" Blake snorted.

"NO! I'm serious, did you hear that sound?" I pressed, and walked up to him, because I was kinda scared now...

"What sound?" Blake asked, and I'm sure he was rolling his eyes now, if I could see them.

"Like a growling," I hissed.

"No..." Blake trailed.

I heard the growling again. And now it was clearer.

"Oh SHIT," I exclaimed.

"What?"

"It's a bear. There's a bear!" I exclaimed.

That was the only possibility. There was a bear. A freaking bear!

"What are you talk-" but then Blake stopped because we heard the growling sound again and it was louder this time "OH SHIT! There's a bear! RUN!" Blake yelled and then we were both running like crazy.

Oh god I don't want to die, eaten by a bear. That would be so lame. Plus, it's gotta hurt.

I kept running, through the wood, my feet hurting like crazy and then finally reached the meadow but Blake wasn't there anymore.

Oh shit.

"BLAKE!" I yelled,

Oh my god! He got eaten by the bear.

Calm down Lexi, he's probably alright, he was just slowing down or something...

But then, cue, I heard Blake scream "HELP!"

OH MY GOD!

I looked around to find someone but they were probably all at the Creek by now.

Oh god.

"SOMEONE HELP," I screamed and then I ran back into the forest.

"BLAKE," I yelled while running, trying to hear Blake again, or see him.

Please don't make me find his bloody corpse that is just bound to scare me to life...

"BLAKE WHERE ARE YOU?" I screamed.

"Right here," Blake's voice said behind me and I squealed like crazy.

"Blake, are you alright?" I hissed but then I heard the growling sound, way too close, and I screamed like there was no tomorrow.

But Blake was laughing.

And then there growling stopped and I heard someone else laughing.

Clark.

"Oh god you should have heard yourself," Blake said, laughing hysterically, leaning on his knees.

"Blake, Blake, Blake," Clark said, in a whiny voice and joined Blake in his laughing.

"Oh my god! What's wrong with you?" I yelled and kicked Blake on the leg.

"First, please Pumpkin did you really think I would be dumb enough to put my shorts on with those spiky things, I'm a jerk, not blind, oh and FYI the hairiness thing, that was just gross of you to think that, I mean please I'm hot. And second did you really think you could get back at me? Seriously Pumpkin, there's no point in trying to get revenge, I'm unprankable."

"So what you decided to just get me MORE mad at you," I shrieked and punched his shoulder.

"Well you did try to hurt my manbusiness again, and that's just hitting below the belt, plus I gotta say, you make a funny frightened girl!" Blake said and then laughed again and Clark joined him.

"OH GOD! What's wrong with you two? I almost had a freaking heart attack," I yelled and then shoved Clark in the chest.

"Hey! Not my idea here, I just followed the lead," Clark laughed.

"You! You're in SO much trouble," I shrieked punching Blake again.

"Aww, just give it up Pumpkin, you're never going to win against me, but hey, if it makes you feel any better, I gave you an A plus for your efforts! You earn yourself seven minutes of heaven with Clark the Tornado!" Blake said and then laughed again, leaning on his knees and I think he actually had hard time breathing, because he was too hysterical.

"I'm all yours, sugar," Clark said walking towards me but then I did something I usually never do because I know it's just plain mean but he had deserved it.

I kicked Clark in the family jewels.

Clark gasped in pain and then fell on his knees, grasping his crutch, making little weeping sound.

And then I turned towards Blake.

"OH SHIT," Blake yelled because I guess he saw what was coming for him too, and then he sprinted away.

"YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, EATON," I yelled, running after him.

Usually, I'm pretty sure Blake would have out run me but I was just so god damn mad that my legs ran faster than normal. Plus I think his laughing slowed him down, as usual.

That dick.

I was getting pretty dark outside, the only light came from the fire but I could still see his form running in front of me. And then when I was close enough, I lunged at him, tackling us both to the ground.

Of course, that didn't really help for my revenge-kick-in-the-nuts, so I settle on a good old wedgie.

Blake was still laughing under me but I ignored it and I grabbed the back of his shorts before pulling.

I got an immediate response.

Blake stopped laughing and started screaming.

"STOP STOP STOP!" Blake shrieked and he startled me, making me lose my grip.

I got back on my feet but Blake was still lying on the ground, curling up on himself.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god... I forgot to take one out... Oh god that hurts..." Blake whined.

Oh my god! Ha ha ha ha!

"OH. MY. GOD!" Blake yelled and punched the ground.

And it was my turn again to laugh hysterically.

"Oh this is sooo not funny, Grayson," Blake said, his voice strained and breaking.

"Trust me, from my point of view, this is hilarious," I answered him, clutching my stomach, trying to catch my breath.

Blake made another weeping sound, and I think he was retrieving the spiky thingy from his shorts.

"This is for all my dead M&M's. I avenged your memories, rest in peace guys," I said and laughed again.

"I'd like to inform you that I'm in fucking PAIN!"

"Well, then I think we can say we're even now," I told him smirking.

"Oh we're far from even," Blake answer and then he got on his feet.

Oh, oh...

I didn't think about it twice and started to run away, towards the Creek, squealing, Blake on my heels.

This time I think I'm going to need protection.

"ALEX. ALEX. ALEX!" I yelled while running in the trail, making sure to make the branches slap Blake.

I finally reached the end of the trail and could see the deck clearly, lightened by flash lights tapped on it, and I could see Alex, standing at the end of it.

"Alex," I yelled again, making him walked towards me.

The second I reached him, I hid behind him.

"What's wrong?" Alex asked at the same time Blake said "Hiding behind Alex won't save you!"

"Papa Bear, Blake's mean to me," I said in my little kid voice, clutching his back, laughing a little.

"She gave me a freaking wedgie," Blake yelled, trying to step around Alex, but he was still shielding me.

"Kitty, that's low, even for you," Alex laughed.

"Hand her to me Parker," Blake said.

"He drowned my M&M's, threw me in the water, oh and put the spiky thingy in my hair and scared the living crap outta me making me believe there was a bear," I pouted, still clinging to his back, pointing Blake.

"Sorry man, she wins," Alex answered laughing.

"That's just because she had sex with you," Blake mumbled, scowling at me.

In another context I might have been angry, or sad even, while I was reminded of how untrue that was, but right now, I was still in my victory bliss.

"So not the point here, you're torturing my Kitty, I'm the only one who has the right to do that," Alex laughed.

"Ya, and I think we could drop it now, call it a truce?" I said, still behind Alex, grinning sheepishly.

"You're unbelievable," Blake said rolling his eyes, but I could already see he was less angry.

"Is that a yes?" I asked, still grinning.

"Whatever," Blake mumbled.

"Shake hands kid," Alex said, stepping aside to make me come forward.

I rolled my eyes, but held my hand in front of me. Blake rolled his eyes too but shook it. But instead of letting go of my head he pulled me towards him and put something in my hair and then let go of me.

"This one really went against my manbusiness," Blake smirked.

"EWW," I shrieked and then tried to get it out, with a grossed out expression.

"Now we're even," Blake smirked.

But before I could punch or kick Blake, I got splashed by freezing water.

"AAAAh COLD," I shrieked, jumping away.

I could see one of the twins laughing in the water.

"Dude you're in trouble," I told him.

"Come and get me," he said, laughing and I recognized Cameron's voice.

And then Alex ran the end of the deck and jumped in the water, splashing me a little too.

"What's wrong with you all? It's so cold," I whined and wrapped my arms around me, shivering a little.

Ya... it would take a lot to get me in that water...

"Come on! Get in Lexi," someone yelled. Davis.

"Nope! I think it was a bad idea! I'm all skinny you know. I'll get hypothermia in no time."

"You chicken out?" Connor yelled in the water too.

"No I'm just being realist," I answered back and shivered again.

Blake was crouching, putting his hand in the water to see how cold it was.

"Ya, definitely freezing," he agreed.

Alex got out of the water and then walked up to me and squeezed me in his arm.

"Dear god! Get off, you're fucking cold," I yelled and pushed him away.

"Wanna come in MY arms. I'm all warm and cuddly," Blake said beside us, smirking.

"Dream on smartpants," I scowled.

"I will Pumpkin, I will... Alright so wanna race me to the other side?" Blake said smiling mischievously.

"Are you out of your freaking mind?"

"Come ON. Where's your competitive side?"

"Didn't you hear me at all? It's dead cold."

"The weather or your competitive side," Blake laughed.

"Both!"

"I think we should throw her in the water..." Alex said.

"Oh no you don't," I hissed and tried to run away but Alex caught me around the waist.

I trashed in his arms while everyone yelled at him to throw me in.

Bunch of traitors!

"Alexander Parker! You'll get into HUMONGOUS trouble if you don't put me down right this instant," I warned him, still trying to get out of his hold.

"Alright," Alex chuckled and then let go of me.

Everyone screamed in protest.

I ignored them, and wrapped my arms around my torso again, while Alex jumped back in.

Blake was still standing on the deck with me.

"I'll make a deal with you, if you jump I'll do a back flip," Blake said smirking.

"Show off," I scowled but I had to admit that would be cool.

"Come on Pumpkin, I thought you were tougher then this," he said, laughing.

The guys were screaming at me, telling me to just jump already, and then I had enough and I ran the end of the deck, squealing a little and then I jumped.

I felt my heart almost stop beating the second I touched the water.

Freezing was an understatement.

But of course it was just because I wasn't use to it yet. Nevertheless, it was still almost painful. It was like a big slap in the face, but all over my body.

My head didn't go all the way down though. My hands kinda stopped the movement. I gasped more in surprise than for air and then I wanted to get right back on the deck.

"No, no, no! You're not leaving," Cameron said laughing, and then he grabbed me in his arms, keeping me in the Creek.

"Let go! It's COLD!" I hissed.

"That's the point," he laughed. "Just keep moving, you'll get use to it!"

I already knew that! That didn't take away the fact that I was freaking freezing.

"Alright, you earn your back flip," Blake yelled from the deck. "Now, just so you know, if I hit my head or something, you'll have to be the one giving me mouth-to-mouth," he laughed.

"DREAM ON," I yelled back but for one tiny second I actually thought about how it would be if I actually kissed Blake, but I shook the thought away immediately! That would just be stupid.

"I WILL," he answered back and then he turned around, placed himself on the edge of the deck and crouched a little forward.

And then he took a swing and lunged himself backwards.

The guys were all cheering for him as usual, but I, on the other hand, was actually worried for a second that he would really hit his head on the deck.

But he didn't hurt himself. He simply back flipped and then hit the water.

"OH GOD! It IS cold," he shrieked the second his head got out of the water.

"Told you, dumbass," I yelled back, but I was slowly finding the water more bearable to stay in...

We all stayed in the water for a little while, some of the guys jumping from the deck, trying to show off too, in my mind, but then we all had enough and got out.

I wrapped myself tightly in my towel, shivering with cold, trying to not stop moving, all the while we came back to the fire.

Alex let me change first, and I got back in my comfy sweet pants and hoodie, but I was still pretty cold and my damp hair didn't help.

I put my hood on, and hid my hand in my sleeves, curling them into fists.

"It was a bad idea to swim! It's freaking cold," I said, my teeth chatting while I sat at the picnic table. Close from the fire.

"You always say that," Davis laughed.

"Cause it's always true," I shivered.

"Stop being such a crying baby, Kitty," Alex said and wrapped his arm around me.

"Back off! You're still cold," I told him and pushed him away, while he laughed. "How come I'm the only one getting hypothermia here?"

"Cause you don't have enough muscle mass," Alex laughed.

"Big meany," I frowned.

"I know you love me," he said smiling.

"Whatever," I answered, dismissively.

Still laughing, Alex got up and went to get more wood for the fire. Janna and Catherine came to sit with me at the table while their boyfriends went to help Alex. Catherine was looking at me with weird eyes, like she was trying to figure out something.

"You have that look," I told Catherine, frowning.

"Can't a girl think a bit," she answered, smiling.

"Spill it sister," I rolled my eyes.

"Well, what I wonder is why you still don't have a boyfriend... I mean come on, you and Alex... it's been what? Over a year? Is it because you still have feelings for him?" she asked me

"No, he just ruined me for every other man¸," I said dramatically

I wouldn't go into details with her about my relation with Alex, because it had almost destroyed our friendship. What he had done to me was wrong, and as much as I cared about him, I had every right to be mad at him. And that's what had happened the first month after our break-up. I had completely ignored him, never picked up his calls and just stopped talking with him.

Vanessa was still there and she was the one who forced me to go talk to him.

She had been right to do it. Because as much as I was mad with Alex, I was mad at myself too. I was mad for not being enough for him. I was mad for being so blind. And I was mad because I thought I knew everything about him.

But I was mad at Alex the boyfriend. Not at Alex the best friend.

And as much as I wanted to deny it, I was missing him.

Even when we were dating, it had always felt more like my best friend than my boyfriend, I just didn't want to admit it, I think.

Why?

Maybe because I was more in love with the concept of loving, than with Alex? Maybe in some way I was using him too. Not the way he had, but still.

Because it had always been a given. I had a crush on Alex. That was almost like a fact. The sky is blue, the grass is green, if you put your hands in fire it'll burn you and Lexi has a crush on Alex. It had always been that way. And I didn't think about it more, or tried to understand, it just was. Almost like a comfort zone.

And I did believe that Alex cared about me. And I cared about him too.

At first, of course things had been weird, but then, because we had been so close for all these years, because he was still the same Alex, my Alex, I had forgiven him.

Such an old friendship couldn't be destroyed. I mean ten years in comparison to sixteen wasn't that much...

And in the end I think it was just for the best.

But this episode had changed me of course. It made me less confident about myself in a way. I was scared to be used again, as silly as it sounded. I didn't blame Alex anymore, but the scar was still there. And it was harder for me to believe that someone would actually really want to be with ME...

"Scooch over Pumpkin," Blake suddenly said, snapping me out of my thinking.

I moved a little on the bench and he sat beside me.

"Here," Blake said, handing me some kind of chocolaty three layers square.

"What's that?" I asked frowning.

"Nanaimo bars! It's good, just eat it!" Blake laughed.

I frowned more but ate it nevertheless.

And damn was he right. That WAS good. No wait, good didn't even cover it. That was like gods' food! It was super sugary, and the mix between chocolate and like vanilla, and brown sugar maybe I wasn't sure... anyway... it was just GREAT!

"Do you think giving me sugary thing like that will lure me into your tent?" I asked, laughing.

"Doesn't hurt to try," Blake answered, smirking a little

"Oh you'd be surprise," I answered, nodding.

Blake laughed, but then Stacey high pitch voice called our attention.

"Oh my GAWD you guys, I HAVE to tell you this! You know that huge gorgeous sign for Victoria Secret! Well that dick that puts graffiti everywhere made a fucking fatty beside her, and like with a bubble saying "I can't believe we used to be BFF in high school!" I mean come on! W.T.F."

Wow she can read...

"I personally think it's funny" Clark answered.

"So isn't," Miriam said, agreeing with Stacey.

"The dude doing this is out of his freaking mind, that's for sure," Jimmy said.

"Dude? Please, they need to be more than one to do that! I saw it while driving here. The graffiti is huge," Connor said, glad to shut Jimmy up.

"Whoever they are, they're pretty stupid don't you think?" Catherine said and for some reason it felt like she was staring at Blake

"Sure," Blake shrugged.

"And immature," she added.

"Whatever you say."

"And they should definitely grow up and stop drawing stupid things, right? And actually try to get a normal job?" she kept on going.

"Got the wood," Mark yelled, stopping the conversation.

"Yeah," I cheered, my teeth still chattering.

I was still freaking freezing.

"Your lips are blue Pumpkin," Blake said frowning.

"I'm fine," I said waving my hand but then rubbed my arm with it, trying to warm me up.

"You're so stubborn," Blake said, shaking his head.

"Why, yes I am!"

I got up from my seat and walked closer to the fire, raising my hands over it, welcoming the warmth.

People were still chatting around, but some were already heading to their tents, to sleep. I had no idea what time it was, but I guessed it was already pretty late.

I wasn't especially tired but snuggling in a sleeping bag could be nice.

"Wanna go sleep?" Alex asked, standing beside me, guessing what I was thinking.

"Maybe... You?"

"Naww, I'll stay up for a little while longer, but suit yourself" he told me smiling.

"Okay. Thanks," I told Alex and then turned to look at Catherine and Janna "Alright guys, I'm out. Good night!"

"Night Lexi," Catherine said smiling, along with Janna.

"Try not to dream too much of me Pumpkin." Blake smirked

"Don't worry about that!" I answered rolling my eyes.

"Oh and don't die of hyperthermia... I mean that would really be a party pooper if we had to bring back your corpse."

"Ha ha! Real funny Blake!" I answered rolling my eyes again.

"Well if I'm out when you come sleeping, good night," I told Alex.

"Okay, good night Kitty," he smiled and then I walked to his tent.

After looking through his sport bag I got my hands on toothpaste and squished a bit in my mouth, rubbing it on my teeth because I just can't stand sleeping

without the minty taste of it and then I curled up in my sleeping bag, still shivering a little. I barely remembered Alex coming to sleep, surprisingly much more tired than I had thought, and dreamed of swimming, sparks, chocolate and a nice nice smell I couldn't quite put a name to...

Chapter 25

I Sold Myself to the Devil [EXTRA: Blake&Josh Pick-Up Line Night]

Okayy guys, I'M ON FIREEE!!!! lol

Okay, so this is Blake'S POV and it's more dialogue less thinking... when you'll get all of Blake's POV it's going to be a little different... Anyway... I put it up so you could meet Josh.. And laugh a bit more :P

So read, enjoy, vote and COMMENT!!! :)))

Oh and I almost forgot È asked me to write this : E veut qu'vous fassiez des commentaire FUCKING positifs!!!!!!!!!!!! (E wants you to make FUCKING positive comments!!!!!!!!!!!!) lol.. sorry I kept her up till 5 in the morning so she could give me her

approuval, so she was a little edgy ;P I think she deserves a big thanks ;P

LOVE YOU È!!!!!!!! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I flipped the pages of the book I held in my hands absentmindedly not seeing the words they held.

"Blake! You big wuss! Why aren't you ready??" a voice said, coming from the stairs that lead to my room.

I got up from my couch, toss the book on top of the big pile I had threw from my library earlier.

"Overreacting much?" I told Josh, who was now standing by my computer, looking through something "What are you doing?"

"Looking at our last work of art review!" Josh laughed and then I could see the website he was on and the pictures of the graffiti we had done yesterday night "Can you believe some people find it offensive?"

"Writing "I charge by the minute" with a painting of a hooker with the face of our mayor is bound to create reaction" I said and laughed.

"Pfff! What are you talking about! So not offensive! I'd like to do something scary for once... I'll think about it..." Josh trailed and then raised his head and looked at me "You've been smiling?" he frowned.

"Hmm?"

"You little bastard! What happened? Tell me everything!" Josh laughed.

"I'm so not talking about it with you! I really don't need another speech about my "unhealthy obsession"" I said and rolled my eyes

"Hey, can you blame me? That's just what it is!" Josh stated, serious shaking his head in disapprobation.

"Alright, enough, let's just get out!" I ordered and turned him around pushing him out.

I didn't need to make myself sad right? For once I was enjoying myself...

"I'll get you drunk and make you spill your beans, little brother from another mother!" Josh warned me when we were down the stairs in the hallway.

"Good luck with that" I snorted I said as we stepped out of the house and walked to his silver Audi TT Coupé.

"Pick-Up Line night!!" Josh squealed as he started the car almost jumping up and down in his seat.

"Wow Josh, real mature of you!" I said and rolled my eyes, but still laughed.

God he sounded like a chick when he used that tone...

"You really are in good mood... Hmmm?" Josh frowned.

"Please, aren't I always?" I laughed.

Ya, maybe not...

"Oh you really wanna get me started again?" Josh warned.

"No it think I'm good" I answered and looked through the CD he had in his car, trying to find something decent to put in "As much as I enjoy Beethoven

complete piano sonatas, I think you're pushing it a little" I told him, showing him the pile of CD's.

"Hmm? Oh, my dad barrowed the car this afternoon, please, I'm not pathetic like you, I don't listen to that crap!" Josh said rolling his eyes.

"Shut up! You're the one who always force Jayden to listen to concertos!" I laughed, but then we were both silent.

"Ya and he broke my record player for that" Josh smiled faintly.

"Jay never liked classics..." I agreed.

"Alright enough about it! It's Pick-Up line night! No sulking night! Lighten up Nancy-Boy, I'm telling you I've got the perfect ones this time!" Josh said smirking.

"You say that every time!"

"And every time it's true!" Josh said, grinning.

"We'll see about that" I laughed and then we kept driving till we reached our destination.

The music was loud, the green and red laser swirled in the thick fog, that choke you when you stand in it for too long, the people were dancing and drinking, couple were making out, the DJ was playing, in short we were in a club.

Josh had picked this one because there were a few spot where you could actually hear yourself speak and that way we could try all of our nice pick up lines.

I sat at a stool and listen to Josh, trying not to laugh has he walked to a girl close by. We were still at the "What?" state

"Hello, Susie. Your mom couldn't make it this afternoon, she asked me to pick you up and take you home. My, what a pretty dress..." Josh said, smirking and the girl who looked at him frowning.

"What?" she said and then looked around her like a lost puppy.

I muffled a laugh behind my glass and kept watching the show.

"You, know I'll give you a nickel if you tickle my pickle." Josh continued and then the girl had a shock expression and glared at him before walking away calling him a "psycho"

"Well, that went well" Josh said coming to sit beside me smiling.

"She didn't slap you like that other girl" I laughed.

"Who would have thought saying "I'm an astronaut and my next mission is to explore Uranus", would cause such a reaction!" Josh said and drank from his glass, smirking.

"Okay, who's your next target?" I asked him.

"The cute blonde over there with the tramp-stamp." Josh said pointing to a girl, sitting across from us.

"Go for it man!" I said and laughed.

He walked up to her, and I followed, a little behind, to hear the pick-up line and the reaction.

"Okay, so I came over here to ask you to dance, but I'm kind of concerned. I mean, we could hit it off really well, end up having a few drinks, next thing

you know you're giving me your number because I'm too shy to ask for it, I finally get up the nerve to call and we take in a movie, have some dinner, I relax, you relax, we go out a few more times, get to know each other's friends, spend a lot of time together, then finally have get past this sexual tension and really develop this intense sex life that is truly incredible, decide our relationship is solid and stable, so we move in together for a while, then a few months later get married, I get a promotion, you get a promotion, we buy a bigger house. You really want kids, but I really want freedom, but we have a kid anyway, only to find that I am resentful, the sparks start to fade and to rekindle them we have two more lovely kids, but now I work too much to keep up with the bills, have no time for you, you're stressed and stop taking really good care of yourself, so to get past our slow sex life and my declining self-confidence I turn to an outside affair for sexual gratification. You find out because I'm careless and a lousy liar, you throw me out, justifiably so, and we have to explain to the kids why mommy and daddy are splitting up. That's just too sad. Think about the children!! For God's sake, if

you dance with me and we hit it off, let's just keep it sexual, because we both know where it's going." Josh rant on in almost one breath.

The girl stared at him, wide eyed.

Wow! I think he almost deserved a round of applause for that one! I had a hard time not laughing like an idiot.

"I'm sorry... what?" she said frowning.

"Chicks dig me. I wear colored underwear." Josh smirked.

Oh god he's an idiot!!

"Ok..." the girl said, slowly walking away and she looked concerned for Josh mental health

"Oh my god!! Man that was like the longest pick-up line in the history of pick-up lines!" I laughed, coming up to him.

"Ya, well I wished that one had worked!" he laughed and drank "I lost a lot of saliva for no reason and now no one is going to give me some"

I laughed again.

"Finally! The kid is smiling! Wow, I'll give you another infinitely long pick-up line if you can keep that smile just a little longer!" Josh said laughing, but I could hear the honesty in what he said.

"Deal!" I smiled.

"Alright..." Josh looked around "Ok, that girl with the black hair that looks like she's going to Ozzy Osborne concert"

I almost choked on my drink when I saw the girl

"You sure you wanna go there?"

"Please, I'm irresistible" Josh smirked and walked over to her.

"If you were suddenly transported to the sun because of an evil scheme devised by an evil Russian chicken and asked to take off your clothes and make love to the burning flames and then recite the presidents in alphabetical order by their middle name while juggling eleven midgets holding soda cans between your two front teeth that will be operated on by 86 evil Czechoslovakian dentists named Farkus who got their degrees studying the taste buds of Tom Selleck

at a college named after some guy who wasted away his life by eating pork grinds naked in his mom's basement while searching for pictures of Kirsten Dunst to use for purposes that cannot be explained by the 1972 Junior High class of some school that no one cares about in Eastern Idaho where woodland creatures choose to spend their lives trying to recreate some bad 1940's soap opera instead of frolicking happily in the woods, would you prefer chocolate ice cream or vanilla?" Josh said to the girl, keeping a straight face all the while he did.

I looked at him, with the same wide eyes as the girl.

How the hell did he come up with THAT?

The girl looked at him, frowning, like he wasn't from this planet and for one second I also had my worries.

God Josh is an idiot!

And that's why he was my best friend.

Only him could come up with something as random as that...

"Oh and while we're at it, if you have oral-sex with your own clone, would that be called masturbation?" Josh asked and then the girl looked at him, making a little shocked sound and walked away.

"You had to bring the clone thing up!" I said when he came back.

"Ya... It really bugs me... Oh well... I think that couldn't be really considered as a pick-up line though... Anyway I enjoyed myself!" Josh laughed.

"You're an idiot"

"I know! Okay, you're turn now!" Josh said.

"Alright"

I looked around, not really caring about who I would go up to. The point of this game really wasn't to bring home a girl. We were just trying to see how far we could go... And well it didn't hurt to see which lines ACTUALLY worked...

"Fake blond girl, who just looks like she could get lost in her own apartment" I said looking at the girl.

She wasn't ugly, but she wasn't hot either.

She was plain.

I walked up to her and then smiled.

"If I were to ask you for sex, would your answer be the same as the answer to this question?"

"Eeeh, NO!"

"So your answer would be yes?"

"Didn't you just hear?"

"Ya, you said the answer wouldn't be the same as the answer to this question, so you'd say yes"

"Alright, dude, just get lost!"

More like she was the one lost.

I repressed myself from laughing.

"Aw, come on, be unique and different, say yes." I told her, with a seductive half smile, trying really hard to not laugh.

The girl stared at me wide eyed.

For one second, I almost believe she would. Not like I cared anyway, but still that would have been funny!

"Whatever!" she said and then she walked away.

"God, you almost lost her right there" Josh said, laughing.

"I know! That little hamster in her head wasn't running fast enough to keep up!" I laughed.

"Alright, I go again?"

I was going to agree but then I saw a booth with four girls and I had an idea.

"No, I'll go again" I told him and walked to the girls, smirking.

The girls looked up at me, they all looked a little tipsy already and smiled at me.

They wouldn't be smiling for long. Ha ha!

But that was almost a suicide mission... One against four... Oh well, like I cared!

They could all throw their drink on me tonight. I was in a good mood!

"I'm gonna have sex with you," I said, pointing to the ugliest of the bunch "you," a brunette "and you." the one who looked the sluttiest "Alright, who's first?"

They all looked at me scowling.

Ha ha!

"What? I'm just trying to determine after years of therapy and lots of testing, whether or not I'm allergic to sex. I thought you ladies might like to help" I said and smiled.

"Who do you think you ARE!?" the fourth girl, the one I hadn't pointed, hissed.

Saying I'm your daddy you have been WAY too easy.

"I'm the one responsible for all those crop circles in England." I answered.

"Seriously, what's your problem?" she scowled, but the ugly girl was actually blushing.

Oh god please, if she tries to give me her phone number I'm think I'm going to shoot myself.

Please girl, don't drop this low...

"You know babe, rejection can lead to emotional stress for both parties involved and emotional stress can lead to physical complications such as headaches, ulcers, cancerous tumors, and even death! So for my health and yours, JUST SAY YES!"

"Get the fuck away from here you perv!!" she shrieked.

I raised my glass to her and walked back to Josh who was laughing.

"The ugly one was going to give you her phone number"

"I know" I said turning around to look at the crowd again.

"I gotta give it to you, going up against four, that was-" Josh said but I cut him.

"Bold?"

"I was going to say stupid but whatever you like the best" he laughed.

"That's us, the stupid duo!" I answered.

"Amen brother!" Josh answered and tapped his glass to mine. "Alright, I think it's bar time"

"Yope" I answered and downed my glass.

We both walked to the bar and then looked around, spotting our next victim.

Bar time was like a sprint of bad pick-up lines.

"I'm feeling a little off today. Would you like to turn me on?" I told a girl waiting for her drink, she scowled and ignored me.

Josh nod to me, with a small smile.

"Wanna see a trick I learned in prison?" he asked a girl beside him.

She stared at him wide eyed and walked away from him quickly.

I laughed.

I spotted another girl.

"If I had AIDS, would you have sex with me?" I asked her.

"NO!" she hissed wide eyed.

"Well, I don't, so let's go." I answered smirking, holding my hand out to her.

She scowled and walked away.

That's usually what they did. Scowling and walking away...

"You can touch mine if I can touch yours with mine." Josh told a girl and she actually slapped him.

I laughed.

Josh gave me a murderous glare but I ignored it and turned to a girl instead.

"Hi," I told her "I just wanted to give you the satisfaction of turning me down; go ahead say no."

She stared at me, not so sure what to do. I decide to make the decision easier for her.

"Driving and my penis...they are both hard for you" I smirked and she also slapped me, and walked away.

"OUCH!!" I called behind her, rubbing my cheek.

"Rejected!" Josh said beside me, giving me a beer.

"We're tie now"

"Ya... alright I say we go up to two other girl each and then we're good..." Josh said and drank.

"Fine with me" I agreed.

"Alright, tight leopard dress girl alone over there" Josh said and walked to her.

"Let's get drunk and take advantage of each other. Or, I could get drunk and you could just take advantage of me. OR, you can stay here and get drunk and I can go home and take advantage of myself. Either way, it's up to you." he offered with an angelic smile.

"YOU'RE A PERVERT!!" she shrieked and ran away.

"Wow, that one freak!" I laughed.

"I know right? Well, you're turn"

I looked around, spotted a red-haired girl with a really short dress, giggling way too much.

I pointed her with my chin and then walked up to her.

"Gee, that's a nice set of legs, what time do they open?"

"JERK!" she yelled and slapped me.

"OUCH!!" I yelled again.

"The kid got REJECTED!" Josh laughed.

"Thanks" I said rubbing my cheek again.

Damn, that girl knew how to slap... I would have a bruise...

I pressed my beer against it.

"You know what, you played well, I'm going to take the two last one if you want"

"Alright" I agreed.

Damn that hurt!

"I mean your mom is going to be mad at me if I bring you back broken!" Josh said laughing.

I laughed too.

"Alright... Hmm... I don't know... Blond girl over there..." Josh frowned and then shrugged and walked to her.

"Would you fuck me if I was going to die soon?"

The girl looked a little tipsy so she frowned and answered "Depends"

"Well, I've got a bomb in my pants." He answered smirking.

She scowled and slapped him.

"REJECTED!!" I laughed.

"Ya ya.. whatever... alright, last one for the night... That's my master piece"

"Go for it" I laughed.

"Ok... Brunette over there, alone at her booth" he said and walked to her.

"You know, if we cut your arms off, you'd look just like Venus de Milo." he smiled.

"Oh MY GOD!!! What's wrong with you!!?" she shrieked and ran away.

"Wow... she obviously didn't know what I was talking about..." Josh said, frowning when I reached him.

"Don't cry man, it might work in a book club or something" I laughed.

"Ya well... I wanted it to work NOW!" he smiled.

"Well, you can always try it on another girl..." I trailed and finished my beer.

"No, no! We don't use twice a pick-up line on Pick-Up Line night!"

"Hey, I'm just saying!" I laughed.

"No, I'm fine... I have to accept it, my art is misunderstood..." Josh said and shook his head.

"You're an idiot!" I stated.

"Ya well, you're pathetic kid! Unhealthy obsession!" he said, pointing at me and finished his glass.

"Hey! Come on! I'm not that bad!! Did I whine tonight! I didn't even mention it! Not one second!" I answered him, while we walked out of the club.

"Ya, but you thought about it! Every second!" Josh answered, taking his keys out of his pocket.

"No I didn't!" I frowned.

"You did, you don't even have to think about it to think about it... You don't even realize it..." Josh said and shook his head.

"That's not true..." I trailed.

"Can't lie to me, I know you too well!" Josh answered

Was he right?

Why was I even asking myself that question...

Of course he was...

"Get in the car kid! You got school tomorrow" Josh laughed.

"Damn it" I scowled.

"Hey you look like all the girls!" Josh laughed more.

"Ya well... school..." I trailed and shook my head.

Stupid school...

But truthfully I wasn't mad to go to school...

After all someone had a debt to pay...

I sighed and sat in the car.

Josh was right; I really had an unhealthy obsession...

Chapter 26

Chapter Twenty Three

Woot woot!! New chapter!! :D

Okay so I would like for all of us to take a few seconds of silent in respect to the Creek.....

Alright thanks!! ;P

So this is the last chapter we'll spend at the Creek, I know I'm sad too guys, we had good times, we had good times ;P

Okay, so I KNOW a lot of you guys will be angry at me, or at least disappointed, don't say I didn't warn you ;P

And oh thanks to greenypoop for Tila Tequila song! I hadn't thougth about that one ;P

And thanks to all of you guys that have followed "I Sold Myself.." for a while now : x0x0sparksfly0x0x, SidneyArden, Rachloves2write, Kate-Dimka, ashleyy_, sanjana and many others, if you feel like you need a mention just say the word I'll put you right up ;P

So the Creek might be almost over (will be when you read this chapter) but we still have a lot of things coming so don't freak out!! :P

So I hope I don't forget anything.. it is kinda late.. or early... oh well.. XP

Anyway, read, enjoy, vote and COMMENT!!!!! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * *

When I woke up the next morning I was a little groggy. It didn't feel like I had been sleeping for a while. And my face, the only thing not in the sleeping bag, was freezing, especially the tip of my nose.

I might have curl up against Alex but he wasn't there. So instead I sat up in the tent, looking around, a little

confused and then I looked down, hit by a light coldness.

My freaking sleeping bag was unzipped! That's why I was so freaking freezing!!

Urgg!!

And I was sure I had zipped it... Or maybe I hadn't... I had been pretty tired...

Oh well...

I didn't hear anyone outside, everyone must still be asleep, so where the hell was Alex?

I lifted my legs to my chin, rubbing my nose on my knees, holding my arms around them.

Damn it, I was cold!

I still had my hood on, and I could feel my hair, still a little damp. That really didn't help my cause!

I decided to go look for Alex, and maybe stand by the fire, if it was still on, so I crawled out of the tent.

Oh just perfect!

Alex hadn't even closed it properly!

Idiot!

I got out of the tent, and yawned hugely, before walking up to the fire.

The grass was covered with dew, damping my shoes and the bottom of my sweat pants as I walked to the circle of chairs. The morning was chilly, the light wind making the leaves of the trees shiver now and then. The sun was still low but piercing, meaning the morning was barely beginning.

I wrapped my arms around me.

Alex was there, sitting on a chair.

"Hey, how long have you been up?" I asked him, startling him.

"Damn it Kitty, don't sneak up on me like that again!" he said and I think he put his cellphone in his pocket.

Why did he have his cellphone out?

Oh well, who cared?

I know right now I didn't.

"You still look tired!" Alex stated.

"That's because I am!" I answered and yawned again "Damn it, it was freaking freezing in there, and by the way, when you left you could have closed the tent properly, I mean how long did the cold had to creep in the tent?"

"About an hour and a half" Alex laughed.

"Why'd you get up so early?" I asked him frowning.

He looked quite tired himself; actually he had huge bags under his eyes.

I sat on the char beside me, lifting my legs to my chest.

"Oh you know... I woke up, couldn't sleep again, got out, the usual!" Alex said and stretched.

"God, it's freezing" I whispered and wrapped my arms around my legs.

"Stop complaining Kitty!" Alex laughed, shaking his head "We said no whiny girls"

"Ya well, I thought the rule died when Clark and Shawn brought the bimbos!" I answered with a small scowl.

And then Alex started to laughed, but like a lot.

"What's so funny?"

"Oh, just you mentioning the bimbos... and Blake's face last night... You should have seen him, one of the two dummy stole his tent and got it on in it! He was PISSED!" Alex laughed.

"What did he do? Interrupt? Joined?" I snorted.

"No actually he just scowled a lot..." Alex laughed.

"Where did he sleep then?"

"Hmm? Oh... I let him sleep in my car..." Alex trailed.

I smirked.

"I'm going to go wake him up" I said with an evil smile.

"Oh forget about it, he's already up" Alex answered

"Where is he then?" I asked, looking around for him.

"Went running, like one hour ago. Might've really been caught by a bear this time!" Alex said, snorting.

"Running?"

"Ya, I know, I made that face too" Alex laughed.

"Oh well..." I trailed, dismissing the matter "I'm hungry" I frowned.

"Want some hot dogs" Alex offered, smirking a little.

"Dear god, no!! I'm still burping those from yesterday" I whined, making Alex laugh more.

"How about some toast?" Alex offered "Grilled on the barbecue, and then we could melt some of those chocolate chips of yours and you could put it on them!"

"I don't think I tell you this often enough but I love you" I smiled at Alex.

That sounded GOOD!!

"That's true, I feel neglected!" Alex said dramatically.

"Alright, stop being an ass and start making me some food!" I ordered him.

Still laughing, Alex got to work while I tried to warm up already!

And then, I saw someone coming up from the trail, running.

Blake.

Who in his sane mind would be running right now? And for an HOUR!!

I don't think I could ever really understand that boy...

"See! I didn't die of hypothermia!" I yelled when he was close enough to hear me.

The smirk was instantaneous.

"Ya and that really is a miracle since you were like a freaking Popsicle when you went to sleep" Blake answered, rolling his earphones around his iPhone and putting it all on the picnic table.

"Please! I'm tougher than that!" I told him, smirking a little.

"Good to know!" Blake laughed and then he started to run again.

"Hey? Where are you going?" I called after him.

What the hell? Running again?

"Swimming!! Wanna come skinny dip with me?" Blake said turning around, smirking like an idiot wiggling his eyebrows.

"Please the last thing I need is to hurl my not-even-eaten-yet breakfast!" I answered rolling my eyes.

"Well you're the one missing out!" Blake called after him, laughing and then disappeared in the trail.

Stinking jackass!!

"I'm proud of you Kitty, resist the temptation" Alex said laughing, handing me a toast with chocolate on it.

"I'm going to let that one go because you just gave me food, but don't you ever say things like that again" I told him, my eyes narrowing.

Alex sat beside me, laughing and shaking his head.

"So what are you doing this afternoon?" I asked him, before taking a bite of toast.

Mmm, that WAS good!

"Sleeping!" Alex snorted.

"That sounds nice!" I agreed, thinking I would probably do the same but then I thought about something... Hadn't I agreed I would drive Blake to the freaking library this afternoon?

Crap!!

By now, people were slowly starting to get out of their tents, stretching, yawning, complaining about the cold and the damp grass, hair everywhere, bag under the eyes and body crouching a little.

I guess we were pretty all the same...

"I smell food!!!" Trevor yelled.

"Ya well get your own!" Alex answered him.

"Aww come on!" he whined

"Nah ah! I'm not your cook like Lexi!" Alex laughed.

And then Trevor looked at me with puppy dog eyes.

"Nope I'm not falling for those" I said shaking my head, laughing a little.

"Damn it!" Trevor mumbled and let himself fall on a chair.

"We should start packing soon..." Alex trailed.

"Ya you're right" Connor answered, yawning.

I was listening to the guys, holding my toast in my hand, my elbow resting on the armrest, when someone snatched it from me.

I turned and glared at the thief.

Blake, of course.

He took a big bite, smiling.

"You big meany!! Give me my toast back!! Bake your own!!" I hissed, getting on my feet.

Blake lift the toast in the air and held his other hand out, keeping me away and then he shook his damp hair, sending tiny drops of freezing water in my direction.

"OH MY GOD!! Are you out of your freaking mind!?!" I yelled, protecting my face with my arms.

"Thought you were tougher than that!" Blake smirked happily and took another bite from my toast.

"Seriously Blake, I'm NOT a morning person! Give me my food!!" I hissed, scowling at him.

"Alright" Blake laughed and gave me my toast back.

"You're an ass" I glared.

"Thanks!" Blake answered, smiling.

"And you're in a good mood" I frowned.

"Yope!" Blake answered, still smiling.

Smiling?

Hmmm? It wasn't a real big kind of smile, but it definitely wasn't a smirk.

Weird, he had a dimple on his cheek when he smiled like that.

If it was possible he looked even hotter...

Alright Lexi, get a grip!

"That surprise me, I thought you were going to murder the as you called him "fucking dumb shit, fucking one of the fucking bimbos in your fucking tent" " Alex said, laughing a little.

"Ya well, there's nothing like a good night of sleep to calm all that unresolved anger" Blake said, and the smirk was back, but the smile was still there.

Alex looked at him frowning, and I don't know why, for one second they actually looked like they kinda had an argument in their heads, but I dismissed it because Stacey high pitch voice who sounded a lot like a freaking rooster echoed.

"MIIIIRRIIIAMM!" she shrieked, getting out of a tent, Shawn behind her.

He didn't look like he had a nice night.

Ha ha!

"Ah well looks like Clark's the bastard who corrupted my tent" Blake said, and frowned a little "I think I have to go punch him in the face a little..." Blake trailed and then walked towards where his tent was, a little further away from everyone else's actually.

I shrugged and then went to sit back in my chair, finishing the little among of toast I had left.

When I was finished, we started to gather our things, taking the fire out, getting the barbecue in Alex's jeep, picking up the chairs, putting the dirt bikes back in the trunk of Mark truck, unpicking the tents, everyone busy with something.

About an hour later we were all finished and ready to go.

"Alright no one forgot anything?" Alex called, as we were walking to our respective cars "Cause it's probably the last time we're coming before the snow melts in spring so you better not leave anything!"

No one protested so then we got in the cars, leaving barely any trance of our presence other than the ashes where the fire had burned.

I wasn't really happy to leave.

First because I liked being at the Creek, it held some kind of summer feeling to it, and knowing we wouldn't go back for a while actually made me gloomy.

And second, because I had to ride back with the three pervs again!

"Come on, lighten up Pumpkin!" Blake laughed beside me, as I buckled my seat belt, while Clark started the car.

"I'm not even fully woken up yet, give me some time" I answered, and yawned to prove my point.

Blake laughed.

While the first cars started to drive away and we waited to follow behind Tila Tequila "I like to Fuck" song started to play.

"Oh for the love of god!!!" Blake suddenly exclaimed.

"What?" Clark asked in front.

"I was fine, going along with the other songs cause they were, you know, funny, but this... this is just sad..." he said shaking his head.

"Aww please! She's one hot Asian chick!!" Clark protested.

"Ya well hotness doesn't equal talent, and this" Blake said pointing to the radio "is just pathetic"

"You're just still mad cause I fucked in your tent instead of you!" Clark snorted.

"No actually, but I still do intend on burning the thing, thanks for reminding me!" Blake answered and then the car started to drive away from the Creek.

I stopped listening to the boys' argument and closed my eyes, enjoying the sun warming my face slowly, the wind hitting my skin, and took a deep breath smelling the earthy smell of the trees and leaves and grass and water and sand.

And then I opened my eyes, leaving the Creek behind...

Chapter 27

Chapter Twenty Four

Alright guys, so I decided to give it to you right away.. next chapter will come soon!! :P

So I have a quick thanks to say here to Xenia, for actually making me feel like a freaking star ;P I mean I'm getting recognized now ;P Thanks girl! Get that account already, oh and I mean thanks for following too! :P I don't usually think about all the people that don't have an account here but do read the chapters so thanks to you guys!! :P

Oh and ashleyy_ I mean girl you seriously made my day with your freaking out!! ;P And all of you who made super-duper long comments too (that's you

michellie ;P) on Blake's POV exerpts!! I LOVE YOU GUYS!!!! :P

Oh and È sorry for making you mad, but I mean come on EPICNESS!! EPICNESS!!! We have to make sacrifice for that!! ;P Mouhahahahaha... And ya, he's mad at me too! Happy?

So anyway guys enjoy, vote and comment!!! :P

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The ride to get back from the Creek was faster than the ride to go to the Creek.

After Blake's many kicks in Clark's seat, he had completely shut down the music, leaving Blake smirking arrogantly for the rest of the ride.

I wasn't paying attention to any of them. I was trying to think of a way to get out of going to the library with Blake to sleep instead... I mean come! The guys could wait until tomorrow! And I knew for a fact that there were pretty decent books at our school library! Why couldn't he just work with those?

Annoying prick!

When we reached Alex's house, everyone got out, to dispatch the bags and such.

"I'm picking you up at two" Blake told me while I walked to my car.

"I thought I was the one driving" I frowned

Blake broke into a laugh "Like I'm going to be driven around by a girl! Please! I'll do the driving you can enjoy yourself by bossing me around to tell me where to go"

"If I'm not driving I'm not coming!" I told him, folding my arms over my chest.

"Oh my god! Do you have any idea how sexual that sentence was!?!" Blake laughed hysterically.

I scowled at him "First, only your perverted mind would think so, second you're an ass and finally, you know what, I think I'm just going to stay home!"

"Oh but you can't Pumpkin! You have no say in this. I asked you to help me, and you have to. Do I need to show you that contract again, or you're just

desperate to run in those halls naked?" Blake said with an evil smirk.

"I hate you"

"I'll pick you up at two" Blake simply answered with a big victory smirk and then walked to his car.

Arrg!

"Here Kitty" Alex said handing me my bag.

"Thanks"

"Why the mad face?" he asked me.

"Blake annoys me" I frowned.

"Like that's new!" Alex laughed.

"Don't be mean or the consequences will be great mister Parker!" I told him, pointing him and then I swung my bag over my shoulder and walked to my car, Alex laughing behind.

I threw my bag on the back seat and then started my car and drove off to my house.

I was still wearing my sweat pants and hoodie, my shoes were a little muddy and I was in need of a

shower. I don't know it's just a mental thing, I can't go on with my day if I know I haven't had a shower and I know I skipped it yesterday. I mean ya I swam in the Creek but it's all a mental thing! I need my shower before going to sleep and I had skipped it and now I felt all dirty.

I got home quickly and was actually happy when I stepped into the threshold.

"Stop touching yourself Tyler, I'm home!!!" I screamed the minute I closed the door behind me.

"Ha ha ha!" I heard Ty say from the living room.

I was about to go straight to him but there was something odd about the hall. Something was off.

That's when I realized the cupboard in light wood with dim green and yellow flowers that was usually against the left wall, with all our hats and scarves and other small piece of clothing for winter had disappeared.

I frowned at that.

Had Tyler been playing hockey in the house again with his buddy while I was gone and crushed the damn thing?

"Care to explain to me why the cupboard in the entry disappeared?" I asked him when I walked in the living room.

Tyler was sprawled on the couch, watching the sport channel, as usual, but he turned the volume down.

"Oh that would be our lovely mother!" Ty answered me bitterly.

"What?"

"Ya, now she's leaving with the furniture isn't it just AWESOME!" Ty scowled, sitting properly.

"WHAT??"

"Ya, yesterday, maybe an hour after you left, mom came and dad was with her. They had gone to the restaurant to talk about things and she asked for the cupboard, among other things and obviously our damn father agreed!!"

"Among other things?" I asked completely shocked, letting myself fall on the recliner.

"She wants half of everything! I mean the lady started a good damn decorating business with dad's money but now she wants more!! I mean come on! She's already going to have her father's share on the law freaking firm, I mean, that's not enough!?!"

"Oh god..." I whispered, shaking my head in denial.

What the hell was wrong with her...? I mean, I know how things work... And I know fairness is important and my parents worked together to get the house and everything they had but please! She's the one who left; she's the one who cheated!! And that decorating business she had started last year when she had decided law wasn't her thing anymore, wasn't that enough?? Dad had to take care of us now! She had only herself to take care of!!!

Why couldn't she just leave us alone?

"Don't you just LOVE this!?" Ty said, his gaze far far away, shaking his head too.

"Are we... I mean are we going to be alright? Financially I mean?"

"Dad said not to worry, MG motors is going well... He said not to worry about anything..."

"Of course he did..." I whispered.

My dad... The one never complaining about anything that never sees the bad in anything that always sees the good in everything... Of course he would give her everything and of course he would tell us that everything would work out fine...

My sweet sweet heartbroken dad...

"I just wish this was all just a freaking bad dream... Honestly I'd even be ready to endure Annabelle again if that meant we could go five year back in time when everything was alright..." Ty whispered.

"Wow... Annabelle, seriously?" I snorted.

Tyler hated Annabelle. He had actually thrown her a goodbye party, without inviting her of course. The party was to celebrate his joy of her leaving.

"I'm THAT desperate..."

"Don't worry... We'll work it out. We always do..." I told him.

"But what if we don't this time?" Ty whispered.

"We will..."

Ty sighed and then looked at the television, his eyes not in the game though.

"So give me good news!" I suddenly said, trying to cheer up the mood "Did you call Vanessa?"

"Ya I did" Ty snorted, giving a little kick of eyebrows, throwing his head back just a little.

"And did you work things out?"

"Of course we did. We declared our love for each other and agreed that all this resentment was just sexual tension. So we're getting married in Aruba by the end of the month and we'll call our kids Batman and Catwoman"

"Oh god what did you do..." I whispered, my head falling in my hands.

"What do you think we did? She told me I was a man-whore and I told her she couldn't hit B properly!"

"TY!!! That's sooo mean!! She sang that song for YOU!!" I shrieked getting on my feet.

"Oh ya? For me? You mean the part when she sang "I will replace you"!! That's the part that was for me??"

"God dammit you idiot!!! She sang that song because she knew how you like that James Bond movie!! She knew you'd laugh at her if she sang some silly goey-lovey song!!"

At the last school show Vanessa had participate, she had sang "You know my name" by Chris Cornell, the theme song to Casino Royal movie, because Ty had been obsess with that movie and she knew he liked it. But she hadn't hit the B at the end and she hated herself for that because she always sang it properly when she had repeated, and she kept saying she had no idea why she had screwed it up.

I knew why. It was because Ty was there, and he was listening to her and he made her feel nervous...

"Ya right!" Tyler snorted again, lying back on the couch.

"God you're such an idiot!! Why can't you just admit you both have feelings for each other!?" I said, exasperated.

Those two were almost giving me a headache.

"Because things don't just magically work out! We're not in a freaking movie! Even if I told her that I don't want her to go out with some random Facebook guy, that I don't want her to go out with anyone for that matter that thinking about her with anyone makes me mad as hell, that I don't even want to imagine anyone touching her, that I think about her all the fucking time even thought she probably doesn't think about me, and I know I'm younger and not experience and all that crap but I mean..." Ty trailed, his fist clenching, his eyes saddening and darkening.

"Ty..." I whispered, getting up to comfort him.

My poor baby brother...

"You know what, just forget it!" he said, getting up hastily and ran to his room.

Oh god... Why did things have to be so screwed up when they could be so simple...?

Shaking my head, I climbed up the stairs, trying to figure out how everything had managed to be so complicated.

I looked into Ty's room and wasn't surprise to see him playing PS3. He was playing GTA actually... well more precisely he was standing in the street, killing every hooker that walked passed him... with his fists.

Damn kid...

It wasn't the time to try to reason with him right now, I had to let him cool off the steam a little...

So I walked to my room, and was actually happy for a second, smelling the familiar scent of it, and then headed for my bathroom to take that much anticipate shower.

When I was done and in loose shorts and tank top, I looked at the time, eleven thirty and decided I could lie in my bed just for a little while, before eating, to rest a little.

But "for a little while" turned longer because the second my head hit my pillow and my body snuggled under my sheets, I fell asleep.

Chapter 28

Chapter Twenty Five

And so the frenzy continues! ;P

Alright guys, so here's the next one. So I wasn't sure about a few things in here... but I think it'll be alright... I'm sure you guys will enjoy it quite a lot.. I wrote this one for you guys. :P

So this one goes to all of you who'll read this and enjoy it! :P

Oh and to George Laraque who scored his first goal in the tricolor uniform. Congrats! *cough*about time*cough* (those who follow hockey might know what I'm talking about) lol

So ya... I just want to warn you guys right now that I'm going back to college on Monday (I got nine freaking hours of course right away.. -_- well at least the three last one are painting but still... that's harsh...) so the "one post a day" deal is going to be over soon.. I'm sorry! I know you guys crave your Lexi/Blake time! But I kinda paid for my classes so it would be a shame if I didn't go to them.. ;P But don't worry I'll try to post as much as I can... I'm kinda obesess with this story too... ;P

So anyway, read, enjoy, vote and comment!

Oh and the video there is "Kiss with a Fist" by Florence and the Machine and I just love this song and basically listen to it every time I write this story, because I think it's the perfect song to describe Blake and Lexi! ;P So listen to it! :P

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The first thing I thought when I woke up was "Shit I fell asleep," the second was "There's another one of those fucking ladybugs on my arm," because something was tickling my arm.

It wasn't rare for one of those stupid stinky insect to do that. Our house was always invaded by them when the weather started to cool. It freaked Vanessa every time she came. And I mean I know usually people are all "Oh ladybugs are so cuuuute!"

No people they are not.

They stink actually! If you touch them and "scare" them, they freaking piss on you some yellow thingy that honestly disgust me and freaking stink! There's not a lot of liquid, but they don't need that much to actually give the stench away. So it's disgusting. And I hate them! Especially when I'm like drawing and one of those stinking idiots walk on my paper and I have to carefully snatch it away quickly so it doesn't pee on my sheet.

I slowly opened my eyes, getting ready to give a good flick and hopefully kill the ladybug but instead I gasped in surprise.

Alright, why the hell does things like that keep happening lately?

"What the hell are you doing?" I asked Blake, who was standing by my bed a pen in his hand, my voice flat.

I think I'm getting use to his constant stalkiness... this is bad...

"I'm improving your arms," Blake answered smirking, and then I raised my hand and looked at my forearm.

It was covered with writing like "I heart Blake", "Blake my hero", "Blake rocks my world", "Blake #1 fan" or "Blake is my God".

"This is getting into a problem," I told him, scowling, while sitting up in my bed.

"Hey, it was that or something disgusting like peeing in your face; if I were you I'd be thankful. And I didn't even write anything in your face... or maybe I did..." Blake smirked.

That bastard!

Please tell me he didn't!! I thought as I got out of my bed in a rush and darted to my mirror.

"Good lord, Blake, NEVER scare me like that again," I breathed when I saw that my face was fine and un-inked.

"It's all your fault Pumpkin. You have only yourself to blame. I told you I'd pick you up at two, it's like fifteen past two now," Blake said, shaking his head. "You brought this on yourself," he smirked.

"You know what; I'm not even going to argue with you, there's no point," I answered shaking my head too.

"Aw, come on Pumpkin, don't be like that," Blake smirked.

"Whatever," I said, rolling my eyes and then picked up my skinny jeans and a baggy shirt off the floor and headed to my bathroom to change.

I just have to hurry and then we can get this over with and I can go back to sleep already.

"You read Tales of the Traveler?" Blake asked on the other side of the door.

"Ya, why?" I asked, skipping to get in my pants.

"That series suck," Blake laughed.

"What?" Oh that bastard! "That series rock! You have no right to judge something you don't know anything about," I yelled back, frowning and slipping my shirt on.

"Please, Sophia Everingham characters are all wusses! It's a common known fact! No need to read that crap to know," Blake snorted when I walked out of my bathroom.

I looked at him, and he had one of the books in his hand, standing in front of my small library.

"Alek is a freaking god and Kallie kicks ass," I told him scowling.

"Please," Blake laughed.

"I'm serious! And they are totally meant to be! This series, it's like the most heartbreaking and beautiful love story ever, with a lot of violence and spaceship battle and a girl lead character who can actually fight and kill everyone plus she has mad ninja skills and makes with those lightning thingy. It's perfect."

"Doesn't he want to torture her? Doesn't he burn her? Isn't she a nutcase? Can she feel anything?" Blake started to trail.

"Oh please! You don't know what you're talking about. Read the book, then I'll let you complain," I told him rolling my eyes and then took the book out of his hand, placing it back in my library. "Now let's just go," I said pushing his back to get out.

"So eager to be done with me?" Blake asked playfully.

"I wouldn't be Lexi if I wasn't," I snorted.

"Oh please, you like me, look at your arm," Blake smirked.

"Oh right... shit..." I frowned, looking down at my arm and all the stupid writing.

I started to rub it with my thumb but the ink was just spreading everywhere on it. I sighed heavily.

"Give me two seconds," I groaned and then rushed downstairs to the kitchen and washed it in the sink.

"Oww, you're making me sad now," Blake said, fake-pouting.

"You want me to cry a bit for you?" I answered, rolling my eyes.

"Ya that would be nice," he nodded but I just ignored him, dried myself and then walked to the front door, but stopped when I saw Ty in the living room again.

"He's the one who let you in again?" I asked Blake.

"Yope!"

"Ty, care to explain why the hell you like to torture me this much? Do you WANT me to throw your PS3 out the window?" I yelled to my little brother.

"No I just like annoying you and he seems to do the trick," Ty said, half smiling evilly.

"When I'll come back, you better hide, or be ready to get your ass majorly kicked," I told him, and got out the door, Blake laughing behind me.

"Alright, to the library," Blake said, in the same tone Batman uses to say "To the Bat mobile!" smirking.

Oh god... what did I get myself into? Why had I even agreed to help that idiot?

Vinyls! I'm doing this for an infinite collection of vinyls to pick from...

I just have to remember that. I'm going to get a nice reward if I survive this! I just have to keep that in mind.

But for one second I thought about the fact that vinyls weren't that good of a reason to endure an ass like him. Sure, I was obsessed with music, and vinyls, well there was just something about those. But Blake, Blake was REALLY annoying.

"Aww, come on Pumpkin, don't give me that face," Blake smirked more, walking around his Escalade.

"What face?" I rolled my eyes, waiting for him to unlock the doors already.

"Your "Blake is an ass and I'd like to see him dead in a gutter and then spit on his corpse and kick it a little while waiting for the crows to feed on his eye balls" face"

"Wow that was really specific."

"It's open!" Blake said getting into the car.

"Don't be a baby," I told him, while buckling my seat belt.

"You're being a baby," Blake smirked and started to drive.

"No, YOU'RE being a baby, and you have to go downtown so I suggest you turn left at the stop sign."

"Me the baby? Please, How am I the baby here? And if we're going downtown it's faster if I go straight."

"Oh you're the baby because you're all "Bouhou Lexi doesn't want to get in my pants and that never happens so it's kicking my ego in the crutch!" And you're an idiot cause if you go straight then you'll get all the street lights so you'll just be slowed down."

"Come on, I can get any girl I want, why would I make a scene cause one resists my charm? It just shows you're not normal. Oh and please, I sooo don't follow street lights."

"No you know what it shows? It shows that I don't fancy getting a genital disease. Oh and if you cross a red light I'm jumping out of the car so if you are ready to have a death on your conscience be my

guest," I answered, actually impressed for keeping this confusing conversation up, crossing my arms over my chest waiting for his response.

"Fine, I won't cross any lights," Blake complied, rolling his eyes and then muttered, "Crying baby."

"Hey! I heard that," I said, slapping his arm.

Blake just laughed. "Don't hit the driver Pumpkin."

"Well if the driver wasn't a big meany I wouldn't hit him," I said rolling my eyes.

"I should lodge a complaint about your "beating me up all the time" habit," Blake smirked.

"You do that! And I'll sign you up at the "I ignore my inner pain by being a complete jerk all the time" anonyms."

"Are you admitting I have feelings? And problems?" Blake smirked wider.

"No. I'd just like to have you stand up in a group and say ""Hi, my name is Blake and I'm a jerk!"

"Hi Blake," Blake answered the way they'd do it at the AA's, smiling al little.

I shook my head a slightly, with a faint smile but then I frowned when my the corner of my eyes fell on a black bag, like a really big black bag, lying on the back seat of the car.

"What's in the bag? A dead body?" I asked Blake.

"No no. It's still well alive. It's my whore. I'm keeping her sedated that way I can wake her up and fuck her anytime I want," Blake answered smirking.

I rolled my eyes "You're a jackass."

"Well you ask stupid questions. Do you really want to know EVERYTHING about me?"

"No, not really," I admitted frowning.

"Then, there's no need to know what's in the bag."

"Awww come on," I whined.

"Pumpkin, please, try to focus here, you're suppose to tell me where I have to drive," Blake said, shaking his head.

"You're so trying to change the subject."

"Yes I am!" Blake smirked.

"You're boring. Next light turn right," I told him.

Few minutes and a lot of directions and more arguments later we finally reached the library and parked in front of it.

When I looked at my left I could see the law courts on the other side of the street, opposite to the library, and closed my eyes for one second, trying to push back all the memories of my mother, another mother, the happy one, the one that brought us here so many times, showing us rooms that we weren't allowed to go in laughing all the while, the one that tickled us to wake us up, the one baking pancake every morning for Ty, the one smiling when she saw my dad walk through the threshold, the one that raced us in the ocean, the one who showed me how to dove...

The mother I had grew up with.

The mother that I loved.

I shook my head, clearing it of all those memories.

"I can't believe I'm going to go in that library," Blake muttered, while getting out of the car.

"Ya must be a shocker going on your own will to a place filled with books and knowledge for another reason than to have a quickie," I snorted

"You know there's a reason why I don't come to this library," Blake said, his eyes narrowing, not looking at me but at the building while he opened the door, waiting for me to walk in first.

"Other than your lack of brain capacity?" I laughed a little, lowering the volume of my voice, while I walked in.

"OH GOODNESS GRACIOUS! Mister Eaton! It's so nice to have you here! How's your mother? Let me tell you that speak she made last night was simply beyond me. Oh I'm SO glad to see the son of a genius such as herself here," the old lady with glasses hanging from a chain around her neck, behind the desk at the entry, started to say before Blake could explain more fully, looking at him like he was a freaking apparition or a god or something.

All right... What the hell?

"I'll be sure to tell her. I'm sure she'll be very happy to hear such nice things coming from you," Blake said, with a small smile.

Wow, that was WEIRD.

"Oh you're too kind," the old lady said, and she honestly looked like Blake had just made her freaking day. "And who's the lovely lady with you?" she asked him, a knowing smile rising on her lips

Whoa whoa whoa! Nah ah! None of that!

Plus what the hell? I mean I came every Tuesday's during summer here! How can she recognize Blake and not know I've come here before?

"A friend of mine, she's helping me with my homework," Blake answered her politely.

"A little lady friend?" she asked, grinning like a freaking kid on Christmas.

"No no. None of that," I said, my voice a little higher than intended. "Blake let's just get your books already, okay?"

"Fine," Blake snorted, clearly enjoying my discomfort.

"I would have offered you help but I guess you know you're way around books," the old lady said.

Okay, seriously, what the hell?

"Yes, we'll be fine thanks," Blake smiled and then followed me towards the aisles.

"Okay, what the hell was that all about?" I asked Blake when we were surrounded by the books, walking towards the History section.

"I told you my mom was a writer, didn't I?" Blake whispered back.

"Ya, but you didn't tell me some old ladies almost worshipped her," I hissed.

Blake laughed a little.

"What can I say, those ladies get emotional over nothing," Blake smirked, his hand running over the back covers of the books while we walked.

"What did your mother write?" I asked him, my feet stopping without thinking about it, looking at him.

I tried again to think about a woman author named Eaton... I still couldn't think of anyone.

"A lot of things. The woman's got a lot of imagination. You should have heard the bed time stories me and my brother got before going to sleep," Blake said with a faint smile, his hand pulling a book squeezed between two, a little out, and then pushing it back.

"And let me guess? You complained because her characters were wuss?" I snorted.

"Something along those lines," Blake answered faintly, one of the corners of his mouth raising a little higher, his eyes looking at nothing, his mind obviously far from here.

"Alright, let's keep moving," I said, starting to walk again, to the objective.

When we reached the History section, it was obvious there was a lot of choice, like a lot, a lot...

"Okay, no way we're going to go blindly here... I'm going to go to the computers," I told him, waiting for him to come but he just stayed there, looking at the books in front of him, his eyes almost scanning.

"Alright go ahead, I'll wait here," Blake answered, absentmindedly.

Fine with me. I mean at least the old lady wouldn't go crazed fan on him again.

I walked back to the entry where the searching computer was, the old lady barely noticing me... ya sure I'M no one! Tsss! Ridiculous.

I went on the research engine, shaking my head slightly while doing so, and then looked for general books about WWII, basic things to begin with, and marked two codes on a little piece of papers, and then looked for books about certain countries' part in it, and about Hitler and other things in that line of thought.

With ten codes in my hand, I walked back to where I had left Blake.

My pace slowed when I saw him.

His back was leaning against the shelves, his legs a little forward, the posture of ease, a book in his hands. He looked pretty absorbed in it, one of his hands scratching the hair above his ear, frowning a little.

And then, there was a faint smile appearing on his lips for some reason, but it disappeared when he turned the page and his hand went back to scratch his hair again.

Damn he looked hot... like seriously hot... And that light grey shirt of his didn't help. It was long sleeved, with three buttons at in front, under the neck, and kinda tight, but not gay tight, just look at my nice bicep tight...

Alright, snap out of it Lexi.

I quicken my pace again, and reached him.

"What've you got here?" I asked him, startling him I think.

"Hmm? Oh nothing," Blake answered closing the book and putting it back on the shelf but I saw the name before he could do that.

"All My Love, Forever: Letters Home from a World War II Citizen Soldier"

I frowned at that.

What was Blake doing reading a book like that? Well reading a book in the first place?

But I didn't ask.

"Please tell me you know how to look for books with Dewey codes?" I asked him, handing him the piece of paper with the codes.

"I'm hurt that you think so little of me," Blake said smirking.

"Oww, I'm so sorry," I said, sarcastically.

Blake rolled his eyes but started to look for the books anyway.

I kept repeating the code I had remembered over and over again in my head, and finally found it, taking the big book out of the shelf, and quickly scanned threw it. It looked pretty decent.

I walked to Blake, who was in another aisle.

"Here, this one should do the job?" I said, handing him the book.

Blake took it, placing it under one of the books he had already found.

Wow, he was quick...

"Thanks," Blake answered and then I looked on the piece of paper and went to search for the next one.

We quickly found the books, except for one who wasn't at the spot it should have been, and I knew it hadn't been checked out, and wasn't on the carriage either, so we both looked around the shelves, to see if it wasn't at the wrong place or something.

I stopped in front of a shelf, looking carefully at every names, but then I could feel Blake behind me and turned to ask if he had got the book but instead found myself much closer to him than I had expected.

"Wh-"

I didn't finish my sentence because for one second my mind went completely blank, like a big "I have no freaking clue who I am, where I am and when I am".

My eyes just feel on Blake's face that had an expression between confusion and concentration, like he was trying to resolve a really hard math equation, slipping from his tousled slightly-almost-

curly honey brown hair, that weren't short but not long either, and his grey eyes, that looked a little blue right now, and the skin on his cheek and chin that were shadowed by a hint of stubble and then finally on his lips, his slightly pink and perfect lips...

Again, I found myself thinking about how it would be to kiss them...

Before I knew it, Blake had taken a step closer.

And that's when my sanity came back.

"Hmm... I think that's the book we were looking for," I whispered, pointing behind Blake, truthfully seeing it now.

He frowned for a second, and then it looked like he was waking up from a dream, bad or good, I didn't know, he just looked surprise, and then he turned around towards where I had pointed.

God you're SO stupid Lexi.

Stupid, stupid, STUPID!

What had I been thinking for those brief two second?

Nothing... That's the problem, I hadn't been thinking about anything!

God, I'm freaking stupid.

I wanted to punch myself right now. Or kick myself. Or both!

"Alright I think that's all of it," Blake said taking the books we had set on the shelf in his hand, after running his hand absently in his hair.

I took a few books in my hands too and then we walked back to the entry.

"Found everything you needed?" the old lady asked, her face lighting up the second she saw Blake.

I rolled my eyes.

"Yes thanks," Blake smiled.

And then I thought about the fact that my card could only have five books check on it, and that Blake probably didn't have one, he would need to make one... That would take more time... Dang...

"I'll put them all on your mother account alright?" the lady said, smiling hugely.

"That would be nice," Blake answered

Okay, freaked for nothing...

A minute later, we were walking out of the library, the books in our hands.

"Well, that didn't go so bad," Blake smirked.

"Ya, you only had one groupie," I said rolling my eyes.

"You mean you?" Blake asked mischievously, opening the door of the back seat, putting the books there.

"Get lost," I snorted, putting the books with the other ones.

"As long as you come with me I got no problem with that," Blake smirked, walking to the driver's door.

"And the pick-up lines return," I sighed, sitting in the car.

"Come on, admit you missed them," Blake laughed and started to drive away.

"Over my dead body," I answered rolling my eyes.

"I don't do necrophilia," Blake said in a sorry tone.

"Ewww, Blake gross," I yelled and slapped his arm

"Hey what did I say about hitting the driver?"

"Well the driver is being really gross right now, he deserved it."

"Please Pumpkin you opened the door, I mean seriously, I can't ignore such obvious offers," Blake laughed a deep from his throat laugh.

Vinyl... I'm doing this for a ton of vinyl, I kept repeating to myself, as we drove back to my house in the quiet streets of our town... but I couldn't help myself from thinking about the two seconds in the library aisle...

Am I only doing this for vinyl?

Chapter 29

Chapter Twenty Six

Alright guys, so this is me being very very stupid and in a writing frenzie again... Stupid Kay!

Anyway, I just wanted to have this chapter out so we could get to the good stuff!

Hope you enjoy it, and I'll double check for mistakes when I wake up later... So if you guys see any feel free to point them out.. I did write it pretty fast..

So anyway.. I'm tired, I'm sure I had important things to say but I don't remember so the next chapter I'll just speak more.. lol

So read, enjoy, vote and comment! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Alright, have fun reading!" I told Blake smirking when I got out of the car.

"Sure will" Blake laughed and then I closed the door and he drove away.

I stayed in front of the house, looking at his car disappear from my eyes, shaking my head slightly and then I turned around and walked to the door.

This hadn't been as bad as I thought it would...

Oh who was I kidding I had fun! Blake was actually entertaining, in a real annoying kind of way... but entertaining nevertheless.

And that's what I'm sticking to! He's entertaining, that's it!

I walked in my house, and then slipped out of my shoes, sighing heavily when I saw the empty space where the cupboard had been.

It doesn't matter I told myself and just headed for the kitchen because I was starving.

I opened the fridge and scanned through it, trying to find something interesting to eat.

"We're going to order pizza when dad finally gets off the phone" Ty said behind me.

I turned around to face him.

"You know you're in big trouble!" I told him, my eyes narrowing.

"Oh please! So what I let the guy in! No big deal! You really overreact for everything big sis!" Ty said, rolling his eyes and leaning against the counter.

"No I don't!!" I answered him, closing the fridge "If we're talking about overreacting, I think we should center our attention on you!"

"I'm overreacting?" Ty snorted.

"Hell yeah you do! Do you WANT us to start talking about Vanessa?"

"That's just mean!" Ty said and then he punched me on the shoulder.

"Never said I wasn't!" I answered and kicked him on the side of the waist, retrieving my leg fast enough

that he wouldn't catch it and make me fall on the ground.

"Okay, I think the best way to deal with this is to settle things in a totally mannered kind of way..." Ty said, raising his hand in surrender.

"You mean playing UFC 2009 Undisputed?"

"Hell yeah! Oh and SHOT GUN RAMPAGE JACKSON!" Ty yelled and then ran to his room.

"Go to hell! That's SO unfair!" I screamed, chasing after him.

"Shot gun rule! You lose! I got Rampage!" Ty smirked, when I got to his room.

"Go to hell! I'm kicking your ass!" I said frowning and walked to his bed to sit on it crossed legged, looking at the TV against the wall laughing at the mess that was his room.

His closet which was on the same wall than the bed was set against was wide open, and clothes were scattered out of it, like there had been an explosion in it.

There was left over food on the floor and all over his working table on my right, with his computer on it, and dirty dishes too.

I shook my head at that. The bed was the only safe place from all the mess, if you ignored the fact that his sheets were basically rolled in the middle of it.

God, mom would have never let things go that bad... He was going to have to clean the place...

Ty took the game from the infinite stack he had lined up on his drawers, and then put it in, and took the two joysticks, handing me one.

"I'M kicking your ass!!" I warned him, while he set up the game.

"Ya, we'll see about that!" Ty said mischievously.

And then it was my turn to choose my fighter. I wasn't sure between Rashad Evans and Lyoto Machida but decided to settle on the last one, because I didn't want Ty to think too much about another Evans...

"Game on!" Ty smirked, sitting beside me on the bed crossed legged too.

We both stared at the screen intently, waiting for the game to start and then there was the bell sound and the fight was starting.

I didn't even have the time to take one step and Ty punched me square on the face, making the screen becoming kinda blurry grey.

"Shit!" if I got punched again, I would be knocked out...

I played all for nothing, and then managed to roundhouse kicked Ty in the face.

"What the fuck! You were dead!" Ty screamed, jumping on his feet a little.

Haha!

After a few of grey screened times, Ty mouth piece fell on the ground, knock out from the last kick and I jumped on my feet, screaming.

"I WON, I WON, I WON, I WON!" I kept shouting, jumping up and down.

Ty threw the joystick on his bed and tackle me to the ground, on the mess, landing in a small pile of most probably dirty clothes.

"Unfair! I had Rampage!" he shouted and started to tickle me.

"Stop, stop stop!" I started to scream, laughing.

"I want a rematch," I said, never stopping the tickling.

"NO! I won fair...and square. Stop being... such a sore... loser," I managed to gasp between laughs, and then kicked him off of me, attacking with my own tickles.

"Alright break it off kids," I heard my father laugh, at the door of Ty's room.

I let go of Tyler and we both got on our feet.

"So, you guys want pizza?" he asked, the phone still in his hand

"I'm starving," I informed him, nodding, Ty agreeing beside me.

Dad smiled and then started to dial, walking away.

"Alright, what now?" Ty asked me.

"I don't know, wanna play something else?" I said, sitting back on his bed.

"How about we start a campaign of Resident Evil 5"

"So you can be the guy and boss me around" I said rolling my eyes, and then leaned back, taking my joystick who had landed on his pillow.

"Whiny big sis!" Ty snorted and put the new game in.

So then we played while waiting for the pizza to arrive. Ty kept all the good ammunition for himself, ran the second he saw a gun locker and kept all the guns for himself, and since he was the guy and was supposedly in charge of buying the guns and was the only one allowed to modifying them I was stuck with the shitty weapons.

This game was soooo sexist!

We paused the game when dad called us downstairs.

"So you kids are having fun?" my dad asked while we were all sitting around the center counter, taking slices of pepperoni pizza from the box.

"Yeah if you don't consider the fact that Resident Evil is freaking sexist! Why can't the girl lead?" I whined.

"Well, I'M having fun" Ty snorted and took a big bite of pizza.

"Whatever..." I mumbled and bit my pizza too.

And then I looked at my dad, and for one second I actually lost my appetite... He looked so depressed... He just had a sad little half smile, trying to reassure us probably, but it was just heart-breaking...

"We're going to be alright dad," I whispered and put my hand over his.

He looked at me with the sad eyes and smiled a little more "Don't worry about me kid, worry about yourself, I lived my life, you guys are starting it... Just... make the right decision alright...." he said in a faint voice.

The three of us were silent for a little while, the pizza cooling in front of us, our gaze all directed towards the counter.

"Let's look at the bright side! I mean Anna isn't here anymore," Ty said, with a small smile.

"Please Tyler, you liked your sister," my father said, shaking his head slightly but I could see the hint of amusement getting back in his face.

And then we ate the rest of the pizza, listing the many reasons why Ty didn't like Anna, starting with the time she had forced him into a dress and make-up till the one she had decided to make herself a dress with his blanket.

After dinner, Ty and I went to play a little more and then when my eyes started to feel tired from the constant staring I went to my room, to draw again I told him.

But the real reason was because I wanted to call Vanessa.

I closed my door behind me and locked myself in my bathroom, sitting on the toilet, to make sure Ty wouldn't hear.

"Yellow!" Van's familiar voice, greeted me on the other side of the line.

"Van, we seriously need to talk," I told her.

"I know feels like we haven't talk in ages!" she answered.

"You know what I'm talking about..." I trailed.

"He's being mean Lex!" she defended herself.

"Well, you're being mean too!"

"He doesn't even like me anyway. He just thinks it's going to be cool to tell all his other buddies he "nailed" an older girl. He doesn't like ME! He likes the concept of me," she answered, and I could feel her voice thick with emotion.

"God Vanessa, you really ARE blonde. He LIKES you. He likes you way too much for his own good."

"You're just saying that..." she whispered.

"No I'm not! Trust me! And if you both just keep hurting each other the way you are, in the end you'll just loose each other! And I know you both don't want that!"

"But it's not that simple! And you can't even be sure! I mean you're not in his head. And even if we did both

like each other, I mean where do we go from then? I'm here and he's there! It's never going to work..." she trailed her voice almost breaking.

"Van..."

"I just wish things could be simple..."

"I'm so sorry Van... but seriously... You guys are meant to be together... I'm telling you," I said, believing those words.

As much as it had freaked me out the first time I had considered the two of them together, now I was confident about it.

My brother and my best friend HAD to end up together... they wouldn't be right with anyone else...

"Oh ya? Meant to be? We kept saying Alex was meant to be with you, look where that brought you! I mean don't get me wrong, I love him, and I honestly consider him as one of my best friends but he did hurt you Lex, he hurt you bad..."

"Ya, but I forgave him, and now we're friend just like before" I answered and I did believe those words too.

"Ya friends! And that's all you'll ever be..." she snorted.

"But that soooo not the same thing here!! Alex's gay!"

"Ya but you did believe you were meant to be!"

"But you and Ty ARE meant to be!"

"Maybe you shouldn't say that, if it does the same thing as last time... I REALLY don't want Ty to be gay, like REALLY REALLY don't want that..." Van said, and I'm sure she was smiling a little right now.

"I wouldn't worry about that..." I answered her, thinking about the words he had said to me earlier, about her...

"Alright let's change subject! What have you been up to lately! I mean I haven't heard for you yesterday!"

"Ya, I went to the Creek with the guys," I said enthusiastically.

"Owww, I missed the Creek," Vanessa whined.

"Ya, sorry, and it was pretty fun. You really missed something," I told her and then proceed on to give her a full report on the entire stay at the Creek.

"I should drop this singing school and just come back," Vanessa answered when I was done and I'm sure she was pouting now.

"That would be nice but don't, you have talent."

"Ya, but I miss you guys... A lot."

"We miss you too."

"And I'm missing out on the beginning of this new couple," she said mischievously.

"New couple?"

"Ya, you and Blake," she answered, laughing.

"Oh hell NO," I hissed.

Nah ah! Me and Blake, not happening.

Why was she even considering this?

And then I thought about the two seconds again... but shook them away. That didn't mean anything! Blake was a freaking player! And that was just me being a stupid hormonal teenager, nothing more!

"Hell yeah girl! And I mean I don't judge cause the guy is HOT. But just be careful, oh and I want all the juicy details when you'll make out," she told me.

"Seriously, me and Blake, not happening! EVER!" I told her again, loudly.

"Alright... whatever you want to make yourself believe," Vanessa laughed.

"You know what? This conversation is over. Bye!"

"Ya bye," Vanessa laughed even more and then I hung up on her.

Stupid Vanessa!

Grumpy, I got out of the bathroom and put my cellphone on my bedside table and then walked to my drawing pad.

I sat on my chair, in front of a white sheet, and then my hands started to draw shadow, but for some odd reason, they all looked like lips.

Ugh.

I tore the sheet out of my pad and threw it in the garbage.

Stupid, stupid Lexi,

Freaking snap out of it! I told myself, hitting my head on my drawing table.

I looked at my clock, which said ten thirty and just settle on taking my shower and going to bed.

A good night sleep that's what I needed and then I could think clearly, I thought before falling asleep.

And then, for what seemed like barely minutes later, a sound woke me up.

Oh god, it couldn't be time to go to school just yet.

I still wanted to sleep.

But when I opened my eyes, it was still very dark in my room, and my clock said it was not even two yet.

And then my eyes caught what had wakened me up.

My cellphone light was flashing.

I took my phone off the table, my hand weak, still sleepy and towed it to my eyes.

There was a message text, coming from Blake of course, why didn't it surprise me, saying "Alright I'm

having an argument here and I would like to know, what'd you do if I showed up in your room RIGHT NOW?"

Oh god... what the hell?

I replied "I'd kick you out! Like a lot of times. In the crutc" and put the phone back on the table.

Few seconds later, my cell phone vibrated on the table.

I sighed, took it again and read the text, "Ouch! Alright, what if I'm shirtless?"

That just screamed bad high school movie cliché.

"That's just creepy!" I sent him and put the cellphone back on the table.

And oh surprise surprise, a moment later there was another one. I groaned and read it "Isn't it every girl's dream?"

"No Blake it isn't!" I replied, and this time just kept the cell in my hands.

I wanted to sleep for Pete's sake not have a freaking conversation in the middle of the night... I should just shut my phone down!

But then I got another text saying "I'm calling you!"

I barely had time to answer "No don't!" and I was having an incoming call.

Answer?

Not answer?

I put the phone to my ear, yawning hugely.

"Are you sure? Even shirtless?" Blake said before I could even say hello.

"Blake it's freaking two in the morning," I whined, rubbing my eyes.

"Yeah, and?"

"We have school tomorrow," I hissed.

"Again, and?" Blake asked.

"Well, unlike you I sleep. I actually like to sleep, I enjoy sleeping quite a lot."

"More than a half naked me at your window?"

"Yes!"

"What about a full naked me?" Blake said, and I could just see the smirk he was making right now.

"Blake! That's just gross," I said, more loudly and was worried for a second about waking people up.

"Aww please I got only good reviews about my nakedness. You couldn't resist me. Have you seen my feet? That's just a little preview."

"Blake, if you showed up at my window NAKED I swear to god you'd wish you were never been born," I informed him.

This is completely ridiculous! What the hell am I doing speaking with him at freaking two in the morning about the probability of him showing up naked at my freaking window?

"Aww come on! I'm sure with a little persuasion I could work miracles. I'm pretty desirable," Blake said, and I had no doubt he was smirking like an idiot.

"I'm hanging up now..." I informed him, taking slowly the phone away from my ear

"Wait, wait, wait!" Blake urged and I towed the phone back, sighing "So that's your final answer?"

"Yes!" I exclaimed.

"You sure?"

"Oh god Blake, please don't tell me you're waiting by my window..." I whined.

"Don't worry I'm not but I'm touched you thought I'd go to such extends to see you! Oh and I'm sure that if I DID show up at you window naked you'd all bu-" I didn't let him finish and hang up the phone on him.

I threw the phone back on my bed side table, closing it before, and snuggled in my

sheets.

Idiot, idiot, idiot!

I waited for the sleep to come back, but in the back of my head worried a little about the possibility of a naked Blake showing at my window...

Chapter 30

Chapter Twenty Seven

Alright I'm on freaking fire!!! Honestly I think I deserve a medal or something! Or a naked Blake at my window ;P

So new chapter! Don't hold your breath for the next one though I think the strike ends here... Plus I need to rest before getting back to class... Honestly this morning I was at the grocery store, pushing my carriage and then I kept hearing a "ding, ding, ding" sound and I was all "Alright Kay, that's it, you've finally reached that stage you are official crazy!" (It was just the carriage but I did freak for a good minute, I mean like I need people to think I'm more of a lunatic than I already am!)

So anyway, this chapter goes to all of you guys that leave comments!! It's because of you I write as fast (and ya I know I'm a beast; my trick: I master the art of procrastinating and learned a few skills because of that ;P)

Oh and it also goes to Enver Gjokaj because that dude is a freaking acting beast!!! Seriously he blows my mind!! It's like... wow! NO word... He deserves every award possible!!

But mostly this chapter goes to my BITCH!!! A me liche!!! ;P (I'm getting the t-shirt done!!) I'm sorry girl that your character took so much time to arrive but we keep the best for last ;P (Don't take it the wrong way everyone else!!! You rock too ;P) When we get that time machine done, I'll be your bridesmaid at your wedding with your husband!! ;P Woodstock here we come!!! ;P

So sorry for the big rant, I was talkative tonight... Oh and guys I wanted to say this; Sorry for not answering your comments, I just thought that you guys would enjoy a new chapter more!! I'll try to get

to that later! But don't worry I read them all and love them all!! :P

So anyway, read, enjoy, vote and COMMENT!!! :D

Oh and ya... I should warn you... you really AREN'T going to like me after this... so ya... I'm patiently waiting for the hate mails ;P But seriously, don't freak too much alright! We're barely starting the story and nothing is ever obvious! So no suicide threats alright?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I woke up about five minutes before my alarm clock started to shout its beep beeps. For one second I actually thought that the whole Blake-calling-at-two-in-the-morning deal had just been a dream. But I opened my cell phone and sure thing when I looked at my text message inbox everything was there.

Asshole!

That better not become a freaking habit of his!!

I need my sleep!! Do not mess with my sleep!!

I shut my alarm clock before it rang and then dragged my feet to Ty's room.

He was snoring lightly, lying on his stomach, holding his pillow in his hands, when I opened the door. I walked up to him, and gave a flick to his ear.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Ty shouted, surprised, raising his head.

"Time to wake up Sunshine" I said with an evil grin and then took the covers of his bed.

"I swear Lexi, do not pull the covers off of me! I WILL kill you!" Ty treated, letting himself fall back on his pillow.

"Drama Queen!" I laughed and threw myself on the empty side of his double bed, settling in it.

"School sucks" Ty mumbled.

"I know" I answered him.

"Major cocks!" he kept going

"Alright, that was unnecessary..." I trailed, closing my eyes.

"And it swallows!" Ty snorted

"Okay, that was just too much info!" I scowled a little

"That dirty bitch!" he still added, laughing lightly.

"Just shut up Ty!!" I whined, and slapped his back.

"I'll shut up if you scratch my back" Ty mumbled.

"You tricky little prick!" I snorted but still scratched his back, just like when we were younger and he would cry because mom wasn't there, working or something, and I would come in his room and comfort him.

My sweet little brother...

"You know if we both ditch school we could cover for each other... I mean I can do a pretty decent impersonation of dad's voice... I'm sure we could come up with something... We both ate bad fish or something..." Ty mumbled, while I scratched his back.

"That sounds oddly tempting but we need to go to school Ty..." I trailed.

"Why?" he snorted beside me.

"Because you need to go to school in order to learn"

"Bullshit! School is a waste of time!" Ty groaned.

"Ty! You know some people would give everything to be able to have all the knowledge we learn at school teach to them!" I told him, and kept scratching.

"I hate it when you play the poor kid in a third world country card," he whined.

"Well I hate when you complain like a two year old in their *no* phase," I answered playfully.

"Whatever..." he mumbled and then I stopped scratching and turned on my side settling in the bed.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing! Keep scratching!!" Ty ordered me.

I rolled my eyes but listened to him.

And then, I think at one point I stopped again, and we both fell back asleep because dad was at the door, laughing.

"Time to weak up Sleepy Heads!! Chop chop!!" he said, and Ty and I both groaned "You got twenty five minutes!"

I cursed and ran downstairs. I cooked eggs, as usual, and poured myself coffee, before heading back to my

room. I threw on myself the first clothes I found in my closet; boyfriend cut jeans and my green "Please don't make me kill you" shirt, and tied my hair into a ponytail.

"We're leaving!!" I screamed as I slipped into my boxer Reebok shoes at the door, waiting for Ty to stop listening to TV.

He towed himself, looking almost like a condemn going to the chair, to the door, scowling.

I ignored that, and walked to my car, keys in my hands.

"Care to tell me why you seem even less eager to go to school today" I asked Ty as we drove away.

"I just utterly hate school..." Ty mumbled, playing with the radio stations.

"I know that but it seems worse this morning"

"It's just... it's nothing... forget about it..." Ty answered and turned his head to the right, looking outside through the window

"Spill your beans brother!" I ordered him.

"It's just... there's this girl in English class and she just doesn't take no for an answer and she's starting to annoy the crap out of me... And the guys are all annoying me now because they want me to "score" her?" Ty said his voice harsh.

"But didn't you go out with that Evy girl Friday night? Isn't that enough"

"Ya but that's just because she's trying to get Landon jealous because she likes him..." Ty snorted, "Everyone knows that... Except Landon of course..."

"And you went out with her to make Vanessa jealous..."

"Ya but there's no way in hell I'm telling anyone about that! I just... It doesn't feel right to talk about her with them..." Ty whispered.

When he said that, I looked over at him and put my hand over his arm.

"Don't worry kid, everything will be fine... And I can personally beat up every one who annoys you" I told him half smiling "And Alex will help too!"

"Thanks!" Ty snorted.

When we finally reached school I was happily surprise to see a car in the parking lot I hadn't seen the last two weeks; Daphnee's car.

Daphnee Harrison was my apple scruff die hard Beatle fan friend who shared my love for vinyl and kicked pretty much everyone's ass with her musical knowledge. She shared my love for books too, something Vanessa lacked, I mean Vanessa read but never as fast and as much as me and Daphnee. Plus, Daphnee worked at the school library.

I had become friends with her because we were neighbors and drove to school in the same bus. We used to have those "bus subject" were we'd bitch about everyone we knew, during the ride. But of course now we both had our cars and didn't ride the bus. But we still bitch about stuff! And we had a blast!

She had taken vacation with her family to Morocco for two weeks so that's why I hadn't seen her in a while.

I was glad to see she was back.

So after I parked, I went looking for her.

The first bell rang before I could see her and seconds later the receptionist started to speak at the intercom, the dreadful intercom that no one wanted to be called on... "Noah York please report at the principal office... Noah York... and Tyler Grayson needs to come to the reception immediately to pick up his ovaries"

What the hell?

I stopped dead in my tracks.

What was *that* supposed to mean?

Was that Tyler's friend pulling a prank on him? But I mean the receptionist wouldn't ever play along with them...

And then something hit me... Blake, Friday night, saying he'd need to find a way to get back at Tyler for ordering him around... Only him could pull off something like that...

Asshole!

That just screamed Blake...

God he's an idiot! And how the hell did he manage to do things like that?

But before I could think about it more fully I saw Daphnee at her locked, wearing her torn jeans and Beatle t-shirt, her almost-short blond hair curling lightly on her shoulders, and then her eyes saw me, her grey-blue eyes.

Why was I surrounded by freaking hot blonds with blue eyes? That really hit my ego in the crutch...

I mean Daphnee wasn't white blond like Vanessa but still...

"HEY MY BITCH!" I yelled.

"No you're my bitch!" she yelled back and ran to me squeezing me in her arms.

"How was Morocco?" I asked her smiling.

She was tan! But not the fake tan, the nice tan.

"Oh it was simply yummy, the guys I mean," she smirked a little

"Memorable moments?" I asked her mischievously

"Oh so many my bitch so many but that's not the point right now!" she told me, her voice getting all serious.

"What is?" I frowned.

"I just went to the library, to ask Miss Pumpurnipple that even if she had already made the schedules for the library if she needed my help some days or if she needed me to replace someone sometimes you know, just let her know I was available, and you know what she told me?"

"Shoot!"

"She said I had came at the perfect time because as a matter of fact Lexi Grayson wasn't working anymore at the library and I could fill in her spot" she said her voice incredulous

" *W hat* ?" I shrieked

What the hell?

"That's what I said. I said "But Lexi would never quit" and then she said "I know I fired her" "

"How can you fire volunteers?" I hissed.

" *That's what I said!* And then she told me that it wasn't my business and all I needed to know was that your work was lacking seriousness and that she didn't want you anymore" Daphnee told me, her voice almost mad.

"Okay seriously what the hell?"

God dammit! I loved working at the library. Why the hell would I be fired?

"You should go ask her," she said, as shocked as I was, obviously.

"Ya that's exactly what's I'm going to do. Thanks!" I told her and then walked towards the library "I'll catch up with you later" I said over my shoulders.

"Alright."

I should have been going to my next class but this was just ridiculous. Why the hell would that old crazy psycho *fire* me? Okay, I might have been late a few times but please!

Okay a few times was an understatement, but still... A little warning could have been nice.

I walked fast to the library and then headed for her office.

"Hi Ma'am," I said, trying to sound polite.

I mean maybe I was overreacting; maybe this was all a big misunderstanding!

"Hello Miss Grayson, how can I help you?" she asked me in a stern tone.

Oh I was sooo fired...

Bitch!

"I'd like to know why you fired me," I asked her, my anger slipping in my tone.

"You lacked professionalism with your work," she said, and then looked at the sheets on her desk, like that was enough of a reason.

"Is this because I'm late all the time, because seriously I won't ever again!" I told her, almost pleading.

"Oh if only it was that," she said, with something that sounded almost like a snort.

"Then *why* ?" I asked her, my voice raising, making her look at me.

"A student graciously informed me that you had let two students have sexual intercourse in one of the seminars!" she said, with a fake smile.

"What?" I mumbled

Oh my god...

That stupid Blake!

That was his fault?

"But! Come on. I'm not the only one letting that pass," I told her, trying to defend myself.

I mean, I knew no one stopped people from getting it on in the seminar, there was no point...

"Really? Can I have the names of the other young workers such as yourself that let such obscenities occur in the sacred ground of our educational institution?" she said, her eyes narrowing, her voice harsh.

Damn it! If I answer this, I'm just a snitch...

"This is totally unfair. I love this job," I exclaimed, raising my arms in the air and then letting them fall back on my sides.

"Ah but some people would gladly take your spot and won't let such things slip their notion!" she said and then her gaze fell down on her paper work "That will be all Miss Grayson" she said in a voice leaving no space for reply.

I scowled at her, but it was really useless now, so I just turned around and stormed out, angry tears building in my eyes.

I mean what the hell?

I loved that job, why did I have to pay for Blake idiocy? And who the hell had complained?

Him again?

Had he decide to infuriate both Grayson in one day?

God, I couldn't even believe I had actually enjoyed his company yesterday, couldn't believe I had almost fucking kissed him!!

He was an ass. And utter ass! That was *all* he was.

God, I wanted to freaking strangle him right now.

Contract or no contract, I wasn't helping that douche anymore. He could forget about it. Shove his vinyl up his ass and just leave me alone. Just let things go back to the way they were before.

I walked in the now empty halls, the second bell had already rang, scowling, and heading for my History class.

"You're late Miss Grayson" the teacher said, the second I walked in.

"I had things to deal at the library, it won't happen again" I answered her.

"Alright, just don't interrupt my class again... So as I was saying..."

Well at least I was lucky this teacher was nice...

I looked around, trying to find and empty spot and scowled even more when I saw that the only one was in front of Blake.

Oh *joy!*

But I wouldn't so much as talk to him.

I walked to the empty seat, not even looking at him, and then sat and stared straight in front.

Blake tapped my shoulder, but I ignored it.

Pompous prick.

"Hey? What's up?" he whispered, his voice close to my ear.

"Don't talk to me!" I hissed, leaning my head in front and away from him.

"What's wrong?" he asked, his desk making a screeching sound, like he was pushing it closer to me.

He needed to *ask?*

He had just gotten me *fired* from a *volunteered* job and he wanted to know what was wrong?

Annoying prick.

"I said, don't talk to me!" I hissed again, still not looking at him.

"What's going on Lexi?" Blake kept pressing, and his voice sounded worried.

And I didn't want to hear it anymore!

"Miss, I'm sorry but Blake keeps speaking to me and it's really distracting," I said loudly, while raising my hand.

Her eyes narrowed, but then she said "Blake, would you care to change seats?"

"You know what, it's fine, I'm not going to bother Miss Grayson again!" Blake said behind, and his voice sounded mad now.

Well good!

That makes the two of us!

Asshole .

Chapter 31

Chapter Twenty Eight

Alrigth, so this is a really small one but hey! The strike continues! ;P lol

Come on! Say you love me! ;P

Okay, so enjoy you guys! Now it's true, you won't get anything tomorrow, I have class for Pete sake's!

So read, enjoy, vote and comment! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Bon ben Blake toi et moi on va avoir une tite conversation pendant que les gens lisent ces lignes pis y'ont une face genre « what the fuck? », mais

qu'est ce qui se passe? Mais qu'est-ce qui se passe!! (on insert une crise d'hystérie ici la...)

B : Je suis un peu rouillé en français Kay, ça fait un boutte...

K : Lol! Tu parles tout le temps avec È pis elle à te répond juste en français!

B : À propos de ça, je veux juste dire à tout le monde que t'es une grosse lâche!

K : EYE!

B : C'est vrai! La seule raison pourquoi t'écris si vite tes chapitres c'est parce que tu copies toute les conversations que j'ai avec ma BFFF sur MSN! T'es pathétique mon enfant!

K : À ta gueule! C'est toi qui est pathétique!

B : Nenon! On parle pas de ça ici!

K : Pourquoi pas? Personne va comprendre de toute façon... (insert moi avec un visage machiavélique) mouhahahahahaha!

B : Ils vont toute aller sur Google Translator!

K : Pfff, c'est de la marde ce site la! Personne va comprendre!

B : Je m'en fous! On parle pas de mes problèmes!

K : Come on! Anyway, les gens vont suspecter des choses louches parce que tu écris en français présentement...

B : Ben non! Pis le fait que je parle français à aucun rapport avec mes problèmes!

K : Ouin t'as un point... Mais sérieusement la d'habitude tu te fermes jamais la gueule à propos de «tu sais quoi »! C'est tout ce que tu parles... et tu me montres les images mentales qui sont assez déstabilisantes... j'aimerais que tu les partages avec quelqu'un d'autre que moi, c'est pas bon pour toi anyway!

B : Tu veux dire c'est pas bon pour toi!! C'est toi qui es pogné avec moi dans ta tête! Mouhahahahaha

K : Bitch -_-

B : Merci! :D

K : Continue comme ça et je vais dire à tout le monde pourquoi t'as déménagé ici et que tu ai-

Blake me saute dessus en me couvrant la bouche

LOL!

Sorry I've been meaning to do this for a WHILE now! Mouhahahahahaha! Okay, that was mean I know! But don't worry it's not important! It's just stupid rambling between me and Blake, one of our many conversations... lol

Okay so NOW here's the real chapter! Mouhahaha

* * * * * * * * * * *

The second the end of class bell rang I picked up my bag and left, without a glance back, but obviously, Blake had other plans.

"Lexi! Stop right there!" he said behind me but I just kept walking towards the stair case.

I'm not stopping, I'm not listening to him and I'm not talking to him!

I HATE him!

I quicken my pace to get away from him.

But of course Blake was fast, pretty fast, and he caught up with me and then grabbed me by the wrists and spun me around.

"I'm going to ask again. What's. Wrong?" Blake asked me, his eyes boring into mine.

He was close to me, too close...

And he smelled good... too good... It reminded me of something... But I shrugged it off, pushed it all away.

Blake is an ass! And utter ass!

"You have to ask? You have to fucking ASK what's wrong?" I shrieked, and Blake looked shocked.

"If this is because of the "naked at your window" deal, I'm sorry I won't do it, but I really was having an argument! Josh and I were discussing the way the media seem to have corrupted the mind of every-"

"SHUT UP! Just shut up!! You know PERFECTLY why I'm mad at you, you freaking man-whore who can't keep it in his pants for two freaking seconds!"

"You're losing me Grayson!" Blake said, still holding my wrist still undeniably close to me.

"You HAD to go see that stuck-up library bitch!! You HAD to make me lose my job, my job that I loved, because I freaking let you FUCK that whore of Stacey in those filthy seminars! You just HAD to make my life more suckish!! You just HAVE to piss me off all the fucking time!" I yelled in his face.

"What the hell are you TALKING about? I didn't do anything! And I didn't even fucking have sex with that whore in the seminar!" Blake yelled back at me.

By now, some people had stopped walking and were staring at us, but I didn't give a shit.

"Oh go to hell! Who else would have told Mrs Pumperfukingnickel? And even if it WASN'T you it's still your FUCKING fault!" I screamed back.

"For your information I DIDN'T go see Mrs whatever!!! When are you going to stop judging me all the fucking time? You don't know ANYTHING!" Blake yelled and there was something about the way his eyes looked at me, almost like he was in pain...

But he was still an ass!

So I got ready to scream back at him, but he just let go of my wrist and stormed away.

"Where the hell do you think you're going!?! I'm not done yelling at you!" I screamed after him.

But Blake didn't turn around he just ran down the stairs.

That pompous prick!

What the hell did he think he was doing!? He wanted to talk! I would fucking talk!! I would scream at him until the entire school knew how much of an ass he was!

I ran after him, but then something seemed to catch his attention, because he turned where the principal office was and walked in the waiting hall.

Oh hell! If he thought the principal would save his ass the boy was WRONG! I could cut his balls right there for all I cared.

I ran in and then stopped dead in my track.

Tyler was sitting on a chair, like he was waiting to go in.

"...didn't think you'd get back as fast!" Ty laughed, talking with Blake and then they both turned around and looked at me.

Blake was scowling, Ty looked guilty.

"What the hell did you do Ty?" I asked my eyes bulging.

Damn it to hell! Like I needed more drama right now!

"Oh well... you know... Ipunchedaguyintheface... the usual..." Ty mumbled.

"What did you say?" I hissed.

"Look that dude in English was being a dick! He said I was a prude because I didn't want that hoe! So I punched him!" Ty said, looking straight in my eyes.

Oh crap... oh crap crap crap...

"Tyler! What the hell were you thinking? You could get expelled! You know it's a zero violence policy here!" I told him, and the fact that I was already

angry really didn't help my cause here, and his of course!

"Don't you think I already know that?" Ty hissed back but then turned his eyes to look over at Blake, and I did too because he was walking towards the principal office.

"Hey what are you doing?" Ty asked frowning, but Blake didn't listen and just walked in closing the door behind him.

"What the hell does he think he's doing?" I asked, shocked.

"I don't know... but what the hell was going on before he walked in? Cause he looked pissed, but depress, mostly depress..." Ty asked me, frowning, while I sat beside him, waiting for Blake to get out I guess...

"He got me fired from the library... well he said he didn't do it, but still it's his fault cause he did get in on in there and that's the reason I'm fired..." I trailed scowling again...

That ass!

"Aww come on give the guy a break! You're having fun with him! And since you two hang out you stopped crying at night..." Ty trailed, not looking at me, a little guilty about the revelation.

I just started at him wide eyed.

"You... you heard that... I mean you knew about...?" I mumbled, unable to form a coherent thought...

He had heard my crying... for the last two months...?

"You're my big sis... I care about you, you know..." Ty whispered and then wrapped his arm around my shoulder.

And I don't know why but my eyes tear up while I leaned my head against his shoulder.

What would I have been without that little overreacting idiot? I really had no clue...

"You know you're in big trouble Tyler Grayson!" I said, after swallowing back the tears.

"Ya..." Ty groaned, letting go off me, rolling his eyes.

"What's he doing in there?" I mumbled, talking about Blake, staring intently at the door, like I could have x-

ray vision doing so "Getting us both suspended from school?" I snorted.

And as I said those words the door opened.

"Thanks Mister Fields," Blake said and then closed the door behind him, looking at Ty and completely ignoring me.

"You can go; I took care of it..." Blake told him and then he walked out.

"Thanks man!" Ty yelled after him in glee at the same time I said "WHAT?"

But Blake didn't listen he just kept walking away.

"Hey! Where do you think you're going!? We're not done here!" I called after him, and then he finally stopped, and looked at me.

"Oh we're done. I'm finally doing what you've wanted all along! Don't worry I won't bother you again!" Blake said, his voice low, and his eyes... his eyes... god they looked so sad... they actually hurt me...

And then he turned around and walked away, leaving me there, completely paralyzed and utterly shocked.

Chapter 32

Chapter Twenty Nine

New chapter!!!! :D

Okay so I know last chapter was sad but I think I deserved a freaking medal for pulling it off!! I mean the line between hot angry make-out and killing the other one was pretty thin, I tell you! ;P

This chapter could have been better and I know I have to check for misspelling and such but it's almost two in the morning so I'll do that tomorrow... And I really wanted to give it to you guys soon!! :P

So I hope you like it...

Read, enjoy, vote and COMMENT! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I just stayed there, shocked staring at Blake's back, my mind completely blank.

What the hell had just happened?

I got ready to just run after him again, and I don't know apologize or something, but then the bell rang, and I had to get to class...

Damn Blake! Minutes ago, I was the one furious at him, and now I actually felt guilty for screaming at him like that!

That bitch was soo using reverse psychology! And it was freaking working!

I walked to my class, grasping what Blake had just said, what had just happened...

Was he really serious? Would he really stop talking to me? Stop annoying me and almost stalking me?

But the real question that bothered me the most was; was this really what I wanted...?

When I got to my class, I plopped on the first empty seat trying to think about something else but then,

few minutes later, sure thing, Blake walked in the room.

Hmmm... I didn't even remember him being in this class with me... wow... How stupid and unobservant am I really?

He looked sad... If I hadn't believed in the sad eyes before, now I was sold... and the weirdest thing was that he went to talk with Mark and he didn't even seemed to notice it.

How could I have not seen this sooner?

I mean, seriously?

"Earth to Lexi!" Daphnee said, snapping her fingers in front of my face.

Damn, I hadn't even seen her sit in front of me.

"You staring at the hot football player?" she asked smirking a little

"I'm not staring!" I answered hastily.

"Oh you're sooo staring! Damn! When did this start? I mean, I'm here every day for over a year after her last boy toy and then I leave two weeks, two weeks,

and that's when my fellow bitch decides to have a fling for the hot jock! I'm hurt!"

"Shut up! That's so not what's going on here!"

"Oh so there's no emotional attachment, it's strictly a sexual thing?"

"Daphnee, not even funny!" I told her, scowling a little but she waved the matter away with her hand.

"Cause just so you know our pimp won't agree with this!"

"Thought we were free agents now?" I answered her, trying to change the topic...

"Nope, we're back with a pimp! The business was too slow without him..." she said and chuckled a little "Speaking of our pimp, you're coming with us this weekend we have to go shopping, and I want that box for CD with the Beatles written on it!! And I want us to go to that clothes shop I never remember the name of, with the sexy cashier!"

"You realize that dude was gay right?" I laughed.

"Ya I know, it's not for me, it's for our pimp!" she said and smirked a little "Noticed how he's texting all the time? I mean I had one period with him and that's all he was doing! I'm telling you, that boy is hiding something from us!" she whispered to me.

"You mean you think..." I trailed not wanting to say it out loud, if people were listening.

I mean, except for me, Vanessa, Daphnee, and his parents, no one knew about Alex's real orientation, and I wasn't going to be the one making him come out of the closet.

"I don't see any other reason..." she trailed and then the teacher started to speak, so I focussed my attention in front.

But my mind really wasn't setting on logarithmic... That was actually the last thing I could think about right now...

I mean ya I had noticed Alex's texting... But a boyfriend?

Before, I'm sure I would have been freaking out, or mad, or sad, even jealous maybe, but right now, it

didn't even bothered me slightly... All that bothered me was that damn Running-Back, being a freaking baby!! He hadn't the right to stop our argument! I wasn't done!

I spent the whole freaking period mentally cursing Blake for making me feel guilty for being mad at him, and for actually making me care! I mean the more I thought about it and the more I got mad with myself! Why did I even care? I mean wasn't that what I wanted? No Blake?

God!!!

Angering prick!!

And Daphnee in front, seemed to find much amusement in my public scowling... which pissed me more off!

When the class finally ended I tried to catch up with Blake but he just left the room in a hurry. I wasn't going to give up so quickly so I followed him, calling his name, but he didn't even turned and then walked into the football locker rooms and the coach gave me

"Don't you think you can walk in there" stares preventing me from just walking in.

Damn it!

So I just towed myself to the cafeteria, waited an eternity in line and then filled my tray with as much food as it could contain, still scowling a bit, before joining the boys at their table.

While I sat, Connor started to speak "Man did you see the scene Blake made?" he asked Dwayne.

Okay, why the hell would they be talking about this with me here? I mean, that was just plain mean!

"Hell yeah! Oh my god, I've never seen him so mad! And Stacey was crying her eyes out!! HIGH FIVE!" Dwayne yelled and slapped Connor's hand.

Stacey? What the hell? Weren't they talking about my shouting with Blake?

"What are you guys talking about?" I frowned.

"Didn't you hear about it? At the break, Blake just dropped in front of Stacey and started to yell at her! That was the most hilarious thing I've ever seen!! He

was SO mad! And she was crying! I mean, don't get me wrong, I don't enjoy people misery usually, but this... this she deserved" Connor said and then turned to Shawn "Sorry dude I know you slept with that chick but seriously..."

Shawn snorted "Please, like I care... god he was right, that really was the worst one night stand of the history..." he mumbled.

Haha cheap slut! I thought happily...

And then I tried to understand why Blake would have actually gone to yell at Stacey? Was it because of the library deal? Was it because of me?

For some reason that thought made me want to smile... And made me completely unable to be mad at him now...

Damn Blake!

The guys kept talking around but I stopped listening to them...

If Blake had done that because of me that had to mean he didn't really meant the "no talking to me again" thing? Right?

Or maybe that had nothing to do with this... I mean Stacey WAS an annoying bitch...

And maybe I was just better off without a Blake in my life, it would just make things simpler...

"You got something on your mind Kitty" Alex stated beside me.

"Hmm? No no everything's fine..." I mumbled and sipped on my Pepsi.

"Can't fool me Kitty!" Alex smiled

"And YOU can't fool me" I told him, smiling a little too.

Alex looked taken aback by what I had just said, so I just patted his cheek and got back on my feet, my now empty tray in my hands.

Damn, how fast had I eaten?

"Wait up Kitty! What was that suppose to mean?" Alex asked, following me.

"What? Should it mean something?" I asked sheepishly.

"Kitty!"

"We'll talk about it later alright... and not here" I told him and then walked to my locker to get my things for the next class.

The rest of the afternoon went by without my noticing. I was too caught up in my head...

I should really focus on my classes... that was just dumb on my behalf... I mean, like I needed to fail!

Each class Blake was in it, each time he got in a few second before the bell and sat as far as possible from me.

Why did this annoy me so much? I mean last week, at this date, I wouldn't have even noticed him entering!

God I'm stupid!

When the final bell rang, Blake disappeared and I didn't get to talk to him...

But I mean what would I have say to him?

Sorry for screaming at you? I doubt that would be enough right?

Because something was up with Blake... That much was obvious... The question was WHAT was wrong with the sexy boy? And why did I care?

And did I just mentally called him sexy?

Oh god... I have serious problem now...

"Hmmm... Lexi... You just drove past our house..." Tyler trailed beside me and I was shocked to realize I was actually driving and already home...

Okay something is DEFINITELY wrong right now.

"Crap... sorry about that..." I mumbled and turned into one of our neighbours parking and drove back to the house.

"Don't worry... oh and... I mean I think with everything that's going on at home... you know it would just be unnecessary to mention the punching incident to dad... since you know... Blake took care of it..." Ty trailed.

"Sneaky little prick!" I snorted, but still agreed with him...

But that just made me think more about freaking Blake! I mean what had he done to get Ty out of trouble? Bribe the principal? I knew Blake basically ruled the school with his social status and all but the principal?

I walked in the house, still thinking about Blake... I mean this was getting into a problem! I had been thinking about him all day!!

And it didn't stop by my getting home...

I just kept thinking...

I mean, after everything, I knew that Blake wasn't a TOTAL jerk that much was obvious; I also knew I had fun with him, actual fun. He made me laugh.

But! Blake was still an ass most of the time! I came to that conclusion while washing the dishes after dinner...

And then another thing was clear; even though there had been the two seconds, and even though the boy

was undeniably sexy... like really really hot... dreamingly hot... Okay snap out of it Lexi... So even with that, I knew for a fact that Blake and I, that wouldn't happen... ever.

Because Blake was a player. And even though he SEEMED to kinda care about me, I'm sure it had nothing to do with liking me. He might enjoyed annoying me, but that was pretty much it...

By then, I was in my bed, and trying to fall asleep, but I was failing miserably. I just kept tossing and turning, and thinking.

So even if Blake and I didn't have a chance at anything coupley, I also knew that I actually wanted to be friends with him...

I didn't want to go back to the "not noticing him" state...

So that was my final decision...

I didn't want for things to go back, and I actually wanted to be friends with Blake... I mean playfully arguing with him had been the most fun thing I had done in a while... I didn't want to lose that.

But what was I supposed to do now?

I turned again in my bed, and my eyes fell on my clock.

2:13.

And just like that I knew what to do...

I got up and took my cellphone out of my bag, finding Blake's number and then texted "If I showed up at your window naked, RIGHT NOW, what would you do?" and sent it to him.

Now that was bound to make him reply!

I just hoped he wasn't asleep...

And then, few seconds later, before I even had time to worry, I got an answer "I'd throw rocks at you! Multiple shapes and cuts! A lot of them!"

Alright... That wasn't so bad... I could work with that.

"And then you'd have sex with my lifeless body? Blake! I thought you weren't into necrophilia!!" I sent him.

Seconds later, I got another answer "Whatever you're trying woman, it won't work, don't you remember I'm a double agent, I was train to endure torture!!"

For a few breaths I stared at the screen wondering what I should do now... and then I pressed the call button and waited to hear Blake's sexy deep voice.

"You've reach Blake's voice hatemails, scream at him after the beep anyway he doesn't give a shit... BEEEP!" Blake greeted me.

"I'm sorry Blake!" I just said, my voice sincere.

I really was sorry!

"No, you're not!" Blake snorted

"I really am! I'm serious, god you'd think I'd call you at 2 in the morning if I wasn't!"

"Ya, just to torture me a bit more!"

"You're just using reverse psychology!" I stated.

And that was so true! I mean seriously! The boy had made me feel bad, by being the one mad!

"Hey, a guy's gotta use every weapon he has!" Blake said, and for one second I could actually believe he was smirking a little right now.

"I'm sorry Blake..." I told him again, my voice low... because I really was... I mean, I didn't want to hurt him that much was clear in my mind.

Blake was silent for a few seconds.

"I'm sorry too..." he whispered "Want me to talk to the stuck-up library bitch? Get you your job back?" he offered, and I almost jumped up and down.

Oh yeah, Blake's back!

"No... I don't want to go there anymore... Not with the way she spoke to me... Anyway, your shouting at Stacey pretty much did it..." I said, smirking a little now.

"You heard about that?" Blake laughed.

"Of course I did!"

"Aww Pumpkin, you gotta stop stalking me like that you know, it's not good for both of us!" Blake said, still laughing a little.

"I'll try to remember that!" I laughed too.

"Alright go to sleep Pumpkin, you sound tired!" Blake said, but he was the one yawning on the other side of the line

"Alright... So you forgive my freaking out?" I asked him, to make sure.

"Sure I do" Blake answered me.

"Friends?"

"Ya friends..."

"Alright... you got to sleep too now!"

"Sorry I can't, I just woke my whore up... Gotta use her up till she's knock out again" Blake replied mischievously.

"That's just gross Blake!" I said and rolled my eyes even though he couldn't see it.

"Please, you missed me!" Blake stated and now I was sure he was smirking.

"Please, I can survive without you!"

"No you can't! I should know, I seen a documentary on it!" Blake laughed.

"Did that documentary also showed that when Blake is being delusional he gets a kick in the crutch?"

Blake didn't answer, he just laugh.

"Alright, try not to dream too much about me Pumpkin!" Blake finally said.

"Don't worry about it!" I answered and then I closed my phone and went back in my bed, finally able to fall asleep, a small smile playing at the edge of my lips...

Chapter 33

Chapter Thirty

Alright people, tiny chapter, but still a chapter right? ;P

I think it's safe to say every one were pretty happy to have our lovely Blake and Lexi on good terms again!! :P

So now, back with the program!! ;P

So thanks to all my new lovely fans!! The family is growning quickly!! ;P And thanks to all the faithfull ones who always have a nice thing to say about my chapter!! You guys really boost me up, and keep me writing till 2 in the morning ;P

So... È just wants to say she's awesome... and that I need to sleep now.. lol.. I think I do though.. Haha

So you guys know the drill, read, enjoy vote and.. COMMENT!!!! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I slapped my hand over my alarm clock when the beep beeps started in the morning, and then curled under my sheets again cursing the damn school.

But I smiled a little to myself too.

I was glad everything was cleared out between Blake and I.

I held my bed cover tightly, wishing that for some magical reason the school had blown up... or maybe in the future I had build that time machine of mine and gone back through time and killed Charlemagne...

Ya that would be sweet...

And then the beep beeps shouted again.

I groaned and rolled out of my bed after shutting it down.

I angrily made my way to Ty's room and then was about to throw myself on his bed, but frowned at the scene in front of me.

Ty wasn't in his bed anymore.

What the hell?

Was the time on my alarm clock wrong? Did I oversleep? Sure as hell didn't feel like it that was sure...

I dragged my feet down the stairs and then headed for the kitchen, to see if the time on the microwave and oven was the same as the one on my alarm clock.

"Wow you actually woke up" Ty snorted the second I crossed the arc of the kitchen.

He was sitting at the counter, an enormous bowl of cereal in front of him, only wearing his sweat pants, looking still a little half asleep, and dad sat across him, looking all fresh and ready to work, as usual.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I yawned and slapped the back of his head, while heading towards the coffee pot.

"Please, yesterday you were like a freaking zombie, I asked you like five times if you were going to finish your mash potatoes and you just keep stabbing them over and over again, not even noticing me! I just thought the day you'd finally crack and actually only be good for the asylum had arrived... Let alone be able to remember you had to wake up your sweet and poor little brother" Ty started to ramble, while I poured myself a cup of hot coffee and when to sit at the counter with them.

"Oh come on! I wasn't that bad!" I answered rolling my eyes, but my father chocked on his coffee a bit. "Is there a problem dad?"

"No kid, no problem..." my father laughed a little.

"And you Mister Tyler Grayson, I wouldn't be judging my sweet sister if I were you... you know cause she could PUNCH you in the FACE!" I smirked a little and then lifted my legs to my chest and rested my chin on my knees while sipping on my coffee.

Tyler started at me, wide eyed, obviously understanding what I was referring too, and then I smirked a little more, and he flipped me off.

"Now now Ty, that's not the way to behave yourself at the table!" I chuckled.

"We're at the counter!" Ty groaned.

"I know why I let you kids oversleep in the morning now... you'll just argue!" my father laughed.

"I'm not a morning person!" Ty and I replied at the same time, and then we looked at each other and laughed.

"So how's that Blake kid doing? Seen him lately?" my father asked me over his cup of coffee.

I rolled my eyes.

"Ya sure Blake's fine! Oh and you should be happy to know that if I showed up naked at his window at two in the morning he'd throw rocks at me" I mean seriously, did my dad really want news about Blake?

"I'm going to pretend like I know what you're talking about..." dad trailed frowning.

I rolled my eyes again.

"I like that kid..." my father said, almost to himself.

"Ya I know dad!" I answered, sighing and then just rolled my eyes once more... I mean please!

When I was done with my coffee, I fixed myself breakfast, and then changed and got ready for school, not in a rush for once. I skipped down the stairs and yelled at Tyler that it was time to leave, took my keys off their hook and then left to my car.

"So Lexi, wanna talk about it?" Tyler said beside me, as we were driving away.

"Bout what?"

"Well I don't know, maybe you could tell me why the hell you were on the phone at two in the morning..." he trailed.

"What the hell were you doing up at two in the morning?" I asked him frowning.

"Hey hey! Don't turn this on me!! What the hell were YOU doing?" Ty asked, staring at me reproachfully.

"I was just making amends alright!" I said sheepishly.

"At two in the morning?"

"Yes, at two in the morning! Got a problem with that?"

"You were talking with Blake right?" Ty said, shaking his head disapprovingly.

"What's it to you!?" I groaned.

"Hey, don't get that attitude with me! I'm being a good brother, looking out for his sister alright!" Ty answered, raising his hands.

"That would be a big brother job! A younger brother is supposed to go through my drawers and run around the house with my bra" I told him, snorting.

"And as we recall I did that!" Ty said, smirking.

"Multiple times... and actually wearing it..." I trailed, smiling lightly at the memory... he was also wearing Annabelle high heels doing that...

It would be a good thing if he didn't end up a drag queen... God I really hoped he didn't...

"It a good thing you lost that habit..." I sighed, laughing a little at the same time.

"Who told you I had?" Ty asked mischievously,

By then, we had reached school, and I was parking in an empty spot, but now I just started at Tyler wide eyed.

"Have a nice day!" Tyler laughed and then got out.

Idiot!

"If I ever catch you wearing my bra Tyler Grayson it's the last thing you'll be wearing!!" I yelled after him, in the parking lot.

"Awww, we're already talking about bras and the bell hasn't even rang yet... That's what I love so much about High School" Blake deep voice said behind me.

"Ha ha!" I replied, rolling my eyes and then walked towards the school, him by my side.

"So... you're so obsess with me, you had to call at two in the morning... you couldn't wait for the morning?" Blake smirked beside me.

I slapped his arm.

"Please! You started it! And I was just being kind! I mean, I don't particularly like to hurt people you know!" I snorted.

"That's charming coming from the girl who gave me a wedgie," Blake laughed.

"You deserved that!" I answer shaking my head.

I haven't forgotten about you dear M&M's!!

"So Pumpkin, most have been hard to go through your day yesterday without me, right?" Blake said his eyes evil.

"Oh yes Blake. You got me, I can't live without you! I can't resist you; take me right now and there!" I sighed dramatically leaning back a little like those chick in old movie, the back of my hand on my forehead.

"Well, if you ask so nicely..." Blake shrugged and then grabbed me around the waist.

For one second my eyes bulge, but then I punched him on the shoulder hard.

"HEY! Don't you try anything funny, Blakey-boy!!" I scowled and Blake started to laugh hysterically.

"Hey, you offered Pumpkin" Blake smirked.

"Idiot!"

By then we had walked into the school halls and I was heading to my locked, laughing with Blake now, and that's when Stacey almost quite literally jumped in front of us.

Still glaring at me as usual.

"Stacey, just leave..." Blake scowled.

"No' I have something fun to share with Lexi here!" she smirked arrogantly, flipping her hair and then she fixed her eyes on me.

Oh crap...

"You know, that day in the seminar, the reason why I left is because..."

Chapter 34

Chapter Thirty One

NEW CHAPTER! WOOT WOOT!

Alright sorry for the waiting (which wasn't that bad if you compare me to others ya know? You guys really shouldn't be complaining ;P)

So I hope you enjoy that one.

Oh and ya... man you guys have been making a lot of theories lately! haha for your information some of you guys got things right, no one's got everything right though.. and few of you got things wrong and well some theories were just funny ;P

Oh and the girlfriend. Mouhahaha! The mysterious girlfriend! Actually you know what? She's not all that mysterious, well you don't KNOW her but her name slipped across somewhere in the past uploads. I'm surprised no one noticed it..

Well you'll hear more about her later on. I'm trying to get to the good stuff soon, but I mean I think it's important to have Lexi and Blake build a more trusting relation type of thing ya know? Plus we have a few "events" that need to happen to clear things out. If that makes sense?

Oh well.

So anyway, read, enjoy, vote and COMMENT! :D

(Oh ya it's probably full of mistakes, I'll double check tomorrow.)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Recap :

"You know, that day in the seminar, the reason why I left is because..."

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"Wow! You sure you want to finish that sentence Stacey?" Blake cut her.

I was about to raise my hand and answer that I personally wanted her to, but just with the way Blake was glaring at her, I repressed myself.

"I think I'd like to share it with her!"

"What? Yesterday wasn't enough? Want me to enlighten you again on the many reason why that wouldn't be the smartest idea of the century? Or maybe you really do want me to tell everyone about Pick-His-Nose-Dany?" Blake said hastily, his voice threatening.

Pick-His-Nose-Dany?

I looked at both of them confused, and saw the obvious panic in Stacey eyes.

Okay, seriously what the hell? I wanted to know what had happened in that seminar and I wanted to know now!

But then something occurred to me. Do I really want to know what Blake did with Stacey in a seminar?

Just the thought of her with him made me want to barf my breakfast!

Well just the thought of Stacey pretty much had that effect on me but still.

Maybe I didn't want to know what Blake had done that had made Stacey storm out crying.

God. What could have Blake done?

That actually scared me for a second. The possibilities were endless.

And surprisingly so, it made me almost angry when I thought about Stacey and Blake together in a seminar.

Like really angry. Which was stupid, cause I mean Stacey and Blake could do whatever they wanted right? Truthfully, I'm sure that if it hadn't been Stacey I wouldn't have minded, I don't know, Blake just shouldn't be with such a skank.

Wow, I actually thought that?

"You know you really shouldn't waste your time on him, and he's not even that hot!" Stacey said to me, smirking a little at Blake when she did.

"Thanks! Again coming from you I'll take that as a compliment" Blake scowled beside me before I could answer anything.

"Well, don't think you'll get in my pants again, you stupid jerk!" Stacey almost yelled to him

"Let me remind you that even if the survival of the humanity depended on it, I wouldn't have sex with you again! Because not only are you a hoe, you're also a bad one at it."

"And what? SHE'S a better hoe than me?" Stacey said, looking at me up and down.

Okay, this was just getting into a bad cliché chick flick, with people bitching into the halls.

"Oh please she's nothing like you," Blake replied back.

Seriously, this was getting ridiculous, maybe I should just sit on a bench or something, let them talk about

me or for me for a while, watch the show, bring some popcorn, boo at the replies.

"What because you'll take her into your nice car instead of the seminars? You know cause that would have been awkward seeing she's working there. Oh wait! That's true! She doesn't work there anymore; well I guess you can thank me for that!"

I had sort of guessed Stacey was the one at fault for my being fired, but now hearing it out from her, that really pissed me off. Honestly I got the fact that she didn't like me, because I pretty much despised her too, for no evident reason either, but what she did was completely unnecessary and extremely mean!

"You know what Stacey?" I said, finally managing to speak, "you're a pathetic excuse of a bitch, and I would love and chat with you about all the reason why I wouldn't even touch you with a stick, if I were a guy, but see, I have much better ways to waste my time." I smiled and then just walked away.

You know what? They can keep arguing all they want, I don't want to argue. Not with her. It's a waste of energy and of time.

On the other hand I didn't mind arguing with Blake, but I mean that's just because our arguments weren't full hatred "I wanna see you burn at the stake" kinda thing.

I was surprised that Stacey didn't scream after me something pathetic like "I will ruin you!!", and actually laughed a little at the situation. I mean come on! The girl really is pathetic! She actually thought telling Blake he couldn't get in her pants again was going to make him go all "Oh sorry baby let's go back in that room" if that's what she wanted. Because honestly WHAT did she want?

I rushed to my locker still thinking and then grabbed my books and headed to my first class.

When I walked through the door I immediately spotted Daphnee and went to sit by her.

She had her head upside down and was combing her hair I guess, with her hands.

"You know that offer to shave our heads together is still up," I told her as I sat down, putting my bag on the back seat of my chair.

Daphnee laughed and then kicked her hair back, looking at me, smiling.

"You sure you'd be ready to do that? I mean it'll pretty much ruin your hair for the rest of your life"

"Hey, I'm just saying, Annabelle always was the one saying how awful mine were, and that's just the kind of stupid thing you'd do with me."

She laughed in response.

"Good morning my bitches!" Alex said, with a huge grin, walking towards us, taking a seat beside ours.

"Well good morning to you too Sunshine!" Daphnee smiled and pinched his cheek "Who's been a good boy?" she crooned.

"Not me," a voice answered, and I rolled my eyes at Blake who came to sit in front of me.

"You lost the hoe?" I smirked.

"YOU LOST A HOE?" Daphnee squealed, behind, leaning her top on her desk "Did you inform her pimp?"

Blake laughed in front, Alex joining him and I just rolled my eyes again.

"Oh you know that was a really cheap one, didn't have an owner," Blake answered, smirking.

"Poor wandering hoe," Daphnee said, making a snapping sound with the side of her cheek, shaking her head slightly. "Aren't we lucky Lex, to be more structured," she beamed, and I laughed.

Blake looked confused.

"Don't make that face hot football player! You can join if you want we always have available spots," she joked, wrinkling her nose in amusement.

"And the job offer would be?" Blake asked her.

"Be one of Alex's bitches," she answered him, nodding her head proudly, and pouting her lips faintly.

I think I saw on the corner of my eyes Alex choke a little.

For one second I had the weirdest thought. I mean, Alex liked dudes, so did he find Blake hot?

Ish... now THAT would be a subject I wouldn't want to have over dinner with him. Or at all.

But Blake was oblivious to this because he was laughing. "Oh well, I'm more into fee less self gratification but I'll be sure to come see you when I change my mind."

And then he looked at me with the hugest smirk.

"Stop making that smirk Blake," I told him, rolling my eyes, and then slapped his arm.

"Anything you want Pumpkin," Blake chuckled, wiggling his eyebrows.

Before I could make a comeback, Daphnee behind me made a gagging noise.

"What's wrong?" I asked, frowning.

"Look at that girl painting her face, I think we should offer her a big painting brush," she said, pointing a girl, three rows from us, with almost a freaking make up table in front of her. "Did you know they make Twilight make-up now?" she asked me thoughtfully.

"Ya, saw that, Luna I think?" I answered frowning.

Daph shook her head. "It's things like that, that make me want to kill myself."

I burst laughing right then, which was kinda bad timing because that's when the teacher decided to begin his lesson.

I kinda tuned him out though cause I had already read the book he was talking about and started to play with my eraser on my desk, making it spin and then, when I looked at the back of Blake's head I had an epiphany.

Holding my chuckles, I started to tear little pieces from it with my nails, and then threw them in Blake's hair.

He didn't seem to notice though, and some actually stayed stuck in his hair.

"Pss Kitty..." Alex whispered beside me, opening his hand, with an evil grin.

I smirked in response and gave him a few pieces of eraser, which he proceeded to throw in Blake's hair, but in random people around too, always inconspicuously of course.

And then, Daphnee tapped on my back and I gave her a few too, my eraser was getting smaller by the minutes, and helped us out.

Good thing the teacher really seemed to be in that book.

Though at one point, I think Blake started to feel that something was wrong because he brushed his hand on the back of his hair, making a lot of the white pieces fall to the ground, and then he turned and frowned at me, shaking his head slightly.

"I expected more from you Pumpkin," Blake whispered to me, and I just pointed my chin towards the front of the class, holding my laughter in.

When the bell rang, I had lost half of my eraser.

I got up, and grabbed my things, but sure thing, Blake was waiting for me.

"You know, you're supposed to help me with my classes, not distract me!" he informed me, shaking his head in disapproval.

"And I informed you that I wasn't the best student didn't I?" I smirked and started to walk out.

When we were in the halls, Peter walked up to us.

"Coach needs to see us pronto!" he told Blake and didn't even wait for him, and walked away fast.

"Always in a hurry," Blake smirked. "Alright, see you later!"

"Okay," I smiled and then walked alone back to my locker.

Now next class would be tricky. I had Chemistry, and I still didn't have that lab partner and Connor and Jimmy were going to make a freaking meal out of me!

And neither Alex and Daphnee were in that class with me.

Dang.

I needed a plan, and I needed one soon!

I walked in the Chem lab and then decided to sit at the counter where I knew the water from the sink splashed more than anywhere else, and that had

always instruments missing, wishing that it could discourage them. I mean it's not like they'd want to have more work to do in class just to win a little competition right?

I tried to center myself, and bended my head, so I could be kinda hidden too.

I traced patterns on the black counter wishing that the bell could just ring soon that way they couldn't change seats afterwards.

I don't want awkward silence with Jimmy, or glares from either of them all throughout the class.

"You can't hide from me Pumpkin!" Blake laughed, walking towards me.

"What the hell are you doing?" I asked him frowning.

Why wasn't he getting to his class?

"I'm making you my lab partner," Blake smirked.

"Oh heck no!" I answered, my eyes wide.

"Oh heck yeah Pumpkin!"

"Since when are you in my Chemistry class anyway?" I frowned.

"Wow, you really are quite unobservant Pumpkin," Blake said, with a huge freaking grin.

I rolled my eyes at him, as always "Please, I'm just not obsessed with you."

"Oh please. I thought you were my number one stalker!"

"Sorry to brake your illusions. Oh and anyway, you can't be my partner, I'm already teamed up with Bob my kinky transsexual friends who likes to control my mind and make me blow up things cause he likes the way the colour twinkles when I mix chemicals," I trailed.

"Wow, Bob sounds awesome!" Blake laughed "Nice try Pumpkin!"

"Crap!"

And then Connor walked in the class and towards us.

Again, crap!

"Hey Lexi, so..." he started to say but Blake cut him.

"Sorry dude, you're too late, she's all mine now!" Blake smirked.

I "tsss" him and slapped his arm.

Connor looked at us frowning and then walked to another counter, almost confused.

"You're an idiot Blake!" I reminded him.

"Thanks," Blake chuckled and then opened the drawers where the instruments for the experiments were, one by one "Aww Pumpkin, why'd you have to take the sucky counter! Hope we won't get stuck here for the rest of the year!"

"If you're unhappy, you could just change place, and partner," I snorted, rolling my eyes.

"Oh I wouldn't change this for the world," Blake smirked.

Chapter 35

Chapter Thirty-Two

Okay guys! New chapter's here!! :P

Enjoy...

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I drove to Blake's house, ran to his room, rushed to him, grabbed him by the shirt, kissed the crap out of him, and then stripped him down and had wild monkey sex with him.

THE END

:D

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Mouhahahahahaha

Alright so that was for everyone that have been begging me to just have them kiss and then make out and live happily ever after... lol

Now as much as a lot of people would enjoy this, you have to see the big picture... If this happens right now, then what? I mean, not even a week past since the beginning of the story... If they got together right now, as crazy as it's sounds it would be too soon... And I got everything planned out and trust me; it's better if we all wait...

So now if you guys want what Lexi and Blake would really do because let's face it, as much as we all would love for Lexi to admit she likes Blake, she's a stubborn girl, and she's going to need more time... And Blake... well Blake's still too much of a mystery to everyone... and he's not going to let his guards down easily either... well if you want that, here's the real chapter!! :P

So read, enjoy, vote and COMMENT!!! :D

Oh and you're awesome È... lol

And I posted too Ashley! Hahahaha! Now you have to post one a day like me too ;P

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I drove slowly in the unknown street to get to Blake's house.

Yesterday, Blake had wanted me to come over his place and help him out with all the stoichiometry exercises the teacher had gave us in Chemistry but he had a football practice, so we had agreed for me to come the next day, which was now.

I had my window down, the day was pretty sunny, we were still in early September after all, and the wind swirled my hairs everywhere, making them even messier than they already were. Fefe Dobson's "I Want You" song was playing and I was singing along, tapping on my steering wheel with the beat,

looking at every house, one by one, expecting to see the address I had on the piece of paper in my hands, written on a house already.

I wasn't really familiar with this part of the city; it was the older part of it, with the "richer" houses. I remembered all the times my mom had drove around here, looking at the houses, marvelling over them, and over their garden. She always had a thing for these sorts of things...

Don't think about her Lexi, there's no use anymore, I repeated in my head, and then kept singing and looking.

And then finally I saw the number I was looking for, but it wasn't on a house, it was on a freaking gate!

A gate?

What the hell?

There was a big grey rocky wall at both side, marking the land probably, and then there was this huge metal gate, which was open.

You couldn't see over the wall but you could see through the fence and there was a drive way, in the same rock as the walls, leading somewhere which I couldn't see exactly because of all the trees around, and of how far it stretched.

Okay, seriously what the hell?

Was this a joke?

I mean, that's exactly the kind of thing Blake could do right? I mean we had pretty much put the whole "library and Stacey" incident behind, even though I was still pretty curious about the why she had stormed out, so I had no doubt Blake could send me to some random huge house, with snobby people and then laugh tomorrow at me for going...

If that was it, I'd punched that sexy face of his!

Alright Lexi, no thinking like that! God...

I took a deep breath and then turned into the drive way, making my way to his house. There were cedar trees on each side of the drive way, each separated, and pines further behind and maple trees too, some of them already getting a little orange, red or yellow

and I think I could actually see oak trees too... and other I just couldn't name.

Seriously what the hell?

And then I saw the house...

Alright I really wasn't prepared to this.

I mean I had seen the Lamborghini and I knew his parents were rich and all but I really wasn't prepared for the house that stood in front of me. Because seriously it didn't look like a house. It looked like a freaking castle!!

Well okay, maybe castle was over the top, but still, this wasn't just a house!

Of course there was the usual fountain at the front, with the round parking around, but it wasn't really a fountain... I mean it had the shape of a fountain but there wasn't water in it, it was actually filled with vines and other creeper plants in it.

And the house, the house was HUGE! It was in a gray and sandy kind of rock, with great double doors at the front and a large balcony over it supported by

columns all beige, and there were creeper plants on the walls.

It gave it an old house kind of feeling, a house who's seen a lot, and who's stood here for many many years.

I just keep staring at it, trying to register every details, and then thought about the fact that I probably looked stupid, just waiting in my car like that so I stopped the engine and then got out of my car and walked slowly towards the front doors.

I walked up the few steps, froze in front of the imposing doors but then I pushed the bell and waited, feeling anxious.

This better be the right house, Blake's better not pulling a joke on me because that's the last one he'll do!

Suddenly, the door creped open and a little head peeked out.

Oh crap...

"How may I help you?" the small woman said in a strong Spanish accent. She had pitch black hair, brown eyes, wasn't over five feet three, and there was just something about her that made me want to hug her. She looked so cute, even though she was obviously much much older than me. Oh and she definitely looked Mexican.

If this was the right place this was something I would keep to tease Blake about later... but for now I had more important things to do.

"I'm Lexi Grayson, I was supposed to meet Blake Eaton here... around three thirty... he's he there?" I asked in a small voice.

I didn't want to look threatening, if this is the wrong place I didn't wanna be chase out or something...

"Sure, sure sure. Miss Grayson. Yes yes come in" she started to say a little too enthusiastically and opened the door widely, urging me to come in.

Thank god! I thought but then I went "OH MY GOD!" though I didn't say it out loud.

Okay, if I thought the outdoor had been enough, I was really in for a surprise...

There was like freaking stairs that belong in the freaking Titanic right in front of me. You could see the doors to the rooms upstairs and then the rooms on this floor and I just turned my head to the right and there was like a freaking living room that seemed to have come out of Buckingham palace!!

I was trying to stay coherent but I couldn't. How could someone live in here? I would be scared to touch anything.

Oh my god... Were my Converse making stains on the carpet?

I quickly slipped out of them and held them in my hands.

"Come, come," the maid said again walking up the first few stairs.

I looked around me, almost like a lost puppy, and then followed her reluctantly up.

I kept looking around, but there was just too many things too see all at once, and it wasn't even possible to live in a house like this, seriously!

The cute woman stopped in front of a door and opened it waiting beside, holding the doorknob in her little hands.

"Get in get in. Mister will come soon!" she said and then she left leaving the door open.

Alright...

I stayed there for a few seconds not so sure of what to do... maybe this was all a set up and when I would walk in someone would catch me and then kill me or something...

Grow up Lexi! Breathe, just breathe I thought and then walked to the door.

I looked through it and frowned when I saw a staircase.

Weird...

Nevertheless, I went up and then I reached a room.

OH MY GOD!

The room I just stepped in couldn't be simply described as a bedroom. Of course, there was a bed in there, a huge king size bed that looked pretty inviting, but there was so much more.

The room was kinda like on two levels. There was the bed on the first one with a matching bedside table, and a working table in complete opposite with a pretty high-tech computer, you know the kind with like three screens, and beside a door, which was opened and I could see it was a bathroom, but that wasn't that floor that got me gasping.

No it was the second floor, which separated from the first by four stairs with a wall, a complete wall, covered by shelves of books. There was so many of them, I was completely jealous. That floor looked pretty inviting, with a big couch that was probably comfy, a matching recliner and a wood table.

My feet dragged me to that floor, my mind blocking anything else but the library and then I was picking up books that were scattered everywhere on the table and the recliner and armrest of the couch,

resting there, some open others almost folded others close.

H.G Wells, Robert Louis Stevenson, Turgenev, Oscar Wilde, Patrick Suskind, Ken Follett, Ralph Ellison... the list went on and on.

I saw Liam Hearn's Tales of the Otori, in the lot and I wanted to snatch it away because my version didn't have such a nice cover.

But then there was other books, Victor Hugo, Eric-Emmanuel Schmitt, Jules Verne... all those books were in freaking French!

What the hell?

I took one of the Jules Verne that looked more torn than the others, with the side of the pages orange that looked pretty damn old and started to turn the pages. There was drawing now and then and when I looked at the printed date I saw 1966.

"Oh my god! Don't touch that!" a voice yelled behind me, startling me completely.

A blushed a little and when I saw Blake's face filled with anger I was scared for some reason. Why was he so mad? Had I done something wrong?

Shit.

But then his face lighted up and he started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" I asked and I was the one mad now.

"You should have seen your face," he said between laughs.

"You know you're a hateful shrew of a person." I scowled at him.

"Sure!" Blake smirked.

"What's with the French books?" I asked him shaking the one I had in my hands.

"I speak French you know Pumpkin," he said, climbing up the four stairs and walked over me.

"Ya right!"

"And German and Spanish and a little Italian," he went on smirking and let himself fall on the couch.

"But I'm better in French, well actually I'm perfect"

"Ya right!" I snorted again.

"I wanted to learn Thai but for some reason I always make the wrong sounds and end up saying very inappropriate things," Blake kept saying not listening to me, flipping the pages of one of the books.

"You speak French? Prove it!" I challenged him.

"Ah mais ça me ferait plaisir ma belle, mais de toute façon tu comprendras pas ce que je te dis... Je pourrais te dire une liste d'obscénité et juste te faire croire que c'était une citation de Baudelaire. Je pourrais aussi utiliser ma langue française sur toi mais je veux vraiment pas me faire botter les grelots aujourd'hui..." he said and I was completely taken back.

Okay, I didn't get any of that...

Blake was smirking, clearly enjoying the fact that he had just shut me up.

"How did you learn French?" I asked him, deciding to just sit on the recliner.

"Didn't I told your dad I had travelled to Paris? And culture is important for my family..." Blake trailed and then threw the book he had in his hand over the couch.

"And you know what! Not only the French books... What about ALL the books?" I asked my eyes bulging when I looked at the library again.

I guess all of this was such a shock that I hadn't realized what was really going on... Because if this was his room, like it seemed to be, why the hell did he have a library?

Blake didn't read. He freaking dragged me to the library cause he said he didn't know where it was! He had never told me about THIS!

"I think I already mentioned that Pumpkin, but you're quick to judge you know... oh and unobservant..." Blake smirked and picked another book, flipping the pages again.

"So what? You read?"

"You asked that like I was some sort of analphabetic chimp!" Blake laughed.

"But I mean, you're Blake... Blake the Running back, school jock..." I started to mumbled.

"Aww Pumpkin... I expected more from you!" Blake smirked.

"And I guess I didn't expect enough..." I frowned.

What the hell was I missing too?

God, I really was unobservant wasn't I?

"Do you have perfect grade too, and lied about that?" I asked him.

"No, I really do suck at Chemistry, and Math... and Physic... good I hate Physic... The mechanic thing I mean... not the body one," Blake smirked at me, and I leaned over the armrest and slapped his arm.

"Dumbass!"

"Thanks!" Blake laughed and got up and started to walk away.

"Hey! Where are you going?" I asked and got up too.

"Oh I'm starving, I'll ask Anita to cook me something... Want me to ask for you too?" Blake said, brushing his fingers in his hair, which was kinda sexy...

Alright snap out of it Lexi...

"Sure... Hey wait... Anita, is that the woman that opened the door for me?" I asked him.

"Ya why?"

"You have a maid? You know how cliché that is? Do you have a butler too?" I smirked.

"Laugh all you want, Anita's cooking rocks my world!" Blake said shushing me with his hand and then walked out.

I rolled my eyes even though he was already out and then started to look around the room again.

The right side of the second floor was in fact a big window, opening to the forest, in a breathtaking view...

I started through it and then looked at the wall, beside the stairs where there was some sort of big montage of pictures.

I walked in front of it and looked at them closely.

One of them was the same as the one I had seen as Blake's screen saver, with his brother he had said... And another one was at the exact same place but this time, there was a little girl in it. She was side-hugging Blake's brother, and Blake, just like an annoying little brother was trying to slip between the two of them. It actually made me laugh.

The little girl was cute. I had no idea who she was though... She had blond hair and just the prettiest face I had ever seen...

On another picture there was Blake with a brunette girl, a little younger than him, and she was clinging to his back and they were both laughing. I didn't know who she was either...

And then I frowned at another one. It was Blake and a girl, browned haired, but it wasn't the one clinging to his back, it oddly looked like the one in the picture

with his brother, though... but she wasn't blond on that one... but she still had that beautiful face. They were both older on this one... She looked older than him... And Blake was kissing the tip of her nose that she had wrinkled it a little, like she was laughing, and he was smiling. The picture was actually quite nice, but I don't know why, I didn't really like it... Who was this girl?

"Are you peeking Pumpkin?" Blake laughed beside me and I almost squealed in surprise.

I soo hadn't heard him come back.

"Nice pictures..." I mumbled, but Blake smirked at me "What?"

"Go ahead, ask what you got on your mind" he laughed.

"Who is she?" I asked, pointing to the first brunette, the one on his back, the one I didn't mind as much...

"That's my little cousin Evelyn, well, she's not so little anymore," Blake smiled, and he had that protective older brother look again...

I wanted to stop asking, but I couldn't... The curiosity was burning my tongue.

"Who is she?" I asked pointing to the little blond girl, not looking at the picture where she was browned haired and kissed by Blake.

"That's Kendal, well Kay. I've known her forever..." he answered and smiled a little.

"And she's the one who broke your heart?" I asked, hit by another epiphany again.

"What?" Blake laughed a little.

"You know, the girl who broke that heart of yours and made you into the jerk you are!" I said gleaming.

That would explain SO many things! I mean didn't the jerk always had histories like that?

"Kay? Broke my heart?" Blake asked, laughing again.

"What? Is she your sister or something?" I frowned.

Was I completely off the track?

"No, but she's just like it. Didn't you have a look at that picture? I mean don't you see the way my

brother and her look at each other?" Blake asked me, and he had a small smile on his lips, almost sad though, and I looked at the picture again, and I had to agree he was right...

So what? She was dating his brother? If that was it why the hell did the other picture mean?

"So what does that one mean?" I asked pointing to the picture where she was browned haired.

"Does it have to mean something?" Blake snorted "You know, I'm really close with her" he informed me.

"If I were your brother, I'd watch out for my girl... and I wouldn't let my little brother have a picture of her in his room"

"So what? You're the jealous type Pumpkin?" Blake smirked and went to lay back on his couch.

"I'm just saying... I wouldn't trust my brother, the lady man!"

"Oh I'm a lady man?" Blake laughed.

"Well you sure seen a lot of them" I snorted.

"That I have!" Blake agreed, still laughing.

I went to sit back on the recliner and leaned my head back, and that's when I saw a painting, on the top of the arch, over the stairs.

It was the same setting as the pictures with Blake and his brother, but it was on fire. The trees looked horrorish the branch black from the fire, the leaves burning or already to ashes, it was like an apocalypse painting almost... and then I think there was actually someone, burned in the flames.

"Why the hell would you have a painting like that in your room Blake?" I asked him frowning.

That was bound to give you nightmares...

"Cause it's the last one I painted..." Blake answered absentmindedly, a book in his hands.

WHAT?

"You paint?" I asked, my voice raising.

"Oh Pumpkin... you really know so little about me..." Blake laughed.

A/N : Okay so if this felt weird, just say the thing I'll try to edit it.. it's just I had parts written down for this one for months now... :S

Chapter 36

Chapter Thirty Three

Alright people... so few things to say

First, I'm sorry for making you wait longer than usual I'm just pretty dead on my feet lately... Sleep deprivation doesn't even begin to cover it... lol

Then, I know I told you guys that one song was going to be in this chapter but it isn't... it'll be in the next one... I just decided to cut this one because I liked how it ended and also because I will be trying to pull an Ashley off... yes my dear little ones, I will try to post two chapters in one night!! But only if you guys comment on both now!! It's a deal?

Okay so enjoy this one... Oh and ya two things before you do... first everyone of my new fans make sure you read all the chapters before. You might have skipped the last ones because I don't put them in the story group right away...

Then, there is some Spanish in this chapter and well... I haven't been doing Spanish for a WHILE now so I'm pretty rusty so if one of you guys speaks it and find mistakes or just that I screw it up majorly, point it out I really won't mind, I'll be glad actually!!

So anyway, you guys know the drill, read, enjoy vote and of course COMMENT!!!

Next chapter should come shortly!! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Ya obviously!! So let me get this straight... you have a freaking HUGE library filled with books, some of them being French because you freaking speak it, and now you say you PAINT? What else am I missing?" I asked him incredulous.

"I play the piano... well played... haven't for a while... I might suck now..." Blake trailed laughing a little.

"Do you write or sing too while we're at it?" I scowled...

Why did he have to do everything??

"Sorry Pumpkin, I'm just like you for the singing thing! I sound like an agonizing animal hit by a van on the side of the high way" Blake smirked, and I slapped him.

"You mean prick!! No one was supposed to HEAR me sing!!" I hissed at him and then slapped him again for my own pleasure.

"Tss tss tss! That's no way to treat your host Pumpkin, come on lighten up... I'm sure there's a few deaf people who wouldn't mind your singing..."

I was about to slap him again but then a little voice stopped me.

"I have burritos!! And miss Claudia call, so I say to little miss, Mister Blake would like better hump a bunny than taking miss on date" the cute little maid, Anita, that was her name, said, and it took all my self control to not burst laughing because those words coming out of her mouth were just hilarious.

"Thanks Ani!" Blake smirked a little and then got up and walked up to her to get the food.

"Tenías razón es muy bonita." She said to him in a little voice, with half a smile.

Alright what the hell?

"¿Qué? Yo nunca dije eso." Blake frowned.

"Se nota cuando la miras..." she answered him with a small smile, proudly almost.

"Usted y Josh debrían pasar más tiempo juntos, estoy seguro que se divertirían mucho riendose de mi." Blake scowled a little, rolling his eyes at her.

"¡Eso ya lo hacemos!" she answered him, with something that was close to a smirk and the she turned around and walked away.

Blake was mumbling something, profanities I think, while walking back to the couch with the four burritos covered in plastic wrap in his hands and then he tossed two to me.

"I forbid you to do that again!" I frowned, while setting one on the armrest and unwrapping the other.

"What?" Blake asked and fell back on his couch.

"Speak a foreign language in front of me when I can't understand it! That's twice now and it's really annoying!"

"Don't worry she was just mentioning how big an appetite you have for a girl! She said you're bound to get fat at one point." Blake smirked and took a bit of his burrito.

"You're mean!"

"No I'm not, cause I told her there was no way that cute little ass of yours would expand to the point where it would get ugly" he answered me wiggling his eyebrows.

"Now you're a perv!" I told him, rolling my eyes and taking bite too.

Damn! Those WERE pretty damn good!

"Please, I'm more like irresistible! Why would you always come back otherwise?" Blake smirked over his burrito.

"Because if I don't listen to what you say I have to run naked in the school halls?" I said, more like a question than a statement.

"Alright ya that's a good answer..." Blake chuckled and took another bite.

We both ate in silence, but my eyes were attracted towards the painting again... I mean I drew, but painting was really out of my league... I don't know, the colors weren't really my element, I was sticking with black and white... but I still knew a few things about colors... what it meant when you used certain ones... This painting was filled with black and red... Not the best color to have together in a painting, psychologically speaking I mean...

"Why did you paint something like that Blake?" I finally asked him

"Do we always need reasons to paint something? It's all a subconscious thing..."

"When the hell was your mind so freaking screwed up then?"

"I was eleven..." he whispered.

"You painted that when you were eleven!" I exclaimed.

Eleven? I couldn't even do that now!

"Ya..."

"This is too unfair..."

"Because you'd want to paint THAT at eleven?" Blake snorted.

"No not exactly but you have freaking talent man... Why don't you paint anything else? And didn't you say this was the last thing you painted?" I asked him... because I don't think Blake would give me a lot of info about is deep feelings anyway...

"Well it's the last canvas I finished... Can't really find the motivation to finish any others anymore..." he trailed.

Maybe I'm wrong maybe he IS going to share..."Why not?"

"I thought you came here to help me out with suckiometry, not have a little chat!" Blake snorted

and then got up and down the stairs, taking his school bag.

Ya... he definitely won't be sharing...

"You know I really don't understand why I have to do this... I mean, what the hell is mol anyways? That's like the stupidest thing ever... doesn't even make freaking sense! How can it all be the exact same thing? I just can't grasp that concept, sorry!" Blake groaned, sitting on the couch, taking his exercises out.

"But you just have to balance the equation Blake, that simple!" I answered him, dragging the recliner a little closer so I could see what he was doing.

"You dragging the furniture around now Pumpkin? You sure you wouldn't rather sit on my lap?" Blake smirked a little.

"Thanks, I think I'll pass!" I told him, rolling my eyes.

He shook his head a little before whining, "And anyway, why the hell do I even want to do that? You know balance all that crap!"

"Because you want to calculate the quantity of energy you'll need to make the chemical reaction!"

"But why would I want THAT? I mean I won't ever use that anywhere it's completely useless!!"

"Oh please! You're a grown boy! I think your pass the "I don't wanna learn it cause I won't use it!" I expected more from you Blake" I smirked.

Blake rolled his eyes at me.

Haha!

"Alright... just... explain the damn thing!" Blake scowled, leaning his head in front, his elbow against his knees, brushing his hands from the back of his hair to the front of his face.

That little gesture made me stare at him. Like that was hot... Freaking hot... dang it... I could just jump on him right now...

WOAH! Not going there!

"Stop whining and then I might be able to!" I told him after taking a deep breath.

"Ya, ya, ya!"

So for about the next hour I tried to explained to Blake how to make the calculus without him crumpling the sheet and then tossing it to the ground, spitting at it, and yelling insanities after it... cause ya, he did imply he would do that...

He almost strangled me when I erased a complete question because I wanted him to do it all over again but on his own. But in the end he managed to do the last numbers without my help.

"You know I don't get this... why the hell can't you do that? Aren't guys brains supposed to be better at calculating things?" I asked him, leaning back on the recliner while he put the book back in his bag.

"Haven't you figured out by now that my brain is more developed on the artistic side than the rational one?" Blake snorted.

I rolled my eyes at him and then got on my feet with him.

"So... my job is done now?" I asked, stretching.

"Yope! You are free... for now..." Blake smirked, and I punched him lightly on the arm.

"Alright!" I smiled lightly and then walked towards the stairs at the entry of his room and then walked down, Blake behind me.

I was heading towards the freaking Titanic stairs when Blake grabbed me around the wrist.

"Wait wait wait!" Blake frowned and then he smiled "I have something for you!"

I looked at him confused and then he just dragged me the other way, still holding my arms.

"What the hell Blake?"

"I'm making a down payment!" Blake laughed.

"What?"

And then he stopped in front of a closed door.

"You ready?" he asked, smirking.

"What are you talking about?" I sighed, but then Blake opened the door and I gasped.

Chapter 37

Chapter Thirty Four

And BAM!!! I PULLED AN ASHLEY!!!! (hope you're proud of me now! ;P)

But I mean I have to congradulate you I got quite a few comments already ;P

Alright you guys, hope you enjoy that one, cause I liked writing it! :P Like seriously I was all crazy!! ;P Sorry music maniac in me speaking... lol

Oh and Kate! Hope that makes a nice "sorry about your getting back to school" present ;P

Okay so there's a few song in here and I'll put the links for the three first ones and then you got the

little video thingy playing the last one! :P So GO LISTEN TO THEM!!! It'll be better! Promise!! :P

1) http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e7J8SoLlzfs&feature=PlayList&p=09A04FC18EE665A9&playne

2)http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EMZL5OYKT8U

3)http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QOVy6Wof1Sg

Alright so I hope I haven't forgotten anything.. lol.. I'll answer comments later now I have to go crash.. I have class tomorrow and it's 1h30 am.. Bad bad Kay.. oh well..

So read, enjoy, vote and comment!! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Right in front of my eyes stood walls, complete freaking walls, at least twelve feet high, covered with vinyls.

"You should see your face right now" Blake laughed but I shushed him with my hand and then walked in.

How could there be so many vinyls? Honestly, it couldn't even be possible! So many vinyls couldn't have been record! Impossible!

In the middle of the room there were couch and a record player, but like the really old kind, with the big golden horn... My fingertips trailed lightly on it and then I looked around, almost spinning on me, you know like when Belle in Beauty and the Beast walks in the library... That's how I felt right now... This was just like a freaking fairy tale! For me that is...

"Was enduring me worth it now?" Blake chuckled, leaning against the side of the shelves at the door.

"Yes! Yes, yes, YES!!" I squealed, and then actually jumped up and down and rushed to the vinyls.

"So my dad puts them in alphabetical order with the artist name... You can pick everything, except the ones behind the glass that is" Blake trailed and then I turned and saw what he was talking about. There were two china cabinet, sort of, filled with vinyls in them.

I nodded to him and then turned back and stared in awe at what was in front of me.

How the hell would I choose? I mean just taking a few outs right now, I didn't even know who they were! I could never choose with so many possibilities that I didn't even know about!

"You look lost Pumpkin" Blake laughed beside me.

"Well there's a LOT of choice..." I whispered amazed.

"Let me help you... You still want that Billy Holiday one and Frank Sinatra?" Blake asked and walked towards another wall.

"Ya..." I answered sheepishly.

Would that be too much?

"Okay and then? What else?" Blake asked, taking on vinyl out, the Frank Sinatra one, with its brown cover and I almost squealed again.

Breathe Lexi...

"You have any suggestion?" I asked.

I mean the guy was bound to know everything good in here right?

"What do you want? Happy stuff? Depressing stuff?" Blake asked, smirking a little.

"Can I have both" I asked with a big grin.

"Sure!" Blake chuckled and then bent and took a vinyl out.

Then he walked to the record player and took the record out of its sleeve and placed it on.

"Now, I'm sure you know that song" Blake said and put the spindle on it.

The notes started to play, and indeed the music wasn't unfamiliar... I think I heard it somewhere... not sure where though. But it was only music playing... like violins and trumpets and stuff but no singing...

I waited frowning but still no singing.

"When is it going to start already?!" I asked Blake and then he laughed but before he could say anything the voice of the man started to sing "Things that bother you they never bother me, I think everything's fine...

Living in the sunlight, loving in the moonlight having a wonderful time..." and I recognized it immediately.

"Hey I heard that song in SpongeBob Square Pants!!" I laughed.

"Oh please! Really? I was all set for "Oh but that's not the first version and blah blah blah! I'm disappointed!" Blake laughed too.

"Hmm?"

"Ya that's Bing Crosby version, it's Maurice Chevalier who sang it first... Wait up I have that record too..." Blake trailed and then walked back to the shelves, picked one up and came back, changing the vinyl.

This time the singing came much much faster and the singer had a really strong French accent and for some reason I liked it, but like I enjoyed both versions... they were just very different...

"I do what I like just when I like and how I looove it. I don't give a hoot!" Blake sang with Maurice, mimicking perfectly the accent and emphasis everywhere and I cracked up.

"You really do suck at singing!" I finally managed to say, laughing.

"Oh well thanks! That's so nice coming from you! I really wouldn't be speaking if I were you!" Blake smirked.

"Oh please! You laughed at my singing too! And you're as bad as-" but Blake cut me waving his hand in my face

"UKULELE SOLO!!!" he screamed and indeed there was one and I cracked up again.

When the song was over Blake took it off and placed in back in its sleeve.

"Alright two more" Blake smiled.

"Thanks!" I smiled and then turned around, still amazed at everything in front of my eyes "How did your father managed to get such a big collection? Seriously is there people in this world how have more?"

"Oh I'm sure... I mean a lot of those are from his family, and then my mom had quite a few too so ya...

they got them all together... when I was younger I swear that was all my parents listened too... over and over again... you should have heard Jay whine..." Blake laughed a little.

"Jay?"

"Jayden, my brother..." Blake explained

"Oh!"

He had never mentioned his brother name to me, I was sure of that...

"He hated it..." Blake smiled a little.

"Well, there all here now" I snorted.

"Indeed they are... Alright... what next?"

"I don't know... something more depressing now? A girl singing maybe?" I asked frowning.

I had no freaking clue what I wanted, seriously I don't think I would have enough time in my life to listen to all of the vinyls in here anyway... that was simply impossible!

"You know Doris Day?" Blake asked, walking towards a specific shelf.

"Will you kill me if I say no?"

"Tss! Pumpkin! What do you learn in school? So you know stupiometrie but you don't know Doris Day! I would be ashamed if I were you!" Blake said, fakely offended, smirking a little.

"Ya ya! Brag! Not everyone has artists as parents!" I scowled.

"Ya that's right, I'm simply blessed!" Blake smirked.

"Speaking of your parents, where are they?" I asked Blake, after he took another vinyl from the shelf.

"My dad is at the art gallery with Josh's dad and my mom is locked up in her study writing. She had a writing frenzy last night and she hasn't come out since... you don't walk in that room when she's in her writing mode... she'll chop your head off" Blake laughed, smiling.

And I don't know why I smiled too.

His smile, that smile the guys had say every girl wanted to be the one giving him, was contagious.

"Alright, so here's one of the songs I heard the most in my childhood... my parents were addicted!" Blake explained and then the song started.

It was violin playing first and a little piano and then the woman started to sing "I'm confessing that I love you, tell me do you love me too, I'm confessing that I need you, honest I do..."

The song was really really nice and calm and soothing, and sad at the same time. I don't know why but it felt like I had heard that song like in Walt Disney's Cinderella's movie... Anyway, I loved it!

I looked over at Blake and he had a small smile again, his thoughts obviously far far away, in childhood memories probably, mouthing all the lyrics.

I looked back at the record player and kept listening to the song

"I'm afraid someday you'll leave me..." she sang and then Blake looked at me and took my hand.

I frowned at him, but Blake just smirked and then pulled me towards him and started to dance, one of my hands in his one of his, the other on his shoulder.

"Wow, you didn't mention you danced too" I laughed a little, my mouth at the level of his shoulder. He smelled nice, really nice.

"Oh ya, I rock Pumpkin, you should see the sick moves I can do!" he laughed too and I could see him smile at the corner of my eye.

And we kept dancing slowly, as I tried to keep a safe distant from his chest... And Doris kept singing.

"Ty sucks at dancing, he always steps on my feet!" I laughed.

"Poor Pumpkin" Blake laughed again.

"I like that song..."

"Me too"

And then there was a man chorus at the back and I laughed.

"What?" Blake laughed too.

"Sorry, but with the man chorus for some reason that just sounded way too much like a scene in Cinderella..." I chuckled.

"SpongeBob and now Cinderella? What are you? Eight?" Blake laughed.

I rolled my eyes at him and then the song ended and we split apart.

"Alright, I want that one too!" I smiled.

"Okay... anything else?" Blake asked and then put the vinyl in its sleeve too.

I thought about it for a second and then I had an epiphany.

How could I have not thought about that song!!?

"I got something; I hope you have it though..." I trailed and then looked through the shelves, glad it was all in order.

"What are you looking for Pumpkin?" Blake laughed.

"Your song!" I exclaimed, bending, my fingers skimming across all the records.

"My song?" Blake asked, confused behind me.

I kept looking and finally saw the name I wanted; Dion. And then look at the choice and YES the song was there.

"Yes, your song!" I smirked and walked to the record player with the vinyl in my hands, and then placed it.

The familiar beat started to play in the room.

"Oooooh, well I'm the type of guy that'll never settle down!" I sang with Dion, and Blake rolled his eyes, but laughed too.

I started to dance with the beat, snapping my fingers, taking little steps, moving my shoulders a little.

"I hug'em and I squeeze'em they don't even know my name!" I sang louder pointing him, laughing, and Blake laughed even more.

"Ya right cause you didn't know my name!" Blake smirked, and then I kept singing, and dancing.

Blake grabbed me around the waist and we turned and then his hand slipped in mine and he made me

spin around myself, and we dance again, laughing, and singing.

He obviously knew that song too.

"I'm never in one place I roam from town to town!"

And we were both sucky singer, though he really wasn't that bad, I mean, his voice was too deep and hot to ever be sucky.

"I roam around around around yaaa" we sang and then the solo started and Blake lifted me and swung me over his should, taking me by surprise, making me scream.

"Blake put me down, put me down!!" I yelled, laughing, my head upside down.

"Ya right, like I'm going to do that!" Blake laughed and then spun on himself.

"Blake stop!! I'm going to get sick!!" I laughed, trying to lift my head, and squirm off his shoulder.

But Blake didn't listen and kept spinning and laughing while I pounded on his back and laughed too.

"Blake?" a voice suddenly asked over the music and then Blake stopped dead in his track, while I was still upside down over his shoulder, my face against his back, unable to see who was at the door.

Oh damn...

Chapter 38

Chapter Thirty Five

Kay's "Do not" List

Do not :

-Go with your friend to her hair stylist wearing your black sweat pants, baggy shirt, messy ballerina bun and your glasses...

-Sleep more than four hours a night.

-Mistake what's on the bed beside your friend's cat as almonds... Really, don't!

-Fool yourself into thinking that that soil water you drank during three days will not make you sick because you're a "tough girl".

-Watch this video : http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QQI-848K55w

-Talk about Fight Club.

-Consider as an option breaking your father's guitar on his head, because he's just going to come back with one louder.

-Laugh in your teacher's face when he informs you that you final English writing exam will be a 400 words essay... because he's serious.

-Waste time making stupid list when you should be writing!

Mouhahahaha.. Sorry I didn't have a lot of pages and I wanted to take up more space cause a one page post breaks my heart ;P

Alright so new chapter, and just BTW I'd like to mention that technically I wrote it on the same day as the two other ones.. I mean sorta.. Oh well... ;P

So I hope you like it, and if anyone is interrested in golden blond natural hair, message me! LOL!!!!!

Sorry I'm not coherent anymore.. I blame it on you guys!!

Read, enjoy, vote and comment!!!! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Hey mom" Blake said sheepishly and then set me on my feet carefully.

Oh crap.

Blake's mom... did I want to meet Blake's mom just yet?

Blake went to stop the record player and I turned around to face Blake's mother, and then my eyes bulge.

Oh god...

She looked between me and Blake with her blue eyes, her blond hair swinging with the movement, for a few seconds that felt like an eternity, frowning, but then something seemed to click in her head.

And something had clicked in mine too...

"Hi. I don't think we've had the chance to meet, I'm-" she started to say, smiling but I cut her, not really wanting to but I was just in freaking trance or something "Sophia Everingham" I whispered.

Blake's mom, Blake's freaking mom was SOPHIA EVERINGHAM!!! His mom was a writing beast! She was a legend! I was in adoration with her books and she was BLAKE'S MOM!!

Breathe Lexi, BREATHE.

Oh my god, I'm so going to have a crazy ecstatic fan moment right now!

And how the hell hadn't I known that? WHY? I mean please that's something people would have talked about at school right? People in the town too right?

Because this was her!! I'd seen her picture on the back cover!

This was Sophia freaking Everingham!!

"Well, Sophia Eaton, I only use my maiden name as my pen name now" she answered smiling a little, and

I don't know why but I could see Blake in her features then.

"Please mom! Pen name! Tsk" Blake said behind me and I turned and saw him roll his eyes at her.

"Don't hate the pen name Blake! You think you were better when you signed your paintings Blake Black!" she told him, smirking a little and right there, that was Blake alright!

And I chuckled a little, completely confused about the whole situation. I mean I was in front of one of my idols right now! And she was joking with her son, my jerky innuendos-addicted smirking and frankly quite stalkerish friend! How more out of this world can things get?

"MOM!!" Blake whined and I laughed more.

"Alright alright, I'll leave you two kids to whatever you were doing" she said, with the little grin and I almost blushed even though we really weren't doing anything that would make me blush, "Oh and Blake, when you have time, I need you to proof read

something... I'm not sure, do I kill him, or I keep him alive?"

"Kill him. I don't need to read, just kill him, it'll make every one happier" Blake snorted.

Oh god! Was I having exclusive details about the next books!! Oh god!!

"Everyone isn't you, and if I do, then you'll have to deal with the ecstatic fan girls that will want to kill me" she laughed and I kept silent because I really wanted to know what she was talking about and I didn't want her to stop because I was there.

"Oh don't worry I can handle ecstatic girls" Blake smirked.

I rolled my eyes at him, and his mom did too.

"Is Josh coming over for dinner?" Sophia asked Blake as I just kept standing there like an idiot.

Seriously I should say something right? Introduce myself? Not stand there like some statue!

"Nope, he's still working on the mural and he doesn't want to stop until the plaster has dried cause he's getting hysterical about it" Blake chuckled.

"Alright..." she answered, laughing a little and then she looked at me "Are you going to be joining us?"

Oh god...

I mean, it's going to be weird... I mean I don't know her, I'm just obsessed with her books... it's going to be awkward... I just feel it... I'm not going to know what to say... I'm going to look dumb.

"You know mom, you might not want to invite her, I mean, she's one of the hysterical fans, she's probably going to attack us all, tie us up and force you to tell her all the secrets about your story!" Blake smirked.

"Oh ya?" she said, her voice playful.

"Ya, and she defended your characters can you believe that?" Blake smirked more "Said they weren't wuss!"

"I remember a time when my characters weren't wuss to you Blake" she answered him, with a small

smile, and I don't know why, there was something there, something I didn't understand...

"No walk down memory lane please mom!" Blake whined and then he turned to look at me "You wanna stay for dinner and have my mom talk about all the freakish ideas she has bubbling in her head while her food gets cold" he asked me.

"Well to me that doesn't sound bad..." I answered sheepishly.

"HA! In your face Blake!! Not everyone is whiny like you!" she said, smirking at him, and then she smiled at me. "What's your name sweetie, I think my rude son didn't let you time to intrude yourself?"

"I'm Lexi Grayson"

"Well Lexi, you and me, we're going to have a nice talk when Blake here can scowl and pout in a corner" she chuckled and gestured for us to come with her and then she walked in front, Blake beside me.

He was scowling.

"So you never care to mention to me that Sophia Everingham was your mom!" I whispered to Blake.

"You never asked!" Blake smirked.

"Dumbass..." I mumbled for his sake and then I saw his mom chuckle lightly in front.

"Is she always that friendly with all the girls you prance around here?"

"What? No" Blake snorted

"But I mean what about your multiple one night stands? Don't they come here?"

"They wish!" Blake snorted again.

"Hmm?"

"Don't make that confused face Pumpkin" Blake smirked but before I could answer back my cellphone started to vibrate in my pocket.

I took it out and the caller ID was home so I answered it.

"What's up?" I answered, will stopping to walk.

"Hey Lex, are you coming home soon?" Tyler asked and his voice sounded weird.

"Eh well I was planning on staying over at Blake's for dinner, why?" I frowned, and Blake looked at me confused.

"You need to come home!" Ty said hastily.

"Why? What's wrong?"

"Dad took all the family old video tapes from our past vacations and he's listening to them with the Jack Daniels!" Ty answered me.

"What happened??"

Oh god... did dad snap?

"Dad got a call from his brother, his cousin died... you have to come home Lexi I don't know what to do... do I try to talk to him... I mean what do I do??"

Oh god... oh god oh god oh god...

We didn't need this right now, DAD didn't need this right now...

"Give me fifteen minutes I'll be there!" I answered him and then closed my phone "I'm sorry I gotta go..." I told Blake apologetically.

"What's wrong?" he asked frowning.

"Family problems... I really gotta go..." I trailed and then looked over at his mom who was looking at us "I'm sorry, but it was really nice meeting you..."

"It was nice meeting you too, you're always welcome here" she smiled.

"Thank you" I smiled faintly, but my mind was already miles away, to my house with my worried brother and my mourning father.

"Want me to come with you?" Blake asked, with a worried look.

"No I'm fine, but thanks for the night, I had fun..." I smiled faintly and then I rushed down the Titanic stairs, and turn around, waved at the two silhouettes still on the other level and then I walked out and ran to my car to go back home and try to fix things... like always...

Chapter 39

Chapter Thirty Six

New chapter!!

Sorry for the long wait; school, social life, sleeping (barely) and I got sidetracked tonight, was in a real crappy mood while writing this in the beginning actually because of one of the many dickheads in my life but Papa Bear made it all alright :D

Thanks Papa Bear!! I miss you!! Get your ass back here already!! I need my pimp back there's no order anymore ;P

Well, I'm not going to keep you guys away from the new chapter any longer!

So read, enjoy, vote and comment!!! :P

* *

I drove fast back home.

The sun was just at the wrong level, blinding my sight, but I didn't slow down and finally I parked in the familiar drive way.

What would I be walking in to? I really hoped it wouldn't be a drunken dad crying... cause I don't think I could handle that.

The very few times I had seen my father cry, it wasn't something easy to see, because, for one thing, my dad didn't deserve that, and also because my dad wasn't mean to cry, my dad was meant to smile and laugh and make jokes.

In a way, I wanted to walk slowly to the door, but my legs almost ran to it, because I needed to be there.

I didn't even have to open the door, Tyler did it for me; he had probably been waiting.

"How bad is it?" I whispered to him, slipping out of my shoes.

"He's down to half the bottle now and he's at the tape from our trip to Cocoa Beach when Annabelle tried to convince that surfer that she was just as cool because she rocked snowboarding, which we all know she doesn't, but that's not the point right now..." Ty trailed walking slowly by my side towards the living room where I could hear the voices of all my family...

"Come on mom! Come swimming! You know you're the best!" I was whining.

"Go with the kid Heather! Show all these young ones how we do it!" my father laughed, behind the camera.

"Lexi!! You are blocking my sun! You and your shadow can go to... OUUUU cute guy!! I'm outta here" Anna said and then I could see the screen of the TV and I could see my sister with her ebony hair and perfect tan, brushing the sand off her legs and walking towards whoever she had seen.

"Mom, mom, mom, mom, mom, mom, please, mom, mom, mom, please, please, mom..." Tyler was repeating over and over again beside my mother

who was lying on her beach towel, wearing the smile I hadn't seen on her face for so long.

My eyes tear up.

"Alright, alright kids. Come on! First that gets in the water can throw your father in the ocean!" she yelled and then ran on the beach, my brother and I with her.

"Heather!!!" my father yelled, laughing.

I could feel a lump in my throat.

Why was he watching that? Why was he scratching the wound? He was just making things worst...

"Dad?" I asked and walked towards him.

"I remember that year we had arrived around two in the morning, and all the motels had no vacancy signs... We couldn't find anywhere to go and parked in the nice road close to the ocean, with the big house probably worth millions..."

"And Ty had to pee so he went on the million dollars properties, beside a palm tree and you follow his

lead few minutes later..." I continued smiling, while my dad paused the tape.

"And then the cops arrived..." Ty smiled lightly.

"Five minutes earlier and I would have been arrested for public urinating or something like that..." my father smiled sadly...

I walked up to the recliner and sat on it, looking at my father all the while.

"My brother called... Preston died..." my father whispered and then I saw the bottle of Jack on the floor, and the glass in his hand.

Oh dad...

"I mean it's not like we didn't expect it... We had been waiting for it to happen for years now... and of course we weren't close like when we were kids anymore... but..." my father trailed but then stopped speaking.

Preston, my dad's cousin, had gotten HIV during the 1980's epidemic, and was diagnosed with AIDS four years ago. Preston was the sort of hippy ladies' man

kind of guy and hadn't been careful enough, and now... well he wasn't anymore...

It was a shame because apparently he was really talented. He was an artist. He lived in New York. I didn't know that much about him, my father didn't really bring us to visit him... But I knew my father cared about him, and that really wasn't something you wanted to happen.

Death wasn't an easy thing to deal with. And dad already had hard things to deal with...

"At least he's not suffering anymore..." I whispered to him.

"Ya! The man's got it easy now..." my father snorted, and I could see his hand almost hitching to just grab the bottle and bring it to his lips.

And what did he mean by that... Oh please... please dad, don't think that that's the answer...

Would I have to hide his shoelaces again?

"Dad... I know it's sad... but I mean, we were expecting it... and I'm sure he wouldn't want to see

you sulk like that..." I told him, even though I knew it wasn't the right thing to say, because there was no such thing as the right thing...

"You know, it could have been me, I could have been the one in his situation, if it hadn't been for... I mean... I could be the one we'd buried next week... but even when I think of that, of how lucky I am to have my health and not be dying, I can't even find it in me to be happy about it... Maybe I'd rather be dying..." my father whispered.

Oh god...

No...

"But we're here for you, dad" Ty said beside me, still standing up "We're not going anywhere..."

"I know kid... that's why I feel so bad about feeling like this" dad answered, looking at his empty palm.

I didn't know what to say, I didn't know what to do...

I had washed up all my peep words after mom left; I was lacking new ones to use...

And maybe my father needed more than his kids right now...

"And I wonder if we're ever going to move past it, past everything I mean..." my father trailed and then I was hit by Blake's words he had said on the deck.

"But we don't move past things like that, they just become a part of us..." I told him and then add my own "And maybe we'll just learn from all of this, know what really matters, what are our priorities..."

God I didn't even make sense anymore.

I was tired of this anguish feeling all the time.

I wanted the carefree feeling again... for one second I wanted to feel the way I felt when I was with Blake...

"We're taking everything way too seriously aren't we?" my father whispered and drank from his glass.

"No we just got hurt a lot and now we were just getting up on our feet and we've been kicked again..." I whispered back.

"You're too serious for your own good kid..." dad sighed.

"Don't worry about me dad... I'll be alright..."

"I will too, I will..." he answered me and stared at the screen, my mom, brother and mine's back frozen on it.

I turned my head to look at Tyler, and I saw him, saw his sad eyes, and didn't know what to think.

How had we managed to sulk so fast...?

Oh ya, death... right...

I thought about the fact that if dad was with a friend right now he wouldn't feel so down, and they might have better words for him...

"You know you haven't seen Anthony in a little while, maybe that could be good for you right now..." I offered to my dad.

Alex's father was close with mine, I'm sure he'd know what to say to cheer dad, say the words I was missing...

"You think he'd want to hang around me right now?" my father snorted.

"Please dad, you know he's your friend, you're there for him, he's there for you..." I trailed remembering Alex's shocked father walking through our door after his son's confession...

"You trying to hand the problem to someone else?" my father said, one of the corners of his mouth slowly rising.

"This isn't a problem, it's our life..." Ty whispered beside me and I looked at him, and saw something I didn't see often in his face; sorrow...

Maybe we really were taking this too seriously... like my mom leaving was worst than dad's cousin dying...

Did we all see things the wrong way; did I see things the wrong way?

Anthony came to our place not long after and then him and my father went in his study and talked...

Ty and I sat in the kitchen at the counter, looking at our food, spaghetti, but we both didn't have a big appetite tonight I guess.

It wasn't so much the death that affected us here... I think it was the tapes, and it was mom leaving that came crashing back in our faces...

We weren't as over it as we had thought we were...

Hell, had we ever been over it? There was no over here...

The evening was pretty quiet. Tyler wasn't speaking, I wasn't speaking and dad was still with Anthony...

But I don't know, we couldn't open the TV because it meant we had to take the tapes out, and I couldn't draw either, or read, or do anything else, so I just sat on the couch looking at nothing...

And then I had enough and I went to my room, took my shower and was about to go in my bed but I heard a muffled sound in Ty's room.

I walked to it and then I pushed his door and saw him lying in his bed, his back facing me.

His shoulders were shaking...

He was crying...

"Oh Ty..." I breathed and then I curled up against him and wrapped my arms around his waist.

"Why can't things just go back to the way they were...? Why did mom need to leave...?" he said, and then his voice broke, "Why can't Vanessa be here anymore...?" he whispered so faintly but I heard it.

"I wish I could make everything alright for you Ty..." I whispered to him and rubbed his back, holding my tears.

But for one second I thought about the fact that I didn't want to go back, I didn't want things to go back to the way they were...

How odd?

Chapter 40

Chapter Thirty Seven

And it's another chapter again!!! :P

Okay so I would like to know if you guys rather have longer chapter but not everyday or you like how things are going right now?

Because I feel kinda cheap about my tiny chapters.. :S Honestly this one is really short, but I wanted to give you guys something...

I don't know.. tell me what you think!!

Alright, so thanks to all my fans, new and old!! :D

Hope you'll like this chapter! :P

So read, enjoy, vote and comment!! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I woke up from the sound of the front door closing, slightly confused and then realized I had fallen asleep beside Ty.

I could hear his light snoring, and was happy that he had found sleep. Things are much simpler when you are unaware.

The sound of a car engine starting got me out of the bed.

Anthony must be leaving. Dad was alone again. I had to go see him...

I slipped out of Ty's bed and then made my way towards dad's study.

The light was still on; escaping from a thin open crack, so I knocked on the door and then opened it.

"Hey kid... you should be sleeping..." he trailed, sitting behind his desk, the bottle of Jack on it, and with less alcohol in it then the last time I had seen it.

"You too dad..." I whispered and walked up to him, to hug him.

"Stop worrying about your old man kid..." my father smiled lightly, patting my arm wrapped around his neck.

"But my old man needs to know his kids care about him, and that they're here for him, no matter what!" I breathed, smelling his familiar after shave.

That was a comforting smell. One that brought memories back of me, still a little kid, not even going to school yet, sitting in the bathroom counter, looking at my dad shaving, his expression as concentrated as mine before he tapped the tip of my nose with his finger, leaving shaving cream on it.

When you're young, you have stages. Ones where your mom is your favourite and ones where your dad is. And when you're young your parents are your heroes, usually that is, I mean there's always exception... but for me that was the way things were.

And my dad... my dad was this all perfect model for me when I was a kid... of course then you grow up and realize your parents aren't perfect, but still for me, my dad was still my model, my dad was the anchor of our family, and without him, everything

would be shattered. Proof; Mom and Anna had left but I considered Ty, dad and I as a full fledged family, and one even closer that is...

My mother had abandoned us. I had to accept it, we all had too. I mean at first you always expect that it's just a bad dream and everything will get back to normal the next day, but then you know it's true, and you hope that she'll just come back and then everything will be the same again.

But everything wouldn't be the same again. Because she had left, and this fact could never be denied. And right now I knew that I didn't want my mother to come back.

We would be better off without her. We were better off without her.

I just needed dad to accept this too...

"You know dad, we can be happy without her, we can still make a life without her, we can go on without her. We don't NEED her... It would have been nice if things had just stayed the same, but things change, it's the way life works... But we have to change with

them... we can't stick with the past... Because living is a present thing, it's not a future thing and it's definitely not a past thing..." I whispered to my father, still hugging him around the neck.

"When did you get so wise kid" my father chuckled and then squeezed me around the waist.

"I'm just trying to follow my father footsteps..."

"Oh your old man isn't wise... but your old man loves you, and he loves your brother too... and even your sister, even though he doesn't always understands her... and your mom... but he knows what's good for him now... and she isn't..."

"Talking about yourself at the third tense?" I asked, teasingly.

"'Makes me sound wiser" my father chuckled and I let go of him.

"Go to sleep dad..."

"Alright..." he said, and then got up and walked out with me.

"Goodnight dad..."

"Goodnight Lexi" my father smiled lightly and then closed the door of his room behind him.

Instead of going back to Ty's room, I went to the bathroom in mine first, to pee, and then when I walked out and towards my door, I saw the light of my cellphone flashing.

I picked it up and I sighed when I saw the number of unread text messages : 23.

Dear god...

And they were all from Blake...

Stalker!

But that still made me smile a little.

I was getting a little tired and just read the last one received

It said "Okay now if you don't answer I will have to go with the "You got attacked by mutant potatoes" theory and I'm going to be forced to come over!!!"

I had received it thirty minutes ago...

Oh god, was he going to show up at my window now... naked?

I called him.

"I knew it! It's the hobbits that kidnapped you right? And now they want a ransom! Should have stuck with that one..." Blake said, without a hello or anything.

"Are you always this stupid at night Blake?" I snorted.

"Nope! I'm just stupid when people don't answer my crazy fan chick text!"

"I told you I had family things to deal with when I left..." I trailed, and my thoughts went back to my dad and my brother.

"Ya well, you could have answered at the first 5 messages that were still coherent, and tell me everything was alright and I didn't need to come kill the Russian mafia's man trying to get the secret of the Caramilk out of you!" Blake said in a serious tone.

Without really wanting to, I started to laugh. As idiotic as his remarks were, they made me laugh, they made me forget about my sulkiness...

The boy had a gift I had to give that much to him, he knew how to make me laugh...

"Well, I'm alive and well, as you can see, so no need to worry anymore..." I answered him.

"Are you sure I can trust that? As far as I'm concerned you're an alien that took Lexi's form and is trying to make me believe it's her" Blake told me.

"How imaginative Blake!" I snorted.

"I'm serious... hey what's the nickname I give you all the time??" Blake suddenly asked

How odd...

"Pumpkin?" I said, more like a question than a statement...

Where was he going with this?

"Alright either it's really you or you're really good at your job alien!" Blake stated

"Blake you need to sleep, you aren't being coherent anymore..." I laughed.

"Can't, I have to solve that big conspiracy thingy..." Blake said and then yawned "Ya I'm not coherent anymore... I said thingy... I don't say thingy... YOU say thingy..." Blake laughed.

"Ya go to sleep, this calling each other at night can't become a habit of ours!" I chuckled.

"Aww... really?" he whined on the other side of the line.

"Really!" I answered firmly.

"Fine... I'll show up at someone else's window naked..." Blake sighed.

"Dumbass!" I laughed.

"Thanks!"

"Goodnight Blake"

"Goodnight Lexi, and you can dream about me all you want tonight!" Blake said, and I could clearly see the smirk he must be doing right now in my head.

"Dumbass..." I chuckled and closed my phone.

And just like that, I didn't feel so much like crap anymore...

Smiling a little, I walked back to Tyler's room, and then wrapped my arms around his waist again, and saw that he had tears in his eyes...

He was crying while sleeping...

And so I fell asleep thinking about the fact that not everything was alright...

Chapter 41

Chapter Thirty Eight

Alright guys, new chapter and it's a longer one!!! :P

So it's late I didn't double check, I'll do that tomorrow, sorry I wanted to have it out earlier but I got sidetracked easily... lol

Alright so I hope you guys enjoy it, if you don't say the word I might change it a bit, I finished it fast... oh and ya, I,m trying to make the story a little faster since we're never going to see the end of it if we keep things like that, and you guys will kill me or get bored because all you want is for them to kiss ;P (though I do have really good stuff in store..)

So anyways, as usual, read, enjoy, vote and comment!!! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When I had fallen asleep in Ty's bed I hadn't thought about the fact that I wouldn't be woken up by my alarm clock.

And so, as usual, dad was the one waking us up.

Frankly, he didn't look so eager to have gotten out of bed either and I wouldn't have expected any less.

"Come on kids, chop chop! You have school!" he said and then walked away, and I could hear him going down the stairs.

I turned around to face Ty and gave him a hopeful smile.

"Don't make that face Lex, I'm alright you know..." Ty trailed and got out of his bed.

"Ty..."

"Please, can we just not talk about it right now? Or ever for that matter..." he answered me and then closed his bathroom door behind him.

I sighed heavily and got up too making my way downstairs to fix myself some breakfast and then get ready to go to school.

"So, you're going to go to work looking like that?" I asked my dad teasingly, stopping beside him, in front of the coffee pot.

"I'm taking the day off... Going to go hit the green with Anthony actually, he's not working today..." he trailed, scratching his head and yawning.

"Well that's a good thing" I smiled.

Dad needed a friend right now. I mean I knew he needed us too, but he needed carefree moments...

"Less talking more breakfast cooking!!" Ty yawned behind me and then I rolled my eyes and got the eggs.

And just like that our morning ritual fell back into step, like yesterday hadn't happened.

Denial?

Moving on?

I couldn't tell but for some reason I wanted to settle on the latter...

As usual, I found myself running in the end, and shouting at Ty to get in the car already cause we would be late and then drove to school, breaking the speed limit law.

Ty wasn't saying one word and didn't even try to change my CD playing.

That didn't sound good.

I would need to do something about it. I would have to call Vanessa... I'm sure she could miss a few days of school to come here. We could make something up, I'm sure the school could use her for a singing thingy... that would be a good excuse! And then Ty could see her, work things out with her maybe, or at least have her around for a few days... That would make him happy.

I'm sure Vanessa wouldn't complain, she'd pretty much enjoy it actually!

I'd have to find a way to make that work... maybe Blake could help me convince the principal or something...

It was almost weird to think about the fact that Blake could actually help me now, that I was close enough with him that it wouldn't feel weird...

For some reason it made me smile...

We finally made it to the school parking lot and Ty got out of the car, still as silent as ever and walked towards the school, his hands in his jeans pocket, his shoulder hunched a little.

Yes, I definitely needed to convince Vanessa to come back here even for just a few days...

"Kitty! Don't you think you can get away from me now!" Alex yelled, and then I turned and smiled at him, while he ran towards me.

"What's wrong? I'm not getting away from you!" I told him, as we walked side by side towards the building.

"You know what I'm talking about!" he said his voice dropping, lowering his head towards mine.

Oh...

The boyfriend deal...

Oops, forgot about that...

"Still a little crowded to talk about it... anyway, Daphnee wanted to go shopping on Saturday, just the three of us, so we'll have plenty of time to share info on that subject" I answered him.

"So how was Blake's house?" Alex suddenly asked when we had reached my locker.

"Oh it's a real nice trailer tent, super classy, really neat!" I smirked a little.

"Come on Kitty, practically no one's been on the other side of the gates!" Alex whined.

"Oh Papa Bear, I'm sorry I don't think you have a chance to cross that gate!" I smirked and Alex scowled "And the house is gigantic and out of this freaking world!" I added.

And then I could hear Daphnee humming "Lucy in the Sky" her pony tail swinging from one side to another, heading in our direction.

"What I wouldn't give to be in 1969, dancing naked in the mud in Woodstock..." she sighed and then she leaned against the locker beside mine "So... you and hot running back got all hot and steamy last night?"

"WHAT?"

"You know; you, him, butt naked, exchange of-" She started to say but I cut her.

"Ya ya, I got that part I was whatting you because what you just said was ridiculous!"

"Please, everyone wants to hit that hot piece of meat, every girl in the cheerleading squad wants to, I know I want to, Alex wants to... you're no exception my whore!" she smirked.

"I'm not talking with you anymore you freaky hippie!" I scowled and walked to my first class.

Stupid Daphnee, saying stupid, stupid untrue stuff!!

"So want to share the nice dream you had about me Pumpkin?" Blake asked behind me startling me.

"Oh ya, it went something like you tried to make a move on me, I kicked you in the balls and you wept in pain for the rest of the night while I laughed at you" I smirked at him.

"Please, no need to hide it Pumpkin, you're obsessed with me!"

"That comes from Mister 23 text messages!"

"23 hilarious text messages," Blake corrected, smiling a little.

"Stalker!"

"Thanks!" Blake smirked "How are you doing Pumpkin?" he then asked more seriously.

"I'm alright, I mean, been better but... hey could you help me out with something?"

"Depends?"

"Well, I'm trying to find a way to get Vanessa to come back in town, for just a couple of days... and I don't know, like some school activity could be a good

enough reason for her to not go to her school, you know something to do with singing, and since you always seem to be so resourceful I thought maybe-"

"No worry, I'll see what I can do..." Blake stopped me, half smiling.

"Really?" I asked, hopeful.

I mean it's not like he needed to do anything I asked him.

Technically he wasn't under contract like me...

"Ya, of course"

"Thanks!" I beamed

"No problem" he smiled and then we walked into our first class together.

The morning went by pretty fast and then it was already lunch time and everyone was together eating and chatting. Daphnee sat beside me and kept giving me smirks and wiggle of eyebrows and I kept elbowing her.

When would she stop already!?

It was kinda nice to not work at the library anymore, I had more time to eat, which was good, and I was the one smirking when Daph had to leave to take my shift.

Haha.

The next class after lunch was English Literature, and when the teacher started to say we needed to team up in pairs for a oral presentation we'd have to do in front of the class, a scene of a play actually, Blake turned around and smirked at me, making it really clear that I was going to have to be his teammate.

But I didn't mind so much.

Plus you knew people would listen to your presentation carefully if you were in team with Blake, since the guy had pretty much everyone's respect...sort of...

And then we had Chemistry at last and we had to do the first part of a lab, and today it was to heat copper until it turned black, stirring it so it wouldn't get stuck at the bottom of the ceramic bowl.

It was pretty long and boring and Blake kept trying to touch the ceramic bowl and squealed like a girl when he did because, of course, it was hot!

Dumbass!

I wanted to start working on the lab report after school but Blake had football practice so we settle on working on it Friday night.

That was odd...

I mean didn't Blake Eaton have better things to do on a Friday night?

When I got home I wrote on my computer some of the notes I had taken that we'd use for the report and tried to call Vanessa multiple times but she gave singing classes that night so I just couldn't get a hold on her, and in the end I was getting too tired, because of the multiple late night calls with Blake and just went to bed early.

The next morning, Tyler still looked kinda gloomy, but dad didn't seem that bad. He told us that Preston funeral was next weekend and that we'd have to go, it was in a town close from New York, so we'd spent

the whole weekend there, and oh joy, Annabelle would come too...

Let's just say Tyler sulked more.

That meant I wouldn't be in town next weekend... I'd have to tell Blake, I mean if he was planning on making me work or something, we'd have to do it before I left.

I didn't particularly like the idea of going to the funeral, of course because who likes to go to a funeral, but also because I didn't want to be away for a weekend...

And that also meant that whatever we'd plan, for Vanessa to come, it wouldn't work for next weekend...

Damn... Tyler needed to see her soon... Because my baby brother was just not smiling enough...

The day at school went by pretty fast, everyone was happy because of course, it was Friday, and the weekend was coming. I didn't really know what I had planned except for shopping with Daphnee and Alex on Saturday, but I think Alex wanted me to come

over and watch a football game on Sunday, which sounded nice, since I hadn't done it in a little while.

And it would be nice to see his mom Nathalie. She was so funny. I missed her a bit...

When the final bell rang I drove Ty home and then headed for Blake's house, still a little unsure of where exactly he lived but of course I stopped worrying the second I saw the big gates.

They were kinda hard to miss...

When I rang, it was Blake who opened the door this time.

"Oww, Blake! Where's your maid?"

"Cooking awesome food in the kitchen and if you want to ask me, yes I will be ignoring every joke you make about the fact I have a maid, I simply do not care, you'll have to suck it up Pumpkin!" he smirked and then jogged up the Titanic stairs.

"You're no fun Blake!" I told him rolling my eyes but followed behind.

"Oh please I'm delightful!" Blake smirked wider and waited for me before walking up the stairs towards his room.

I was still shocked by everything in the freaking huge house, but tried to ignore it nevertheless... wouldn't look too good on my behalf if I started like a mesmerize kid... Blake would have another thing to tease me about!

"So... lab report... it sucks... I say I pay you with sexual favours and you always do all the job... deal?" Blake trailed, turning around to look at me, smirking as always.

"Oh Blake... it's so cute you still have illusions like that" I snorted and patted his cheek.

"Doesn't hurt to try" Blake shrugged and then walked towards his couch, sat on it, and picked up his bag beside. "Do you have any idea which play we'll get for our presentation?"

"I don't know..." I sighed going to sit on the recliner "But I'm sure it's going to be something like Shakespeare as always..."

"Don't make that face Pumpkin I know you'd enjoy having to declare your love for me in front of the entire class" Blake smirked and I punched his shoulder.

"Smirk all you want Blake, don't forget I could go off lines or something and make you look like a fool, you know two can play that game!" I said with a grin.

"I'd like to see that" Blake smiled evilly but then frowned "You smell that?"

"Smell what?" I asked confused.

"Smells like smoke... oh god don't tell me Anita's burning the food!!" Blake freaked and then got up.

"You know what just go on the computer and start typing the report, I'll come back in a sec..." Blake trailed walking towards his stairs.

"But don't you use that thing to hatch into super secret government programs and such?" I asked, looking at the three screen computer with worried eyes.

I wasn't really a genius with technology and the computer sort of freaked me a little...

"No, just the usual, you know, email, research, homework, porn." Blake smirked.

"Awww, did you have to mention that? Now no way I can touch that mouse or that keyboard!"

"Don't worry Pumpkin, it's all clean, and if you crash it I can always sent it to the tech guy" Blake smirked.

"Well, thanks I feel all better now!" I answered him rolling my eyes and then Blake left, his laugh echoing behind him.

Alright...

Now let's try to make that monster work...

After a few minutes of desperate attempts I managed to get on my email account and get the notes I had typed yesterday, and was about to keep working on them when I heard footsteps in the stairs and then a voice getting a little louder with each words.

But not the one I was expecting.

A stranger voice...

"Alright Blake, so you know that big sign on the main road with the happy family eating Kentucky fried chicken, well I thought about it and I think we should make their face like chickens and change the chicken parts with you know like human parts all bloody and shit! Now THAT would scare some kid and... you have company... damn it to hell!! What the fuck Blake!!! Why didn't you shut me up!!?" a complete stranger guy said, his eyes bulging, looking at me, and then all around, trying to find Blake obviously.

For one second my mind went KABOWWW. Like total blank. That dude was HOT!

"He's in the kitchen" I said, and I was pretty impressed with myself for not swooning out loud.

"And he left you here? In his room? Are you sure you're not like a stalker or something? Or an assassin or a thief? Cause Blake would never leave a chick alone in his room or let a chick in his room for that matter" the guy went on.

Wow, wow, WOW...

"Well, I'm none of the above, but thanks for believing I could pull off the assassin deal. I would really enjoy a job in the ninja business"

Damn it, Lexi shut up!!

I sound stupid now!!

And then my mind slowly started to process all the information this really hot stranger in front of me had provided me with.

First, what he had talked about when he had walked in, that oddly sounded like graffiti to me. And second, well he was hot...

"Eeeeh? What the hell are you doing here man?" Blake who just walked into the room said.

"I messed up dude, I messed up bad. I burbled in front of your ladyfriend here. Hey! Is she your hooker!?! You finally got some sense into that thick head of yours and followed my advice?" the guy said to Blake, and I could see these two looked pretty close.

I wanted to make a snotty reply to the hooker comment but my mind was processing something else. Blake and that guy looked alike. I mean they looked like brothers! The stranger had browner hair than Blake but they had sort of the same haircut and well his eyes were green while Blake's were grey. But I don't know they had kinda like the some face bone structure, and same body built, both tall and obviously muscular but not like buck muscular, like slender really hot muscular.

But there was something obviously similar about their faces...

Two questions hit me then.

One, is he Blake's brother?

Two, if I was swooning like a maniac over that guy... what about Blake if they're so much alike?

Oh and a third question; hooker? Really?

"Wow Josh that's just so refreshing! Seriously drop the hooker deal. It just makes you sound bad and we have Lady Company." Blake said.

Josh?

That's JOSH???

Josh, Catherine's step-brother??

"Ya I saw that, and what the hell dude?" the guy, Josh, asked Blake, his eyes bulging.

"What? What's wrong?" Blake frowned

"Chick. Your room. A chick in your room! That's the problem here!!"

"You know it's rude to talk like that about someone when they're right there" I said to him.

I mean he did imply I was a hooker, I didn't particularly like him for now, even though he was hot... real hot...

"I'm sorry Candy I didn't mean to be rude or anything..."

"Candy??" I scowled.

"What? Is it Natasha, or Joséphine? Édith? Blake does have a thing for French maids..."

"Josh please just shut up, please..." Blake whined, brushing his hands in his face, completely discouraged.

"Hey I'm just trying to be welcoming with your lady friend..." he said to Blake looking at him and then turned to me and suddenly asked "You charge a lot?"

"Alright that's it, Josh get the fuck out!" Blake sighed and tried to grab him by the shoulders to get him out.

"Hey, I'm staying, mom asked for me alright, she likes me better than you!" he smirked.

Okay I was definitely confused now.

"Mom?" I asked.

"Ya, Sophia kind of took the motherly figure when mine died" Josh told me like he was telling me he had a dog name Rex.

"I'm so sorry..." I whispered, shocked.

I mean what do you say to that... I couldn't really find him rude or anything anymore... he had lost his mom... I kinda knew how it felt to loose your mom...

"Don't sweat it, I don't even remember my first mom that much, I was like two years old... she was walking in a park taking pictures, she was a photograph, and a burglar came out of nowhere and stole her camera and then shot her..." Josh explain quickly

"Way to go Josh, why don't you show the coroner pictures too while you're at it..." Blake said rolling his eyes.

"What? We're not all cryptic like you Blake, I like pity, pity is one of the most important reason why pick-up lines work and the pick up line "My mom died I need comfort cause I never had a female figure in my life" always work!" Josh smirked.

Oh god those two together really didn't sound good...

They were trouble, no doubt about that...

"Well, it won't work with her" Blake snorted pointing his chin towards me.

"What? She doesn't like guys? Cause I could always work something out..."

"No I'm just no easy douche bag" I told him, scowling.

"Ouch... why does she hang around if she's mean to me?" Josh pouted.

"Cause Lexi here is helping me with my homework and well schoolwork pretty much..." Blake explained.

"Lexi?" Josh said, looking at me frowning and then at Blake and then back at me.

There was something weird about the way he looked at us...

"Yope, that's my name! Not Candy or Natasha or Josewhatever... Oh and I'm NOT a hooker!!" I informed him.

I think it was something important to state here...

And well the guy did make it hard to stay coherent, with his hotness and all...

Blake and him in a room... both of them in a room, me alone with both of them in a room... I think I freaking deserved a medal for not swooning out loud...

That was like... wow... again, just wow...

"Damn it... oh well..." Josh shrugged and then walked up the stairs towards the library.

"Hey you finish "Notre Dame de Paris" yet? I want to read it already," Josh asked his back to us.

"No, Victor Hugo talks A LOT! And I started to read The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde again..."

"Are you serious?" I asked Blake.

Blake just smirked

"What's wrong?" Josh asked, turning to look at us.

"Sorry, I'm still trying to grasp the concept that Blake can read" I trailed.

"Come on Pumpkin, don't..." Blake started to say but Josh interrupted.

"Pumpkin?" he asked, raising one eyebrow.

"Ya he calls me Pumpkin," I frowned.

"I call her Pooky too," Blake smirked.

I elbowed him "No you don't call me Pooky!"

"Yes, I do, oh and it's her screen saver by the way! How lame!" Blake chuckled.

"Shut up! Pooky rocks alright!" I scowled

"Then why can't I call you Pooky?"

"Cute but mute! That's why you can't call me Pooky you dumbass!" I hissed and slapped his arm.

"Play nicely kids," Josh said, his voice kinda distant, and he was looking at me, well us, strangely.

It was weird to talk about me and Blake as "us".

I kinda liked it...

Chapter 42

Chapter Thirty Nine

New chapter!! :D

Okay so before you read on, we have to establish a few things.

First off, Josh; really hot, BUT, hotter than Blake?

Depends on what's your taste, but honestly they really do look the same (and no their mom didn't have an affair or anything they are not related, I just wanted to state it before you guys start to speculate ;P)

Oh and Josh wanted to thank you all for your praise about is awesomeness (well that's how he saw it ;P)

but mostly good looks! And he would like to state (he's screaming in my head right now actually) that he would really like to spill everything about Blake but his hands are tied (I rule the book ;P) but he's telling you all that he will have a long talk with Blake about the pros of just blurring it all out (he's telling them to me right now and it won't work... ;P)

Now, Josh did sound like an asshole, BUT (sorry I have to defend him, I love him too much! I like making fun of Blake with him!! ;P Mouhahahahaha) Josh usually isn't really consider as a Clark-type-of-jerk, actually he's a whole lot like Blake, minus one little detail (the reason why Josh and I like to make fun of him, and no ladies it doesn't have anything to do with size here ;P)

And the way he talked about his mom (That's for you Paige ;P) well... you'll read more about it in the next chapter, but everybody has a way to hide their feelings right?

So ya... sorry little rant about Josh... he a good guy everyone, and even though it might not look like it,

there's an actual reason why he's acting the way is acting with Lexi right now...

Oh and Josh is probably the one who knows Blake the best along with someone else (you can go on and guess that one now ;P) so of course he's going to know exactly what's going on between the two ;P

Oh and I wanted to let you guys know that I've been sorting my chapters out, to plan everything and that around chapter 44 you'll get a big chunk of Blake's issues (one of them that is) so ya, prepare yourselves... and we'll have about... oh I'm not sure... 80 chapters maybe... lol... oh and I've written the last chapter and the epilogue already... mouhahahaha, sorry had to share, because I love it, and you guy will freak.. mouhahahaha so ya... I could sent it to the highest bidder? ;P

LOL mouhahahahaha (I want real money now, not Monopoly checks ;P)

Oh and I wanted to make this chapter longer but as always got distracted, and you wouldn't have gotten anything if I hadn't stopped it here... so ya... sorry! And I know it's all talk no action (lol) but you have to

understand we need to establish a relationship here and for that we need to bring our characters closer, little by little... so ya... there will be more talking... I like to write dialogue more than anything so you guys are stuck with this ;P

So anyway, you know this by now : read, enjoy, vote and comment!! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"So what were you guys working on..." Josh trailed while he walked around Blake's second floor, picking up the books lying around and placing them back in the library.

"Chemistry" I answered and went to sit back on the computer to save what I had written.

"Of course you were..." Josh grinned.

"Please, that one was way too easy, I think even Blake wouldn't have made it..." I snorted.

"Oww, did you hear that Blake? She almost praised you... maybe I should write that down in a book or something with the date and all" Josh laughed.

"Alright, enough Josh, get out, oh and stop moving my books around! You're effing up all my order!"

"Order? That's not called order, that's called a freaking tornado! It's almost blasphemy the way you treat those poor things!" Josh said disapprovingly a pile of books in his hands "Oh and how come I have to get out and she can stay? I've known you longer; I have priority!"

"Ya but she "almost" praised me while you're being an asshole" Blake said mischievously.

"Hey I did NOT praise Blakey-boy get that through your head boys!" I interrupted them.

I mean what I said wasn't really supposed to be a compliment or anything!

"Rejected!!" Josh laughed.

"Please, she can't resist me, just look at the way she drools when she looks at me" Blake answered him, smirking like an idiot.

"Please Nancy-Boy, she's drooling over me! You're too much of a wuss! You love-précoce!" Josh said, grinning.

Okay, I don't think I like hanging around those two.

For one thing they are way too much alike! And I really can't keep up with them...

It's just like having two Blake's in front of me!

Two really hot Blake's...

Though the more I look, Blake was the sexiest one, I mean it was those deep grey eyes, and that smirk of his, those nice sexy hands and that hot muscular back covered with that nice white shirts, with "Stop staring at my man boobs" written on it, even though he was far far from having man boobs, he had a perfect man chest actually...

Alright Lexi, stop it, just stop!!!

"Drop it! We're so not making that into a word!" Blake scowled.

Alright, Lexi, really lost right now...

"Oh yes we are, David Axelrod!" Josh said with a wide grin.

"Josh, I'm warning you one last time, shut the fuck up!"

"Oh I'm not, I'm just enjoying myself right now! The name suits you!" Josh happily said to Blake and then looked at me "Oh and Jade you gotta give me your trick to make that bastard smile now and then, I'm tired of having to drag a sulking wuss all the time!"

"My name's Lexi, remember?"

Rude much?

"Oh I know... Jade just suits you better in this situation"

"You know, you're like way confusing dude..." I told him

"You really don't know that one? Well, I fell really bad for knowing it and not you... I'll explain to you why Jade-"

"Josh, if you don't shut up right now, I'm going to drive over your studio and scratch the plaster off

your mural with my freaking nails and then I'll let Miss Puss pee all over the place!" Blake threatened

"Miss Puss?" I asked confused.

Yes, confused was really the perfect word to describe how I was right now.

"Ya Josh here, Mister Cleaning Freak has a freaking cat he named Miss Puss! How lame!" Blake laughed.

"You're just jealous cause you like my cat! My cat rocks!"

"And leaves its hair everywhere!" Blake smirked.

"You have to make compromise in a relationship Blake... something you'll need to learn one day!"

"You know what guys, I think that lab report can wait, and I don't think we're going to work on it more tonight, so I'm out of here!" I said to both of them, even though they seemed pretty engrossed in their arguing so maybe they weren't even listening and I picked up my bag, heading for the stairs.

"Hey where do you think you're going Pumpkin? You're staying right here!" Blake automatically said, stopping his other conversation.

"To listen to you girls argue?" I smirked a little.

"No, no, you're staying for dinner; you have to make up for the other night." Blake informed me.

"No I'm not, last time it was just supposed to be your mom, you and me. I never agreed for a dinner with Mister Puss" I snorted.

"Oww, in your face Josh!!" Blake smirked, and then turned around, towards me, raising his hand "High five!"

I shrugged and then slapped his hand, thinking it wouldn't do any wrong but then Blake's hand closed around mine and he tugged me towards him "You're staying for dinner, whether it's on your own free will or because I tie you up to the chair" he said, his eyes shinning evilly, his voice low.

I swallowed loudly.

For one second my mind had gone through numerous possibilities to explain why he was tugging me towards him, all well let's just say I wanted to punch myself.

Seriously, I really had to snap out of this, alright he's hot, we all know it, now could I just not think about it anymore... I actually wanted to be his friend, and anything else wouldn't help that relationship...

"If I were you, Cucurbitacée, I would listen to him, he means business" Josh smirked.

"Cucur-what?" I frowned as confused as I could be.

There really was no reason to try to understand them... it was like trying to understand a conversation between me and Vanessa, at any moment we could just look at each other's face and burst laughing, or just say one word and know what the other talked about immediately... It was something close friends had; this ability to make people around them feel like outsiders...

"Cucurbitacée, ya know like cucurbitaceae, the family of plants... the pumpkin being one of them!" Josh explained.

"Wow, look at you Joshey-Moshey, trying to sound smart and all!" Blake laughed, turning to look at him, but he was still holding my hand.

And strangely, I didn't want him to let it go just yet...

"Well at least "I" can put out the fire unlike you David!" Josh grinned, and that's when Blake let go of my hand and tackled Josh to the ground.

"Shit Blake!! The books!!" Josh whined and then I started laughing, while Blake punched Josh in the ribs.

"When I'll be done beating you up, even Miss Puss won't recognize you!" Blake threatened.

"Girls! Break it off now!!" I laughed and then ran towards them, grabbing Blake by the arms, trying to get him up.

"Let the men deal with their problems Pumpkin!" Blake said, but then laughed.

"You're a dick Blake!" Josh said, shaking his head, but he was chuckling a little.

But then little figure appearing in the room interrupted the argument "Dinner ready" Anita said happily with her strong Spanish accent "What did Mister Josh did again?" she asked smirking a little.

Why did everyone here smirk?

"Please, it's all Blake's fault here, mister I overreact all the freaking time!" Josh complained, while getting back on his feet.

"Oh dude you were so looking for it!" Blake said, shaking his head.

"Food get cold if you keep bickering like chickens!" Anita warned and then left the room.

Blake chuckled but then grabbed me around the shoulders and dragged me towards the stairs.

"Now don't you think I'm going to let you get away, you're staying!" he said, his voice mischievous.

"Does that mean you're going to tie me up to the chair?" I snorted, but smiled a little.

I don't know why, but it was nice to think that Blake actually wanted me to stay here, to stay for dinner, to stay with his family...

Chapter 43

Chapter Forty

Okay so few things to say, first off sorry I wanted to have this sooner but I almost stopped writing altogether... so you guys should be happy I did upload...

So on with the program! I was really impressed that no one pointed out something in the last chapter... though everyone's probably all too young to know about it... I mean Lexi didn't know what he was talking about either... But I was all set to have a rain of comments about it, and no one noticed it... lol... I actually enjoyed that, that means I really work in the details ;P Mouhahahaha (now I can bet a whole lot that you'll all go read the last chapter again ;P)

Now, next chapter probably won't come until Tuesday, yes I know you're all going to die, you want your daily fill of Blake, I'm evil and blah blah blah ;P But the thing is it's SUPER BOWL!!!!! (on Sunday I mean, which is today technically..) so I have to watch that and than my 9 hours of classes on Monday so busy busy!

So this chapter goes to J my Papa Bear because if it wasn't for him you wouldn't have had this chapter tonight, or maybe even a story anymore, because he carried out his job as my Papa Bear like no one can! Thanks Papa Bear!!!

Oh and ya, it's a long chapter, but it's not the best in my mind but I gotta go to sleep and I wanted to give you guys something and made my "not going to bed" worth it.. so ya.. if it feels weird say the word I can edit!!

So anyway, read, enjoy vote and comment.

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"You actually sound like you'd enjoy that!" Josh laughed behind us.

I stopped, dead in my track, turned around and narrowed my eyes at Josh "Say that again Mister Puss?"

"Hey I'm just saying, Stockholm syndrome is making a come back!" Josh grinned.

I rolled my eyes.

"Please, I'm not pathetic like that!"

"Well true you did turn down the "Blake serenading at your window" offer the other night..." Josh frowned.

"It was naked at the window but whatever" Blake corrected, smirking.

I scowled at Blake "You told him that?"

"Didn't you remember? I told you I was having an argument! I was with Josh working on his mural, and we were discussing the fact that creepy unhealthy things seem romantic to kids these days!"

"At least we know you haven't fallen in the mold" Josh chuckled.

For one tiny second I was actually a little disappointed... I guess in the back of my mind I would have liked to think Blake really was waiting at my window, not naked I mean, but still there... even though they were right and it was creepy!

"Alright, let's go eat! I'm starving!!" Blake whined and towed me again towards the stairs but I stopped, because I needed to use the bathroom, and it would be smarter to go now, than during dinner.

"Gotta go to the bathroom first!" I told him and then frowned, trying to think of where the bathroom was exactly. "Which is where...?"

Was I supposed to use Blake's ones or some other really expensive looking one, with a golden toilet seat bowl and silk as toilet paper?

"The door right beside the computer Pumpkin... though you might want to be careful, I mean, I'm not sure if I gave the right amount of sedative to my whore this time..." Blake frowned and then chuckled.

"You're an idiot Blake" I rolled my eyes.

"Thanks! Oh and just follow the music to get to the dinning room after" Blake laughed and then I walked towards the door, not so sure what he was talking about while he walked towards the stairs with Josh.

"Why the hell were you acting like an asshole?" I heard Blake hissed before I closed the door of the bathroom behind me

"I'm doing you a favor, just..." Josh said but his voice got lost in the stairs.

Hmmm?

"Acting" like an asshole?

But I quickly shook the matter away because for one second my mind went all curious mode; I was in Blake's bathroom, alone... I could look in all his drawers like some stalker... that could be funny... though I was worried for a second about everything I COULD find in here...

I mean this was Blake after all...

The bathroom, like everything in this house, was really beautiful; there was a big shower AND a big

bathtub on my left and then the sink and toilet on my right, everything in beige and cream tones... and on my right between the toilet and sink there were four steps and a door... That made me even more curious...

So when I was done and washing my hands, I could help but walk up the steps and then turn the doorknob.

I was all brace for some high tech computer room with weapons, or a torture chamber, you know, something worth a cliché novel, but then pouted at what I saw.

It was just his closet.

His very full closet, which also had a door on the right that opened on the second floor, to Blake's library.

That was boring... I mean ya there was A LOT of clothes but it was all male clothes, so I didn't really care about it... though for one second I wanted to go smell them, because for one thing Blake smelled, really really good, and also because there was

something about it... something I couldn't quite put my finger on... something I should remember...

I shook my head again and then closed the door behind me, my curiosity still unsatisfied.

I smirked a little and then opened the door under the sink; rolls of toilet paper and cleaning products.

Boring!

I then proceed to the two cabinets, one on each sides of the mirror. The one on the left was almost empty; Q-tips, Axe deodorant, some dude cologne that didn't even look open, cold syrup, plaster.

The one on the right was a little bit more interesting; there were normal pain killers, Advil, but also two prescription bottles of medicine. I quickly looked at what they said all brace to learn some heart condition or something but one was sleeping pills and the other pain killers for like big headaches...

Boring too!

I closed the door of the cabinet and pouted at the very little info I had found... I mean there wasn't anything compromising! I was disappointed!

And I needed to get out now cause I didn't want them to start thinking things!

So I got out of the bathroom and then walked down the stairs, worried for a second about finding where I was supposed to go! I mean what the hell had been Blake thinking letting me alone like that? I could get lost!!

But then I heard music...

It was frank Sinatra singing, I recognized it immediately and smiled a little.

I headed down the Titanic stairs and then I walked in a hall I had never seen before, the walls covered with pictures, following the music...

I tried no to linger to long, but there was a lot of info about Blake on these walls and I don't know, I just really wanted to understand Blake already!

But then I saw Josh alone standing in front of a table, holding a picture in his hands, and they almost look like they were shaking.

"Is everything alright?" I asked stopping a few feet away from him, the beat of the music in the background.

"Hmm? Oh hey Lexi hadn't heard you..." he mumbled looking up at me, his face sad.

I looked at the picture in his hand and on it there were two ladies, one with blond hair, the other with brown ones. They were smiling hugely, almost laughing, holding each other by the side, in front of a big fountain.

"Who's is it?" I asked quietly and then wanted to catch the words back.

Stupid stupid Lexi!

"Blake's mom and mine..." he whispered and I could see clearly Sophia in the blond girl.

The brown looked so full of life... Josh mom... it was hard to believe she was dead now...

"She's beautiful..." I whispered to him, trying to have a comforting voice.

"Ya she was... I remember that... I remember her smell too... and her voice... but it's so hard to remember everything... it's all blurry..." Josh said quietly, his eyes staring at a spot, his mind far far away from here. And then he looked at me straight in the eyes "You mind if I ask you something? I noticed the face you made when I mentioned my mom, and well Blake said it wasn't his story to share, so I'm asking..."

"My mom didn't die... she just left us..." I answered him.

"That's gotta be rough..." he let out in a breath.

"Not as rough as her dying..." I snorted

"You sure about that? I mean, mine, she's dead, she's not coming back, but yours, yours she left you, purposely, and... and that was mean to say..."

"No don't worry... I mean things could always change if I forgave her..."

"Do you want to forgive her?" he asked me.

For one second I thought about it, really thought about it...

And I realized that yes... I could forgive her...

Whatever she had done, whatever had happened, she was my mom, she was my mom and the bond was far more than blood here... and no things would never be back to the way they were, this was a sure thing, but yes, I could forgive her...

Why was I even thinking that? Why was I even admitting that? I mean after all she had hurt me...

But I realized I didn't want to be bitter, I didn't want to become that... I didn't want to hold a grudge and be unhappy for the rest of my life... there was more to my life then the way my family was when I was a kid, other ways...

I was happy with my life right now, as idiotic as this sounded, even though dad and Tyler were still so sad... It felt wrong but it was true...

And a little voice in the back of my head told me that if it hadn't been for her, I wouldn't be here right now... so in a way I was even grateful...

I think I needed to be hospitalized...

"We should go eat now..." Josh trailed and then placed the picture back on the table.

I saw him brush his fingers lightly on the glass and something flicker in his eyes... a tear?

I wasn't going to ask...

The music grew louder has we approached an arc and then I gasped a little when I saw the dinning room...

Again the room looked like it had been stolen from a book filled with castle pictures. The ceiling was high and there were paintings on it, almost like the freaking Sistine Chapel and there were two crystal chandeliers hanging from it.

There was a big window behind the extremity of the table, opening on the back yard which was basically

the forest, and an old china against the opposite wall from the arch...

And then there was Blake and his mom, plates and forks and knifes and spoon in their hands, going around the table, placing them.

And Blake was laughing with her, while she sang Frank Sinatra's song, it was "Love and Marriage" I recognized.

She was moving the utensils in her hands like a maestro baton laughing, her face trying to stay serious.

Blake looked happy, happier than I had probably ever seen him... And he looked at his mom with such admiring eyes... I had never seen that in him...

I almost wanted to stay back and watch him being happy, and not interrupt, Josh was frozen too, but then the song changed.

Sinatra sang "Young at Heart" and Blake looked over where me and Josh and stopped.

"Wow Josh, I didn't think you'd get lost when I said go see if Lexi fell in the toilet!" Blake chuckled and placed a plate on the table.

Six plates were set on it.

"I had to drag her here, she tried to escape!" Josh laughed.

"Hi Lexi!!" Blake's mom said, smiling hugely and then walked up to me and hugged me, actually hugged me. "I'm so glad you're staying with us tonight" she smiled

"Me too" I answered, her smile spreading on my lips.

"Was everything okay, I mean after the other day?" she asked and set the last knife on the table and then started with the spoons.

"Ya thanks"

"Josh sweetheart is everything alright?" she suddenly asked.

"Hmm ya..." he mumbled and sat at the table, in the middle on the same side as the china.

"What's wrong?" she frowned.

"Nothing..." he shrugged, taking his knife, rolling it in his hand.

"Oh... I'm sorry, I found it the other day while cleaning... I should have warned you... or Blake at least..." she said, her hand covering her mouth.

"Don't worry about it..."

"Oh please can we change this song!" Blake said, interrupting the conversation, when another song started to play

"Those fingers in my hands..." Frank Sinatra sang.

"I hate Witchcraft..." Blake mumbled.

"Aww come on it's good!" Sophia said, shaking her head lightly.

"I just can't stand it when he says "taboo" I don't know why, it annoys me... and 'witchcraft' too is annoying..." Blake frowned and I laughed a little "What?" he asked, half smiling at me.

"It is annoying" I agreed.

"HA! See!! We're changing it!" Blake beamed and walked to the stereo I hadn't seen and changed the song.

"Dream" started to play.

"Much better" Blake nodded.

"Dinner ready! And Mister Christopher just drove in!" Anita said, walking in the dinning room, pushing a tray with food on it and then Blake and Sophia helped her put the food on the table.

It was pizza but like home made pizza with veggies on it and chicken I think... it looked good... but what looked better was the huge bowl full of salad but I could see rice and spinach and raisins I think and broad bean and so many other things I couldn't even name...

"Have you ever eaten a Salade d'Amour?" Sophia asked me smiling.

"No..." I chuckled.

"There's so much thing in it, it could be the dinner for itself..." she snorted and the walked up to the chair on Josh's left.

"Alright Lexi, you can sit in front of Josh and then Blake beside and your father will seat at the head"

There was another plate on Josh right and then Anita went to sit there and I realized it was for her.

She was really a part of the family... it was cute...

"What is this thing called Love" almost finished when Blake's father walked in the dinning room.

"I'm late..." was the first thing he said and then laughed.

And then I started at him.

For an older man he really was handsome.

Well basically everyone in this room was freaking perfect, even Anita in her way... everyone except me.

His hair was dark brown, but there was a little sign of grey on his side, though it was barely noticeable. And he had Blake's grey eyes, though there was

something about them that wasn't exactly the same, like they couldn't turn a little to blue like him...

"And who have we got here?" he said, smiling to me.

Okay, so this was a renowned artist in front of me... and there was a published genius too...

I felt really insignificant...

"Hi, I'm Lexi Grayson..." I said, smiling a little.

"Nice to meet you Lexi... your dad owns MG Motors right?" he asked and walked up to the end of the table.

"Ya, that's it..."

"It's a good thing for people around... gives jobs... he can be proud of him..." he told me and then looked at his wife and smiled at her, looking at her with so much admiration it almost wanted to look away... I felt like I was looking at something I shouldn't...

"Hello love..." h smiled and then kissed her lips quickly, the smile never leaving both of their faces "And I see we got the stupid duo too" he chuckled.

"Don't talk about Anita that way dad!" Blake snorted.

Blake's dad rolled his eyes.

"I've seen what you did the other night boys!" he said shaking his head.

"Sorry, next time we'll say we were sponsored by Christopher Eaton" Josh said with a grin.

"Just don't use that can of spray again... your father needed it..." Christopher laughed shortly and then looked at Anita "Alright Anita, I'm sorry, your food is getting cold..." he said apologetically.

She waved the matter away, smiling, she was smiling at Blake actually and then mixed the salad and passed the plate with the pizza to Josh, the food going around the table.

It had been a while I hadn't actually sat at a table and not the counter, though our counter was almost like a table.

Christopher and Sophia were speaking with each other the salad between them and then Blake set the pizza between us.

"Stop rubbing my leg Lexi" Blake smirked.

"Not me, that's probably Josh..." I smirked too.

"Oh shit that wasn't Anita?" Josh gasped, and then laughed.

"You boys don't drag me in your silly stories again! One too many times!" she said shaking her head and then pinched Josh cheek and took a bite of her pizza.

I laughed along with the boys.

"We missed something?" Sophia asked, smiling

I had an hard time believing that Blake hadn't been smiling before, what we had talked about at the Creek, because with a family like this, so perfect and always smiling, there really was no way to NOT smile!

I was smiling!

"It's all Lexi's fault!" Josh said and then took a big bite of pizza, his mouth full so we couldn't ask more of him.

"Oh is that right?" she laughed and then passed the salad across the table to Blake.

And then I was really aware that Blake's father was still looking at me. I tried to ignored it, but then I looked at him, smiling guiltily a little, unsure if I had done something wrong.

"Has anyone ever told you you'd be a good subject to paint?" he asked me frowning.

Okay... I was NOT prepared to that...

"Eh, no not really..." I mumbled.

"You do remind me of Degas ballerina dancers... did you ever dance ballet?" he asked, still frowning.

Sideways, I could see Blake staring intently at the salad.

"Well, actually I did, when I was younger... My sister wanted to take baladi dancing classes but my mom said it would be unfair if only one of us did, but there was no way in hell I was going to go dance THAT so I asked for ballet classes instead... but that was a while ago..."

God why was I rambling about my life right now? I sounded like a fool!!

"Well you still have the stance, that's for sure... and I you have I don't know how to put it... the delicate feeling there's to Degas painting...? You should look at them, you'd know what I mean..." he trailed and then shrugged and ate his salad, smiling at his wife.

"Don't worry dad analyzes everyone... he stares at people when he waits in line for way longer than appropriate actually..." Blake whispered to me, shaking his head.

"Heard that Blake..." his father laughed, without looking at his son.

I smiled a little.

I took salad when Blake was done and then gave to bowl back to Anita.

"Did you hear from Kendal lately?" Christopher suddenly asked his son.

I stopped smiling.

Kendal... wan't that the girl on the pictures in Blake's room?

"She called yesterday but she was in a hurry, why?" Blake answered before shoving salad in his mouth.

"Did she tell you we're probably going to expose her work at the gallery? Josh's dad is clearing out the papers..." his dad explained.

"Does that mean I'm going to have to get out of town?" Josh whined.

What was that supposed to mean?

I opened my mouth to ask but I saw Anita give a slight shake of the head, looking at me with "You close that mouth right this instant" eyes.

"If we plan things out right, I'll let you stay..." Blake trailed.

Okay what had just happened here?

I mean Blake had kinda told me his brother and her were in love right?

Why were they only talking about her and not Jayden, his brother?

Unless Blake had lied to me, and he did care about her, or love her or whatever...

I wanted to scowl at my salad right now...

And why did Josh need to be out of town?

I was really confused... and a little angry too...

We kept on eating, making small talk but I don't know, I was kinda grumpy...

And strangely, I didn't feel like eating...

That was strange...

"So how was practice?" Blake's dad asked him, when he was eating his forth serving of salad.

He ate a lot!

"Went well..." Blake shrugged.

"Did you tell the coach about next weekend?"

"Ya, he said that it was alright... it's still off season's games, they'll survive without me..."

"What's going on next weekend?" I asked Blake, frowning.

I'm not getting information about anything!

I'm not letting it slip this time!!

"Oh I'm going away, you know actually I had to talk to you about that, we're going to have to do our work before I leave and we won't be able to do anything next weekend. Sorry." Blake frowned.

"You know what? It's fine, I'm going to be out of town too actually..." I told him, remembering I had meant to tell him too.

I wanted to ask him what he was going to do, where he was going, with whom? But asking those questions would make him ask the same and for some reason I didn't feel like talking about my father's dead cousin... I didn't feel talking about death...

So I didn't ask.

Would he be with Kendal?

I actually found myself say her name in a nagging voice in my head.

Wow... way to go Lexi you don't even know the girl... you know basically nothing about the girl actually...

"Why the sulking face Pumpkin?" Blake asked me, eating a carrot.

"Oh that's not a sulking face, you'd know if you saw the sulking face, the sulking face is bad" I snorted and then took a bite of pizza.

The food was delicious...

It was a shame I wasn't hungry...

"Alright, you can rub my leg again Pumpkin, but remember if you turn on you have to finish the job" Blake whispered, smirking.

"Blake we're at the freaking table!"

"Ya so?"

"You're unbelievable" I rolled my eyes at him.

"I get that a lot..." he nodded sadly, and I punched his shoulder, chuckling.

Blake smirked.

And then I smiled at him.

I shouldn't care about the girls in Blake's life.

I was his friend.

And being his friend was a nice feeling. A feeling I didn't want to loose for something I wasn't even sure about!

So I pushed the Kendal deal aside and spent the rest of the night, smiling and laughing, actually enjoying myself, sitting beside Blake, in his house, with his parents, his best friend and his maid.

I'm sure the scene would have been a nice subject to paint...

Chapter 44

Chapter Forty One

Too tired to write anything clever...

Read, enjoy, vote and comment!!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"... so then Blakey here, runs the hell out of the lake, and what do you know it really is a leech!" Josh said, laughing even more.

We were still all around the table, we had eaten the desert, Nanaimo bars, which I had learned, were one of Anita's many specialty, and Josh had kindly agreed to tell me embarrassing stories about Blake even though the one concerned had all but choke Josh

from across the table, but his parents were on my side, and urged Josh to go on, laughing at the memories with him.

"How the hell was I supposed to react!? A freaking leech!! Just so you know it's not the best feeling in the world!! And I was freaking nine years old!!" Blake scowled beside me, looking annoyed.

I laughed beside him, which earned me a glare.

Haha

"Wait you ain't even heard the funny part yet... so Jay and I, we tell Blake that he has to take his shorts off because there might be leeches hidden in them, and what do you know, next thing Blake his wriggling out of them, screaming like a girl!" Josh burst laughing while Blake hung his head in shame in his hands.

"Owww, poor Blake" I laughed.

"Oh it's not even the worst part!" Josh grin, and then Blake raised his head

"Please, for the sake of me, please just stop!" Blake begged.

"Heck NO!!" Josh grinned wider and then looked back at me "So you have this butt naked Blake, leech on his leg, screaming and crying, while his bro and I are all but pissing ourselves and THAT'S when Catherine decides to show up!!"

I started to laugh hysterically right there.

"Hey it's SO not funny! You wouldn't be laughing if you had been in my position!" Blake scowled beside me, his hands covering his face.

"Oh but I would never have been stupid enough to actually take my shorts off" I laughed.

And I really wasn't the only one.

Josh of course was clutching his stomach with laugher, and Anita's shoulders were shaking with them, and Blake's parents chuckled lightly too, but there was something about the way they looked at me... I mean I really shouldn't be self conscious like that, they probably weren't even looking at me, but at Blake... but it just felt like their gazes were on me...

"Oh trust me, if you had grown up with my brother and Josh you'd have taken your pants off! Those two

together would have scared away the freaking devil!!" Blake snorted.

"Thought you and Josh were the perfect pair?!" I said, still laughing a little.

I mean come on!

Funny!

"Oh when they were younger Josh and Jay were often mistaken for twins actually... and people thought Blake was the little brother tagging along" Sophia said, a small smile on her lips.

"Tagging along? You make me sound like a dog!" Blake rolled his eyes.

"Aww don't take it the wrong way my brother from mother, we actually enjoyed your company when you weren't engross in one of these many books of yours!" Josh still laughed.

"He was the booky type when he was younger?" I asked smiling a little.

Blake was leaning his head in his palm, elbow against the table, bad etiquette right there, and was shaking his head slightly, discouraged.

"Ya, he was the perfect little loner kid, with his painting and piano playing and reading! But then me and Jay, we corrupted him!" Josh grinned hugely.

Blake rolled his eyes.

That was the most I was hearing from Blake' brother since I knew he had one... and as much as I had more question erupting in my mind, I didn't want to push my luck... I mean, if he had something to say, I had to let him say it to me on his own right?

Well at least that's what I tried to convince myself...

I looked outside through the window, at the sun setting down, and thought about home, and dad and Tyler that might be needing me right now... that might be unhappy or crying while I was here having fun and laughing...

And I wanted to feel bad, but all I could feel was good...

And I felt ashamed for that...

"I should go soon..." I told Blake, halfheartedly.

I hope he didn't hear that too much though...

"Alright... If you say so..." Blake trailed, frowning a little.

Hmm... weird...

Could Blake also want for me to stay?

That'd be weird consider he was being publicly humiliated by Josh with me here...

"What's going on?" Sophia asked, smiling.

"Lexi's gotta go" Blake explained to his mom.

"Oh already?" she pouted a little "You'll come again right? We didn't scare you off?" she smiled.

"No I had a lot of fun tonight... I just have to get back to my family"

"Alright I get that..." she said and then Anita was getting up, and starting to clean the table, everyone helping.

"I left my bag in your room" I told Blake while I put my plate on the little carry-on.

"I'll go get it..." he said and then was turning around, all set to sprint.

"No, don't worry, I got it..." I told him and walked towards the hall to get to the Titanic stairs and then Blake's own ones.

"Aww Pumpkin, are we going to have to fight this one?" Blake smirked a little.

"No fighting, cause I'll be winning! Cause I always win!!" I smirked too, but then Blake pushed me a little, laughing and sprang out of the dinning room, and just like a reflex I started running too, to reach my bag first.

I wasn't until I was pushing Blake in his stairs that I thought about all the fragile things sprawled everywhere in the house.

Thank god I hadn't broken anything...

Blake and I sprang towards the second floor, to the couch, where I had left my bag, pushing each other

but Blake reached it first and then raised it over his head, stretching his arm as far as it could go.

And he was smirking at me.

"Give it Blake!!" I ordered him, pulling his arm down but it wasn't moving.

He was strong!

"Nah ah!" Blake laughed, sticking his tongue out at me.

God this just felt like kindergarten all over again!

"Blake!!" I sighed, but then found myself skipping a little to try to get the bag, grabbing onto his arm, still pulling.

"Give in Pumpkin, s'not going to work, you loose, admit it, admit you can't win against me!!" Blake said in an evil voice, his eyes gleaming.

"I'm not admitting anything!!" I answered my voice challenging and then raised my knee to his stomach trying to make him bent so I could reach the bag, but Blake squirmed away from me, and then we were pushing each other, fighting.

"You'll never get it, POOKY!" Blake smirked wider than ever.

Oh that was it!!

I climbed up the couch and then jumped on Blake's back.

Blake started to laugh but then fell back on the couch, squishing me under him, his weight on me back against my stomach.

"Blake... can't breath!" I hissed, pushing his back

And then Blake turned around, but he was still on top of me, and facing me, and my eyes bulge.

Oh crap, oh crap crap crap...

Blake just stayed there, his smirk slowly fading to another expression I couldn't quite pinpoint, while I was breathing heavily and freaking out.

Just push him off Lexi!!!

PUSH.

HIM.

OFF!!!

But I just couldn't...

All I could do was stare in those grey eyes of his, and that perfect face of his, and be hit by that oh so nice smell...

"Kids, you almost knocked a vase o-" Josh voice said, coming from the stairs and then Blake eyes widen like he just realized the position he was in and got back on his feet off of me.

No...

WHAT?

Back it up... did my mind just whimper??

"Blake..." Josh said, shaking his head a little, a smile playing on the edge of his lips, while I got up too.

"What?!" Blake asked sharply, his hand running in his hairs.

"Nothing, I just wanted to mention you kids need to watch it next time you just can't keep your hands off of each other and feel the need to rush to the bedroom so fast!" Josh grinned hugely.

Oh god!!

"That's so not what was going on here!!" I defended myself.

"Whatever..." Josh said, waving the matter away, and then turned around and walked down the stairs.

"Don't call me Pooky again!" I told Blake, and snatched my bag that was still in his hands, relying on his apparent confusion right now.

"I'll call you how ever I want!" Blake said, the smirk reappearing on his face.

"Dumbass..." I mumbled.

"Thanks!"

I rolled my eyes at him.

"So... what are you doing tomorrow?" Blake asked.

"Oh I'm going to go sell myself on the streets... Why?" I told him, smirking a little.

"Well you know... lab report" Blake chuckled. "But I guess we can always procrastinate if you need to go make money!"

"Ya, let's procrastinate!"

"So you'll tell me the street, I'll be sure to drive by, throw you some pocket change... or I could be your Richard Gere" Blake smirked wider.

"Oh please, no Pretty Woman references!" I sighed.

"Why not? You're the one who started on the "making the streets" thing!"

"Ya, but I'm not the whore! You are!" I laughed but then I stopped, hit by another of my many epiphanies "Is that why you don't kiss girls? Like Stacey said? Because you don't wanna get attached like the hoes! Ouuu! Did I unravel a secret here!?"

"What Stacey said? You listen to Stacey?" Blake snorted.

"Okay so no kissing problems?" I asked, raising my eyebrows.

"I never said... just drop it Pumkpin alright?" Blake sighed.

"Aww COME ON!!" I whined.

"Wanna know why I don't kiss them? I don't kiss all of them because I am not a whore! Haha.. that's a

song you know... Clark has it... Goes all "I am not a whore... but I like to do it..." Blake said, singing a little, doing the little "to the right snap of the head, to the left snap of the head" and so on so forth...

"You're deviating from the subject Blake..."

"You're asking ridiculous question Pumpkin!"

"You're annoying when you do that! Why can't you just give a clear answer for once?" I asked, my eyes narrowing.

"Should I give you everything you ask for?" Blake asked me, snorting.

"Ya totally!"

"And why should I do that?"

"Because I'm fun and witty? And because I have an awesome bod?" I offered.

"Fair enough..." Blake answered, nodding his head, smiling a little.

"Are you going to answer the question?" I pressed.

"What? You want to know why I don't kiss the bimbos? You really need a reason? Isn't it obvious?" Blake asked me, snorting "I don't kiss them, because I don't CARE about any of them! Does that answer your question?" he asked and then took a step closer towards me, staring straight in my eyes and for one second, I felt like blushing.

Wait what?

I didn't blush!!

"Ya sure... thanks..." I mumbled.

"Alright now my turn to ask you a question! Do you still love him?" Blake asked, his eyes still boring into mine.

Woah!

What the hell?

"Who are you talking about?" I asked.

"Who do you think?! Do you still love Alex, even though he obviously hurt you? How can you still be close to him after whatever he's done? Because you might not remember Shawn's party but I do and trust

me, it wasn't pretty!!" Blake said, snorting, with an ironic voice.

Why was he asking me that?

Why was he even mentioning it??

"You don't know what you're talking about..." I mumbled.

"That's a lame excuse of an answer... but that just proves my point. You don't want to answer all my questions, than I don't need to answer all of yours either, alright?" Blake said.

"Alright..." I agreed.

But that was like... I was going to say unfair, but in fact it was the complete opposite. It was completely fair...

And I didn't like it!

And this was like not a good example, the Alex deal, because Alex's secret was not mine to tell!

"I guess you have to go now..." Blake said, frowning again, his voice and eyes completely loosing the little arrogant feeling it at held mere second ago.

"Ya... I got to go check on Tyler, be sure he didn't commit suicide or hitchhike to get to Vanessa..." I snorted lightly "Oh speaking of which! You still going to help me plan something to get her back for a few days?"

"Ya, no worry Pumpkin" Blake smiled.

"Thanks!"

"You're welcome"

So we both walked back downstairs, and then everyone came to say goodbye.

Anita gave me a big hug and pinched my cheek, smiling warmly. Blake's dad also gave me a hug, though less bear hugging as Anita's but still I was a little taken aback.

Josh just grin, raising his hand for a high-five but then hug me too.

Bunch of huggers!

Sophia held me in her arms and whispered "Thank you" her voice so caring I was confused.

But I was getting use to confusion around the Eatons.

And then Blake stood there.

It was a weird two second...

Do I hug him? Shake hand?

That'd be weird.

But I kinda wanted to hug him, you know, and smell him inconspicuously...

"Bye Lexi..." Blake said, just standing there, and I was not going to make a move or anything so I guess I settle for nothing.

"Bye Blake..." and then I looked at everyone "Thanks for everything!"

"You're welcome! Come back anytime" Sophia smiled while Christopher came to stand by her, holding her around the waist.

"Okay... bye everyone!" I said, smiling and waving, and then I opened the door and stepped outside, before closing it behind me.

Chapter 45

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (42)

New chapter...

Sorry guys.. I wanted to have something to give you before I passed out and realized I had set a too big goal to fit things in it so ya...

Blake's secret will come a little later again.. chapter 46 now.. I know, I know sorry!! I'm going to try real hard to have it out soon!! I want it out as much as you guys!! And I should have listen to Sydney-Sapphire and wait to post it but see.. I didn't want to have stayed up for nothing you know?

Okay so I'm sure I had a million things to rant about but I'm dead on my feet so ya... no coherence

anymore.. if you see mistakes feel free to point them out!!

So read, enjoy, vote and comment!!! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I got in my car and drove away, with the powerful need to just hit my head against the steering wheel.

I mean seriously, what the hell was wrong with me!? I had almost freaking made out with Blake in his room, if Josh hadn't dropped in!! And now I just kept over thinking about the freaking hug!! This was getting into a serious freaking issue!!

And I mean, this was Blake we were talking about! As much as he was nice to me now, I mean he was still Blake, Blake the guy every girl wanted, the guy that could have every girl he wanted, and he did... twice probably! I mean please! Who was to tell, every time we talked late he wasn't coming back from some random hoe!

Who was to tell he wasn't acting this way with every girl? Because I mean, why would he care about me more than in friendly terms? I had nothing more to

offer than any other girls, and I was pretty annoying actually... and unobservant, and I had no boobs whatsoever which usually was kind of a deal breaker...

And I mean he just stood there and didn't give me a hug! Everyone gave me a hug.

Why. Didn't. He. Give. Me. A. Hug!!?

He was on freaking top of me in his room but didn't even give me a goodbye hand shake?

Or was I supposed to have made the first move? Was that the problem? Was he waiting for me to go for the hug?

Urgggg!!

God I hated over freaking thinking things like that!!

Alright breathe Lexi... it didn't mean anything; it doesn't mean anything so just STOP CARING!

Urgggg!!

It was few seconds later that I realized I had driven past my house... again... and for the same damn

reason! Because I was too engross in thinking about hot Blake!

Hot Blake?

Oh god... I really need help, don't I?

I drove back, and then parked in our alley, and mentally scowled at myself, walking to my house.

It was slowly getting dark, we were the end of the day, and dad and Ty hadn't opened the lights outside so it just felt like I was walking in an abandoned house. First thing I did when walking in was to switch the lights on, and then I went to look around for everyone.

But when I walked pass my father's door, I could hear him lightly snoring so I didn't bother him, and Ty was sleeping too...

I felt bad for not being there with them...

I wondered what they had been up to... where they alright?

I guessed I would have to wait for the answers tomorrow...

I walked to my room, not feeling sleepy at all and decided I needed to call Vanessa, so I let myself fall back on my bed, and then, staring at the ceiling, put the phone against my ear.

"You are neglecting me Lex... Tsk!" she greeted me.

"What's up with the "Hey, how are you?" when did people stop using that..." I trailed, happy to hear the voice of my best friend.

"It died when you stopped calling me!"

"Oh please! This is a two way thing girl!" I laughed.

"Oh don't you put this on me, Miss Grayson! I'm putting all the blame on you!" she said laughing a little too "How are you doing Lex?"

"Me, okay, Tyler, not so good..."

"I didn't ask about him..."

"Please... can't hide anything from me! I knew you all but duck tapped your lips to not beg me to give you a full report on Ty's every movement!" I snorted.

"Oh come on! I'm not that bad alright! Yes I do want to know everything about him, but I want to hear

about my best friend more! Okay? Just okay? What's going on Lex?"

"Nothing... everything's fine..." I mumbled to her.

"That's a sad attempt at getting out of spilling your guts girly!"

"Look, it's nothing really... don't worry about me! Worry about Ty! He needs you, and I'm fine! No need to worry about me, I'm perfectly fine, but Blake isn't so you have to think about him, he's been crying you know..."

"Blake?" Vanessa said at the other end of the line.

Alright, why did she bring him up?!!

"Eeeeh, why are you mentioning him?"

"It's you! You said Blake wasn't fine and I needed to think about him, because he'd been crying!"

"No I said Ty!" I snorted.

Did I say Blake? Oh god...

"You said Blake!" she said, and I'm sure she was nodding her head right now.

"Oh god..."

"Something you want to share with me Missy?" Vanessa asked her voice smug.

"Nope!"

"Come on!!"

"There's nothing to say alright! Nothing nothing! Blake's just a friend, nothing more and I don't care if he's freaking swooning, he can call all he want and offer to show up at my window in the middle of the night naked, things will stay on strictly friendly terms!!"

"Whoa whoa whoa! Back up your horses! What the HELL?"

Ooops... guess I hadn't filled Vanessa in on all the details lately...

"Long story..." I simply answered.

"I got time!" Vanessa snorted so then I proceeded on giving her a full report of what had happened the last few days, trying not to miss any details, though I

thought a lot about skipping the two seconds in the library and couch incident...

"Oh you so like him and he sooo likes you!!" Vanessa beamed when I was done telling her everything.

"NOT!"

"Come on Lex! Just admit it!!"

"I don't care about him alright, and he sure as hell doesn't care about me! And you don't know this; you're not here! You can't make a perfect judgement!!"

"Ya I'm not here, and you know what!? It sucks! It sucks that I'm missing everything, that I'm away from my friends and family, that Ty is hurting and I can't do anything about it, just torture him more... that I'm here, and you guys are all back home, and I wish I wasn't here... but I might be away, but I'm no fool! You like him! And he likes you!"

"Van... I'm so sorry..." I said, ignoring her last comment...

Poor her... she was hurting, just like Ty...

"This is so not about me right now! This is about you alright! Don't turn this on me!"

"But I have too... Look... I'm going to find something so you can come for a few days back, miss some school without getting into trouble with the board... And that way, you and Ty can talk and sort things out and then everything will be easier for everyone..."

"That's easy to say... I'm sure we're just going to find a way to rip each others head off and be even more pissed..." Vanessa snorted "We have a neck at fighting you know..."

"Ya... but you love each other, and in the end that's all that really counts..."

I was ready to have her say "Please, love?" but she didn't say it, she just stayed silent.

"And everything will work out, trust me..." I added.

"I hope you're right..." she whispered and then we both said nothing for a few seconds "We really have a gift for complicating things, I mean Ty and I, we should just admit it all, and you and Blake you should

just make out big time in that nice room of his!!" she finally said, mischievously.

"Alright, I think this conversation is over..."

Vanessa laughed at the other end of the line.

"Ya, ya laugh all you want" I scowled, and sat up in my bed.

"I will!"

"Goodbye Vanessa!" I said, my voice annoyed

"Bye Lexi!" Vanessa still chuckled and then I hung up, putting the phone back on my nightstand.

Urggg!!

I decided it was time for me to go to bed already, so took my shower and then snuggled in my sheets waiting for sleep but in the back of my mind, kept thinking, wondering if Blake would call tonight, what I would say if he did... what I should have done tonight to not feel like a fool right now...

Basically worrying myself to a point where I saw 4 in the morning with still no phone calls from Blake.

But I mean that was just normal... I had told him it couldn't get into a habit... I basically told him to not call me at night again... I mean, I did, right? Maybe I didn't...

Maybe I should text him...

Oh god...

What a stalker am I becoming...

Why was I even thinking about this!? I should be sleeping!!

When I finally found sleep, it was a light one, one that didn't seem to calm me, or ease my thinking mind... a light sleep and it was all that damn hot Blake's fault!!

I woke up in the morning, glad for a second that it was the weekend, and I didn't need to get out of bed to go to school, so I stayed under the sheets, for a while.

But then my phone vibrated on my bedside table and I all but knock the lamp off of it to reach for it.

It was Daphnee...

I didn't want to say I was disappointed... but I kinda was...

Wow! Way to freaking go Lexi! You're too pathetic right now!

"Hey, my whore!" I greeted her.

"Hey MY whore, so shopping at two and you are SO not balling on me! Like no freaking way, you are coming and we are going to go see that gay seller and hopefully make Alex uncomfortable and make him drop the act!" she told me, her voice leaving no room for argument, though I wouldn't have.

I needed the distraction.

"Alright, but I mean, even if Alex really does have a boyfriend, why would it be that seller dude?" I asked, because it was true!

"Only other gay guy I know, and Alex was SO checking him out! Trust me, he wanted to hit that!"

I rolled my eyes at her even though she couldn't see it...

"So I'm picking you up at two and you better be ready!" she said and hung up on me like that.

Daphnee was no fan of dragging conversations on the phone.

You'd never caught her dead, pulling the little "No you hang up. No you hang up" deal.

So I got out of bed and of my room, and walked down to the kitchen to see what everyone was up too.

Dad was reading the newspaper at the counter, coffee in hands, and Ty was staring intently at his cereals.

"Hey boys!" I said happily, trying to cheer the mood.

"Good morning kid" my father smiled over his mug.

Ty just gave me a wave of the hand.

"So what did you guys do last night?" I asked and sat at the counter, making myself cereals too.

"Watch a football rerun, went to sleep..." Ty trailed. "You?"

"Well, I ate at the Eatons... met Blake's friend Josh and dad... came home..."

"How was Blake doing? Is he coming back anytime?" my father asked, smiling a little.

Wow...

My dad really liked Blake that much?

"Probably... we have a lot of school work to do..." I answered him.

"I like that kid, he's nice..."

"Ya, I know, you mentioned it a few times..." I smiled at my dad.

I looked at my little brother, who seemed still so sad and I wanted to tell Ty about Vanessa, tell him I would try to make her come here, but I didn't know if it was the best idea... maybe I should wait a bit...

God, everything seemed so confusing, when they were so simple at the same time...

Daphnee's yellow Beetle appeared in our driveway at two, 'Polly' from Nirvana playing loudly.

I said goodbye to my two boys and then hopped in Daph's car.

"Good day my fair lady" Daphnee said ceremoniously and then drove away, to Alex's house. "So what's up?"

"Oh you know the usual... worked all night long, got a lot of money... good business, good business..." I trailed, laughing a little.

"Ya I could tell from the tired eyes..." she smirked a little.

"I'm not taking a lecture from you" I chuckled, rolling my eyes.

"Alright!" she half-smiled and turned up the volume, Nirvana still playing.

Alex was waiting for us, so when he saw the car, he got out of the house, and then we got out of the car and walked with him towards his Jeep.

"Hi my Kitties!" Alex smiled at us, and unlocked the doors.

"SHOT GUN!" I automatically screamed.

"Damn it!" Daph cursed and I laughed.

"So... shopping?" Alex asked, as we drove away from the house.

"Yes that is the plan! A lot of shopping, spending money on completely useless things, like the consuming society we are, wasting everything till we'll drain the life out of Earth" Daphnee lectured us, in the back.

"Want us to start singing "Heal my soul" gospel kind of songs to help the cause?" I chuckled and Alex joining me.

"Won't bring the Amazonian forest back... or George... oh sweet sweet George... at least my husband Paul is still alive... gosh what wouldn't I have done if I had been born a few decades earlier... well basically if I had I would have done... all four of them..." Daphnee was mumbling in the back, making Alex and I laugh even more.

Beatle maniac...

"Don't worry, when I build my time machine you can roll in the mud with them during Woodstuck!" I told her.

"Honestly I'd be ready to seat through those five High School Musical movies for that..."

"I think it's only four..." I frowned.

"It's three" Alex said.

"You sure?" Daphnee frowned too.

"Pretty much, ya..." Alex answered, clearly still thinking about it.

"Oh well... let's worry about it when Lexi's time machine works" Daphnee laughed and then we were in the mall parking lot, trying to find a good empty spot.

And then we all got out of the car, Daphnee grinning like a kid on Christmas "Music store!!" she kept repeating, bouncing up and down.

It was a ritual. First thing we ever did while shopping was going to the music store, that way we knew how to gage the massive blow our bank account had taken from our music buying.

"Jeff is supposed to have received something for me... he wouldn't tell but I'm sure it's my Radiohead 2+2=5 Japanese import CD!!" she squealed clapping her hands.

We had become so known at the music store, well more like Daphnee but since we always tagged along we counted, that she was like friends with one of the guy working there and that she could pretty much try to have them buy any records for her...

"Didn't we come for that Beatle box?" I asked her, walking by her right side, Alex on my right.

"Oh I gotta buy that too..." she frowned "And multiples other CD's... what amazes me is that I can always find more..."

When we walked in the store, Jeff was behind in the rows of CD, placing some.

Jeff, well Jeffrey was the perfect image of the CD geeky type of guy with the glasses and the hair cut to go with it, you know, the guy that knows everything and anything about music. He was pretty cute actually...

"Tell me you got my CD!!" Daphnee said, walking right up to him.

"Hey Daph, whoa girl you got tanned!" he smiled at her.

"Not the point here! 2+2=5? You got it? Tell me you got it?" she whined.

Alex and I laughed and headed for the rows and rows of CDs

"I wouldn't be your CD connection if I hadn't!" he answered her finishing up with his placing.

"You know when I say I love you I actually mean it!" Daphnee beamed.

"Ya.." he chuckled "You're going to have to pay me back for all my kindness, like bring the Bible one day!"

The Bible was the Beatles Anthology that Daph had bought, commanded on internet actually, there wasn't any out there anymore... and there was so much stuff in that, she hadn't even looked through it entirely yet...

"But if I do that there are rules!"

"Ya I know, no food or drink, washing my hands, watch the corner..." Jeff started to trail laughing.

"Good boy, now fetch me my CD!!" Daph ordered him, making him laugh and then he walked towards the back store where Daph CD probably was.

"You know what I wonder? Why the hell you want that CD? I mean you probably have all those songs already with all the other ones you have!" he asked.

"The only thing about Radiohead you should ask yourself is why, oh WHY did everybody lied down at the end of the 'Just' clip!? Seriously WHY? What did he tell them??" Daph said, he voice incredulous and then followed him to get her CD.

"Crazy Daphnee" Alex laughed beside me, going through all the music. "Here, Arcade Fire's 'Neon Bible' didn't you say you wanted that one?"

"Oh yes! Thanks!! It was never there!!" I grinned, happy to finally have it.

'My Body is a Cage' was such a good song!!

"So how are you doing Kitty" Alex asked.

"I'm good" I answered him smiling, my fingers skimming between covers.

"The truth please"

"It's the truth! I'm shopping for music with my friends! Could a girl be happier?"

"You tell me?"

I looked up at Alex, staring right into his brown eyes, and sighed but before I could extend more fully on the many complex turns my life had taken those last few days, Jeff and Daph came back, Daph in total glee.

"Hey Lexi, we got Jimmy Eat World's 'Static Prevails' I don't think you have that one right?" Jeff told me.

"Oh my god, I don't!! You are my hero Jeff!" I squealed.

"I get that a lot" Jeff smiled, and for some reason I thought about Blake.

That was such a typical Blake comment...

Alright Lexi, get over it!

We continued shopping for about half an hour, Daphnee and Jeff sharing their infinite knowledge on music which was always pretty impressive to listen

too, and then we finally bought our things; I stuck with the two CDs but Daph bought four, and Alex one.

"Don't forget the box!" I told Daphnee while she stood at the cash, Jeff scanning her things.

"Crap right... totally got sidetracked! Jeff sweetheart..."

"On it!" Jeff laughed.

We finally said goodbye to Jeff and then decided to go hit the bookstore.

Daph sat in an aisle with Alex, going through a book, reading it out loud, I think it was some cliché bad story and they were making stupid comments, while I searched for the next book to add to my small collection.

Looking through the aisles, I saw 'The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde'. I had to admit, I never read that book... and Blake had. Blake had read a book I hadn't... I had to buy that book and read it!!

Oh dear god... I sound so pathetic right now...

"Lexi Lexi!!! Come listen to this!!" Daph screamed. " 'And he slipped his hands threw my hair lovingly, passion burning through his finger tips, his eyes making me melt with the intensity of their stare. And I did not care anymore that he had killed my friend, because I believed him when he said he hadn't meant to. I believed him completely...' OH MY GOD!! What kind of literature IS that!!?" she burst laughing and people in the aisle looked at her like a mad woman.

Which she was...

"Way to scared people away Daph" I told her rolling my eyes, Alex laughing beside her.

"Please! I'm just making an observation here..." she snorted and placed the book back on its shelf.

"Found yourself a book?" Alex smiled.

"Yope!" I answered happily and then I paid and then we left, off to go scare other people in other stores...

Chapter 46

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (43)

So.....

Not my best piece of work BUT if you don't like it I'm gonna internaly decapitate you (I have no clue how to, but Papa Bear is supposed to show me.. lol.. but like honestly.. he'll show me..)

So anyway.. I just wanted to be done with this part.. want to get to the good stuff already ;P

So again, feel free to point out my mistakes.. my hands are like slower than usual and I'm about to space out in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.....

[wakes up] Read, enjoy, vote and comment!! [passes out again]

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"I mean I could always rip this part... and then maybe this one too..." Daphnee pondered.

We were in the middle of a 'sorta' fancy clothes shop, and Daph, who never liked to wait for a dress room had put a shirt from the racks over herself and was looking at it in the mirror, wondering how to improve it, loudly, so the sell lady could hear and freak, especially since she was holding the shirt in a way that made it clear she was about to put her plan into action.

"And I mean if we rip the fluffy thing from this ugly blouse, and sew it up right there... could make something presentable..." she smirked.

"Oh and you know what? I think I saw glue in Lexi's purse! We could try something right away!" Alex joined in, and I heard the selling lady gasp.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask you to remove the shirt..." she said to Daphnee and then I was

mentally begging her to not take ALL the shirts off and walk around a shop without a top... again...

"If we can't even try to improve fashion these days..." Daph mumbled and threw the shirt in the selling lady's shocked face, dragging me and Alex by the arms, out of the shop, before bursting laughing.

"Aww it's sad how seriously this poor lady takes her job..." she trailed shaking her head.

"But this was a high price shop Dada, she had to protect her precious merchandise from bums like you" Alex laughed.

"Oh please... high price? If I had a million I wouldn't buy one piece of clothes there... actually if I had a million dollars, I'd buy everything there is in the Beatle shop... s'just a shame I can't order anything from the U.K. one... we need a friend in U.K. or at least a freaking mail address!!" Daph said and then I thought about Blake and about how he could have a U.K. address for us... and I really should stop this new constant thinking of Blake... it was really getting into a problem!!

"Alright, let's go to this shop!" Daph pointed happily, smirking, and I recognized the shop with the gay guy...

What was she supposed to do if the guy wasn't there? I hadn't thought about that...

"You sure...? Because we could always go to the other shop over there... looks more like your type of clothes..." Alex said looking a little odd.

Oh ya... Daph was sooo right about this!

"My type of clothes? Because you think I have a type of clothes?" she snorted and walked right in it.

Alex didn't look so eager to join.

"MY PIMP!!! If you don't come help me pick clothes I will drag you by your own!!" she threatened in the shop and Alex reluctantly followed.

The last big pop song was trashing the stereo and a guy, that I recognized as the gay seller from last time was folding shirts.

When he turned around, to greet us probably, I saw his pretty face again... last time it was before

Daphnee had left for her vacations in Morocco, another shopping day like this one. She had obviously found him attractive, I mean it just hit you in the face automatically, it was in his brown hairs, shoved back, his smiling features, and nice body built.

His eyes were glued on Alex, almost shinning.

"A-" he started to say smiling but the letter caught in his throat, his eyes darting between me and Daph and Alex and I think Alex was making "cut your neck" moves with his hand "Halalalalalala..." he kinda sang trying to hide obviously "How can I help you?"

"Cut the crap sexy boy and let's just get to the point!" Daph said, walking to him.

"I'm sorry I don't..." he trailed but Daph cut him

"Does my ass look fat in those jeans?" she asked, turning a little on the side, showing it to him.

I rolled my eyes at her...

"No, it looks really great!" he answered, smiling.

"What about hers?" she asked pointing at me, motioning me to turn around on myself with her index, which I did, still rolling my eyes.

"Perfect too!"

"Alright and what do you think about HIS ass?" she said, her voice evil, pointing Alex whose eyes threatened to fall out of their sockets.

Oh god no...

No, no, no, no, no, no... she hadn't just gone there? Please tell me she hadn't...

"Great too... but could always look better in spandex football pants" he answered after a few seconds of hesitation.

"Travis!!" Alex almost squealed, his eyes bulging.

"Oh please Alex this is just ridiculous!"

"Ah HA!! In your face Alex!!! I KNEW it!! Just knew it!! You should have seen your face the other time we came here, all red and blushing when you looked at him" Daph beamed.

"Daph, shut up!" Alex mumbled, and the guy, Travis smiled "It's not, we're not, why are you..." he kept on going looking worryingly at me.

"No you shut up Alex... Now..." she said and turned to the guy "Travis, he said right? Travis... what's going on between you and our best friend?"

"Well... I guess he's the one who should be telling you..." Travis trailed, looking a little worried now.

Stupid Alex, making his 'probably' boyfriend worrying by not wanting us to meet him and freaking out...

"Travis don't... look it's just..." Alex said looking at him and then turned towards Daphnee "Couldn't you just ask... Just..." he stopped, shaking his head, and then stared straight at me "Lexi I'm so sorry... I wanted to tell you sooner... I'm so sorry..." he whispered.

Ya... I guess it could have been nice of him to mention it to me sooner... I mean didn't I kinda deserved that?

"You're Lexi?" Travis asked, looking at me, smiling again.

It was really a shame the guy was gay... he was really hot!

"Ya..."

"I heard a lot about you..." he still smiled.

"And I've seen him text you a lot of times" I laughed shortly.

And just like that, I didn't care if Alex hadn't found the guts to tell me sooner... I mean I understood that it was hard for him...

I wasn't the center of this universe... people had their own problems... everyone did... and Alex too... just like me... and it was hard to deal with... just as me...

"Ya... he gets kind of stalkery..." Travis laughed.

"Okay so wait up... like really you and him, is it a thing? Are you a package deal now?" Daphnee asked.

"Well... Alex? Are we?" Travis asked.

"I guess we kinda are..." Alex half smiled and I was happy to see him, kinda happy...

But I mean, the concept of Alex being with a guy was kinda hard to grasp... it just felt weird...

But I wasn't going to mention that... I was happy for him, happy he had found happiness, and someone he might really love this time...

"Oh goodies!" Daph smiled hugely "Oh and you'll see, you'll like us!" she told Travis "I mean we might be weird but not like bad weird! Us we're weird but good weird not freaky weird "let's kill everyone and have sex with their dead bodies" you know?"

I rolled my eyes again, and Travis smiled, Alex a little more too...

And strangely, when she had mentioned the let's kill everyone thing, I had thought about Blake and the necrophilia comments...

And I wanted to see Blake right now... I don't know... things would fell less weird if he was there... It was such an odd way to think but it was honest.

There was a nice feeling with Blake, confusion a lot maybe, but still... I was always laughing with him... and having fun...

Alright Lexi, just DROP IT!!!

Stop thinking about him, this is SO not the moment...

"Alright let's give the love birds a few minutes!" Daph interrupt my thinking and then dragged me out of the shop.

"And you were the one who so desperately wanted to come here!" I snorted.

"I'm sorry... I hadn't thought about the whole you and him deal. I just thought about the fact that our friend wasn't being completely honest with us. I didn't want him to have to hide anything. I thought I'd make things easier but it was stupid cause I didn't think about you..."

"Don't worry about it girl..." I half smiled and sat at a bench, her beside me.

"No! I was stupid. Well I'm stupid... but really really sorry about it!"

"I know don't worry"

Few minutes later Alex joined us, and we kept walking around the mall.

We stopped at a food court, and ordered pizza for the three of us, and then sat at a table.

Daphnee was babbling about some fact, that was probably pretty interesting, but just the way Alex looked guiltily at me made me unable to concentrate on anything else.

"Alright, if you guys don't care about it, I'll go find Jeff, I'M sure he'll like my lists!" Daph said dramatically and got up and away.

"I'm sorry Kitty..." Alex automatically said.

"Don't, really you don't need to do this, it's fine, I'm fine... I'm happy for you actually! You deserve to be with someone you can love, someone you do love..."

"Aw, don't say that Kitty... I love you, I just... I'm so sorry... sorry for hurting you, sorry for replacing you, if it's what it feels like, basically sorry for everything, the last thing I want is to hurt you again..."

"Don't worry, you aren't hurting me Alex... I'm happy for you..." I smiled at him and I was.

I really was.

Alex wasn't my boyfriend anymore, and truthfully, now that I really thought about it, he never really had been that for me...

Alex was my friend. That was the place he was meant to take in my life...

Daphnee came back a few minutes later, and then we shopped a little more, and finally drove back to Alex place.

"You'll come watch a game at my place tomorrow right?" Alex asked, as I walked towards Daph's car.

"Ya" I smiled and then got in the car and drove back home.

"I'm home!" I announced when I walked through the threshold but didn't hear any answer.

I walked up the stairs and could hear Ty's video games.

"Hey there" I said as I opened his door.

"Hey..."

"Where's dad?"

"Out with Anthony again... I think they were going to go see a game of something... don't remember what..." Ty trailed, his eyes always glued to the screen.

I was glad to think that dad was out with a friend.

This only could be good for him.

But Ty was still sad.

"I talked with Vanessa yesterday" I said, sitting beside him, crossed legged on his bed and felt him stiffen "And we're going to find a way to have her come visit for a few days... That would be nice right?"

I hoped that could cheer him up... because otherwise I had nothing...

"And then what? She comes but then she leaves?"

No, not helping...

"Ty... look..." I started to say but he cut me, handing me a joystick.

"Less talking more killing" he told me and then I started to play Call of Duty with him, shooting everything in sight and not thinking...

Not thinking about the fact that Ty was still sad, or the fact that my best friend had a boy friend, or that I hadn't had news from Blake still...

At the end of the evening, Ty looked a little happier.

I didn't know if it was because of all the zombie killing or because he had thought more about Vanessa coming here and seen good in it, and wasn't about to ask, but I was happier too...

But Blake still hadn't called...

And that didn't make me happier...

I went to sleep again, still waiting for a call or a text, anything to prove me he was still alive or something...

Maybe I was just crazy and he was an invention of my imagination... maybe I had all made him up and he wasn't real... that would explain a lot of things... all the confusing things about him...

God. Why did I care so much?

I didn't freak when Van didn't call me for a day!!

I didn't sleep well again, always checking the cellphone lying on my bedside table and was pissed at myself when I finally fell asleep...

I woke up and wasn't surprise to see I had over slept and it was way past noon.

I got out of bed, looking for everyone and found a note on the fridge.

Ty was gone to play soccer with his friends, and dad had a meeting to attempt to... I was all alone...

Alone with my mind.

My damn mind that couldn't get over Blake!!

I wanted to distract myself until I'd drive to Alex's place to watch the football game and settled on drawing but nothing I did made sense, and I got worked up against everything so I just abandoned the project and picked a book from my library and read, without really seeing the words.

Don't think about him, don't think about him, don't think about him, why hasn't he called, don't think about him...

Around four I got dressed and tried to do something with the mess I called my hair and then drove to Alex's place.

He opened the door for me, explained his parents had gone out to dinner together and I could hear the twins shouting at the screen in the living room.

"As the game even started yet?" I asked Alex.

"It's curling right now I think..." he frowned and laugh, but his eyes still had the worried look from yesterday.

If only he knew how little that incident worried me, compare to someone else...

"Curling... lame" I trailed and walked to the TV and found the twins engrossed with the game.

"Hey Lexi!!" they both said at the same time and then pushed each other, laughing.

I smiled at them.

Hanging with the guys should make me forget about everything.

"You sitting between the two last small piece of heaven on earth?" Cameron asked, smiling mischievously.

I rolled my eyes but let myself fall ion the tiny space they left me to sit on, making me lean my back against Cameron and my legs a little on Trevor.

I knew a dozen of girls who probably would have kill to be in my position... but right now... I didn't even care...

Connor arrived few minutes later and sat on a recliner like Alex and we all watched the game, making jokes, screaming at the screen, but I couldn't find it in me to concentrated on anything, to 'set my mind in the game' if you will... and all because of damn Blake and my stupid phone in my back pocket that wasn't ringing...

During half time, Alex gestured for me to come in the kitchen with him, saying he needed help to bring the chips and pop corn and pop.

"I'm sorry about yesterday again Lexi... I'm so sorry... I just hope... I mean I know it's hard for you but I just

hope that one day things can get back to the way they were, and you can forgive me again, even if I still don't deserve it..." he told me the second we were out of hearing range.

"What? You think my sulking as to do with yesterday?" I chuckled.

"Doesn't it?"

"Look, Alex, don't worry about me alright? I don't mind about you and Travis, honestly you could even have invited him here today! I mean Dada and I need an official meeting with him... I don't mind, not at all... my moodiness has nothing to do with you..."

"Then what?"

"Not important and we're not pushing it alright? I'm tired and I just don't want to think about it alright?"

"Alright..." he agreed and then we went back to the living room.

When the game was over, I told the guys I needed to go back home right away, so I said goodbye and left.

Tonight, I didn't want to not sleep because of Blake.

Tonight, I was pissed!!

What was he trying to do? To prove? Was it because we almost made out in his room? To show me he didn't care? That it was a mistake and I shouldn't be making up scenarios in my head?

Or did he just genuinely like to torture me?

Urggg!!!

I went to bed early, Ty and dad not even home yet and was able to fall asleep early this time but then woke up around one in the morning and couldn't find sleep again...

I waited until two and then had enough.

He might think I was a stalker, or obsess with him but I needed to sleep, and if I could just hear his voice I was sure it could make the trick...

The phone rang quite a few time, and I was getting pissier and pissier by the second. Right when I was about to hang up though, I heard a groggy voice on the other side of the line.

"Ya?" Blake voice asked.

He sounded tired.

Like super-duper tired...

"Blake, are you alright?" I asked suddenly worried and not angry one bit anymore.

"Lexi?"

"Ya...Blake are you okay? You sound like hell?"

"What time is it?" he asked, sounding utterly confused.

"Two in the morning"

"Really? Just two? Hmm... Felt like way longer..." he said and then yawned "So still doing the streets tomorrow, don't want to come see me?" Blake asked.

"What are you talking about? We have school tomorrow!" I frowned.

"WHAT?"

"Eh ya! It's two in the morning, like Monday morning!"

"Are you shitting me??" Blake asked, his voice raising.

"Nope!"

"Damn... I thought... I thought we were like Saturday morning..."

"What'd you do? Pass out in a gutter? Sex marathon? High on drugs?"

"No I was p... reading actually..."

I almost wanted to clap my hands at that... I didn't want him to be with some bimbo... some so expertise one he hadn't seen time pass...

"And what you space out?" I snorted.

"I guess I just... got way too into it..."

"That's the understatement of the year!" I laughed a little and the yawned.

"You tired Pumpkin?" Blake asked his voice... caring?

Maybe I was just hearing what I wanted to hear...

"You too Blakey-Boy!" I snorted.

"True... we should go sleep..." he trailed.

"Ya that sounds pretty nice..." I agreed, nodding my head, resting it back on my pillow.

"Alright... go sleep Pumpkin!" Blake said his voice soft.

"You too idiot!" I laughed.

"Night..." Blake laughed a little too, and yawned again.

"Good night" I whispered and closed my phone.

Chapter 47

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (44)

List of things starting with "p" that Blake could have been doing:

-Pimping!!!

-Playing with his p (mouhahahaha)

-Prancing around his room in girl's clothes singing show tunes

-Peeing on public building

-Pissing Josh off

-Painting

-Planning his scheme for world domination

-Pushing random hobo's off bridges

-Peeling oranges

-Partying like a rock star

And the list could go on and on and on but it's late and I have to finish it at one point ;P

So ya.. super-duper short chapter but I've been making you guys wait for long enough and next post should come soon..

Oh and who am I kidding, I never would have been able to squeezed on week worth of material in one chapter unless I made you guys wait an actual week!! So ya.. sorry..

Oh and I'm putting this song "Run the Red Light" by British India that SidneyArden so kindly found for me and that is TOO fitting for our lovely couple! THANKS SID!!!! :D Oh and if you guys haven't read my list and you aren't reading her stories than GO!!!! Genius I'm telling you, genius!!

Alright so read, enjoy comment and vote!!! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The next morning I did my usual morning ritual, a little happier than the previous days... well "a little" was an understatement...

Dad looked actually alright, and Ty... well anything was better than the other night...

And he actually played with my radio while we drove to school so that was good news...

When we reached school I could see Daph's car and Alex's car already parked, but there was no Blake in sight.

Would he stay home? I mean he had sounded pretty tired on the phone last night... because he had been reading all the time? Now that I was a little more rested, that didn't exactly sound right... I mean ya I personally could get completely carried by a book, but could that happen with Blake? As much as I wanted to believe it, it sounded off...

God I hope he hadn't been banging some random chick all that time... Maybe he had really been reading... That would be better, so much better than being with a girl... Why? I don't know... it just made

me angry to think he was with someone... I mean I didn't own the guy or anything... I knew so little about him actually... but I'd like to believe I knew more than most people here... that I knew a little about Blake... that I had an insight about him that most people didn't.

I mean, Blake didn't open up, that much was obvious. And I knew there were so many things I still needed to figure out about him... like what the hell was the deal with that Kay girl, and what was going on with his brother... there was something wrong here... and I didn't know about them... and I didn't really know anything about Blake so I should REALLY stop obsessing about him! Because I really started to sound like a stalker now!

So I got out of my car, Ty already gone and walking towards his friend, locked my doors and headed for my locker to grab my books.

While I was doing my combination, a head rested on top of mine.

"What the...?" I said, turning.

"Hey don't move I was trying to sleep here!" Blake whined, sniffing and then rubbed his tired eyes.

"Someone looks like hell?" I smirked a little and opened my locker.

"Right back at you Pumpkin. You almost have the same hair as Troy Polamalu." Blake said with an evil voice and then yawned.

I slapped his arm, scowling "Bite me, you big meanie!!"

That was like super mean!

"Is that an invitation?"

"Wow, still tired you manage to turn everything I say, proud of you Blakey-Boy!" I told him rolling my eyes.

"Thanks!" Blake laughed and then walked with me to my next, well our, next class, English Literature.

Blake sat in front of me, and then turned around, while waiting for the class to begin.

"If I fall asleep you have the right to give me a flick or something"

"Seriously? You sure you wanna offer this? Cause I could easily take advantage of the situation" I warned him.

"I guess I'm just going to have to trust you..." Blake smirked.

"Might not be the best idea..." I trailed, smirking too. Alex walked in the room with Daph at the same time and came to sit by me, smiling, and I smiled back

"Ya probably not..." Blake mumbled and then turned around, to look in front at the teacher who was starting her lecture.

Alright, what was that supposed to mean?

"So before I give you the scene you'll have to do for you presentation, I'm going to give you the permission slip for the school trip we were supposed to have during the Spring because it turns out we couldn't rent the chalets any other time, so we're going in 4 weeks, from October 4th till the 7th. And you guys better bring you permissions before the end of next week otherwise we'll have to cancel. Also, since there's so many seniors this year we're going to

have to send people to camping spots, a few minute walk away from the main chalet. So the faster you hand in your permission the better chance you have to get the spot you want..." the teacher trailed and then Daph tapped my shoulder.

"We are not going to camp out you hear me! That chalet is high tech! I'm not sleeping outside!" she hissed and I muffled my laugh.

"Don't worry wasn't planning to..." I trailed and I really wasn't.

It might have been fun, last weekend but in October we'd freeze our ass off!

"Girls sleep in the main chalet, boys in the smaller one and we'll see how we arrange things for the camping spots when we have all your answers..." the teacher continued and then handed the sheets to the first person in the row who handed it to the person behind and so on.

When Blake gave me the sheets, I wonder where he'd choose to go... I mean if he took the camping spots, which he probably would, I mean there wasn't that

much surveillance when you went there, I knew that from previous trips, so if he did, I probably wouldn't see him that much... Which I really shouldn't care but who was I kidding, of course I cared!

"Alright so now, on with the program. I'm giving you your scenes for your oral presentations in two weeks and then we'll correct last week exercises on Hemingway's Hills like White Elephants. So we'll be doing Victor Hugo Hernani's play, and yes I do know this is a French play, and I also know we're in English Literature, but this play was actually quite important in the fight between classism writers and the romantic ones in the 19th century. It was the turning point actually. And I think you kids should learn about other play writers than Shakespeare. And don't worry, it's in English. So... Act One, Scene One, Alexander and Daphnee" she said and handed them the play "And you guys will carry on your roles for the Second Scene too... now... Scene Two will be Blake and Lexi... then Scene three, Haley and..." she kept on speaking but I wasn't listening anymore and I was turning the pages she had just handed to Blake and I.

I was happy to know Alex and Daph would be in the play with us, and also glad it was in the first act. I mean there wouldn't be any lovey-goey things right in the beginning!

I noticed that Blake was laughing in front of me.

"What's so funny?" I asked him, frowning.

"Did you ever read that play?" Blake still laughed.

"No. Have you?"

"Ya..." he answered, smirking and then slapped his hand over mine, closing the play in my hands. "Wait, don't read it just yet, I have dozens of perfect lines to throw at you and I want to enjoy it thoroughly!" he chuckled.

"Should I be scared?"

"Definitely..." he smirked.

Oh crap...

My eyes fell back on the sheets, but I decided to just do what he asked... and not read it...

"We'll have to finish that lab report so just come over my place tonight and we'll read it and then I can enjoy your shock face!" he laughed, and then frowned, like he was trying to decided something and then snatched the play out of my hands.

"HEY!!" I squealed, and tried to get it back.

"I'm making sure there will be no peeking!"

I rolled my eyes at him, but didn't argue more.

The rest of the morning was boring.

I took notes with Mrs Muffin during my second period and noticed that Luke was pretty much avoiding me.

Was this because I had used his right name the other day?

God, guys were confusing sometimes...

During lunch break Alex and I got to the table first.

"So, when am I going to see that Travis again?" I asked him smiling, setting my full tray in front of me.

"You really are alright with this?" he asked me, frowning while setting in front.

"Ya, I really am!"

"You sure? You're not just trying to make me feel alright? You actually mean it?" Alex said, his eyes definitely worried.

What could I say to make him believe I really wasn't lying, and I really meant it!?

Before I could think of anything, I heard Blake's laugh behind me and turned around to look at him. He was walking towards the table with Catherine and Mark, a

When I turned my gaze back to Alex, he was shaking his head slightly but he was smiling too.

"What?" I asked, my eyes narrowing

.

"Nothing..." he trailed, still shaking his head, laughing a little and then Daph arrived and sat beside me, and few seconds later Blake arrived too.

Few minutes before Daph left to take my old shift at the library she frowed at me, while I sipped in my juice box.

"What?"

Why was everyone giving me funny stares?

"I haven't seen you wear your ring ever since I got back..." she trailed, her eyes on my hand.

Oh!

"I lost it... at the library actually... if you ever see it, that'd be really awesome!" I told her.

But in a way, I could be alright without it. I mean I didn't even notice it anymore...

I guess that ring was like my old life, the one with my mom, before she left... and I didn't need it anymore... I was alright, and strangely... better...

Well it did start to feel that way...

And for some reason, when I looked over at Blake, sitting few spot from where I was, it seemed like I had the answer right in front of my eyes.

Now why the hell did I feel that way? That was wrong! Completely and utterly wrong!

But it was true... completely and utterly true...

Chapter 48

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (45)

Boo YAAAA

New chapter! As promised! And longer! :P

Hope you guys enjoy it!! :P I know I liked writing it!

Oh and ya.. Blake's confession.. still pushing it for a little later people... I'm sorry.. :S

You know what? My biggest fear these days is to copy/past more than I should when posting and actually giving you guys Blake's confession who's always like few pages down from the end of what I wrote...

LOL

Alright.. so enjoy this because I probably won't upload at least until Friday! I'm a busy bee!

So anyway, read enjoy, vote and comment!!! :D

Oh and little notice ****I do not own the rights to Victor Hugo's Hernani's play nor to Pierre Bedard's translation of it, the version used in this chapter. It is strickly used as way of entertainment and no copyrights infringements were intended.****

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The rest of the day went down easily, well more like boring... Trig shouldn't exist. Period.

"So do I come to your place straight after I drop Tyler?" I asked Blake after the last bell, making my way to my locker to drop my things and then leave.

"You know what, give me an hour and then you can come over" Blake answered after thinking about it for a bit.

"What? Do you have to hide the dead bodies?" I snorted, opening my locker.

"No worries, burned them all" he just smirked.

I rolled my eyes and slapped his arm, but still, that answer wasn't enough. He seriously had to stop being so freaking cryptic all the time!

"Honestly!?" I asked him, while we walked in the halls to the exit.

"Listen to you, so obsess with me." Blake smirked and I scowled.

But he still didn't answer and I was still pissed.

Damn it! What was it with him and this inability to give clear and precise answers for other question than sexually related things?

"See you in one hour!" Blake shouted behind him, that arrogant grin still plastered on his face and then got in his car and drove away.

Annoying prick!

Maybe I didn't enjoy his presence so much...

Ya probably not...

"Come on Lexi!! Stop staring at nothing and move your butt!!" Ty yelled beside my car, his voice playful,

and I rolled my eyes and walked to it, but smiled a little at the same time.

Ty was back...

I drove home fast and then headed to my room, settling on cleaning it to pass time before going to Blake's.

After picking up a few shirts off the floor the front door bell rang.

"I'm on it!!" I yelled even though I knew there was no way in hell Ty would answer the door anyway, stupid kid was too lazy, and then ran down the stairs to the entry.

I opened the door and smiled when I saw Alex's waiting patiently.

"Why did you just walk in and scream "Papa Bear's home!" ?" I asked, chuckling.

"Oh well... I didn't know... I mean I wasn't sure if you'd want to see me..." Alex trailed, his eyes holding the same worried look they had all day.

I rolled my eyes at that. When would he just stop worrying and actually realize I was completely fine with the situation?

"What are you talking about? Come on! I'm cleaning up my room" I told him and climbed the stairs, in front.

"Wow, that's got to be a record or something..." he laughed a little behind.

Alright, maybe I didn't particularly like to clean...

"So what's up?" I asked him as I grabbed a pair of what looked like dirty socks and threw them in the basket in my bathroom.

"Well... I just wanted to... I guess I wanted to talk... I mean... if you're okay with this... if you don't mind... you really don't have to you know... I just..." Alex started to rambled, while sitting at my drawing desk, looking at his palms.

Idiot.

"What the hell are you implying!? Of course I'm going to listen to you! I'll be glad to listen to you complain

for once!!" I exclaimed rolling my eyes "Go on, dish about your boyfriend!"

"Are you really REALLY sure you're alright with this? With me and someone else...?" he asked, worried, always freaking worried.

"Yes! God! How many times do I have to say this? Are YOU alright with this?" I asked him, and threw jeans in my closet.

"Yes but... I just... I'm sorry I don't want to come here and put you through this... I mean I'd talk with Dada but she'd just say something like "Just fuck the brains outta him and stop whining! GOD you'd need a good dose of Woodstock to mud all those inhibition away!" and I'd call Yna but every time I do lately all she does is go on and on and on about Ty. Did I see Ty? How did Ty look? What was he wearing? Was he talking with other girls? Did he look sad? Did he ask about her? And I can't ever stop her... it's sad, really..."

Ah Vanesaa...

"So what? I'm your last option?" I said, fakly offended.

"NO! No no... it's just... we dated... you... I... it's weird for you... it HAS to..." he mumbled, brushing his hands in his short hair.

"ALEX! You. Are. MY. Bestfriend! Along with V and D! So just blur it already, go on and on and on about your Travis and stop saying you're sorry because I don't feel bad, and I want to be here for you!"

"Kitty... you have NO idea how much this means to me..." Alex said, his eyes filled with joy

"Come ON! Just spill it already Papa Bear!" I rolled my eyes and sat on my bed, crossing my legs.

"Okay, okay..." ha said, but didn't continue.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong... everything's right actually... and that's what scares me... dang Lex did you see how sexy he is? How can he possibly like me? How can this even be possible..." he said quietly.

"Listen to you! You're hot Alex, anyone would be a fool not to want a piece of that" I said, gesturing to his body.

"You're just saying that... but honestly I mean... did you really go a good look at him? And he's just so nice and funny and I don't feel like there's something wrong with me when I'm with him and..." he trailed, while getting up and turning around and then just letting himself fall on my bed.

"Awww... look at you! My Papa Bear's in love!!" I cooed, slapping his stomach.

"Please! Don't say the "L" word... the "L" word sounds so..."

"Nice?" I offered.

"NO, more like dangerous... I like him way too much... What if he doesn't like me as much?" Alex asked, staring straight in my eyes "What if it doesn't mean the same thing for him as it does for me?"

"Well just go talk to him!" I exclaimed

"I'm going to sound like a fool! An obsess fool!" Alex whined.

"NO! You're going to sound like someone who cares and is serious about this, and he's the fool if he

doesn't like you as much AND I'm sure you worry for nothing! Honestly the way you two were together... don't worry Papa Bear, he likes you too! And he answered the text, right?" I asked and Alex nodded "So he's gotta care!"

"Thanks Kitty! You know I love you right?" Alex answered, and then hugged me.

"Ya... love you too you over-thinking fool!" I laughed.

"And I'm sorry for not loving you the right way..." he whispered, still holding me around the waist, but I pushed him a little.

"Would you STOP saying you're sorry! Don't be sorry, because I'm not! Alright now go! Go see your boyfriend, go cuddle or something! Baby Bear's gotta go if she doesn't want to be late!" I said, whooshing him away.

"Where you're going?" he asked, getting up.

"To Blake's. We're doing our lab report and then reading the play.. apparently I should be really scared for the outcome..." I trailed and then sighed at

the way he was looking at me "WHAT? Why you looking at me funny?"

"No reason..." he half-smiled.

"Oh just spill it already!" I sighed, leaning my head back.

"You spend a lot of time with him..." he trailed still smiling.

"Oh please! I spent all my weekend with you. Didn't see him at all!" I exclaimed.

And I almost got mad over it... as in the coo coo sense of the term!

"But you do enjoy his company?"

"Ya I do... guess I judge him too quickly before..." I admitted.

"Guess you did..." Alex trailed.

"Do you know what's wrong with him?" I suddenly asked him.

Maybe Alex would know, maybe he knew what was wrong with Blake, because something HAD to be wrong...

Alex frowned "What do you mean?"

"I don't know it's just obvious he's hiding something..."

"Well you tell me! You gotta know more than I do" he snorted.

"Don't you boys share everything?? I mean like with your locker room trash talk?"

"None of them know about me. Does that answer your questioning?"

"Well technically no... not at all, but ya... thanks..." I rambled.

"Locker room trash talk" Alex mumbled "LOL"

"Did you just say LOL?" I frowned, snorting.

"Guess I did... But you're so diverting from the problem here!"

"What'd ya mean?" I said, sheepishly.

"We're talking about Blake!"

"Oh you want to talk about Blake? Do you have a crush on him or someting?"

"Well he's definitely really hot, and I've seen pretty much everything there is to see about him so I know what I'm talking about, but that's just what he is "Look but don't touch" "

Alrihgt maybe I shouldn't have gone there...

"Oh please! Now THIS does sound weird!"

"Why? Cause you like him? Or cause you feel the same way?" Alex smirked a little.

"NO to both! It's just weird alright!" I hissed.

Alex laughed before answering "Oh so my mentioning of Blake hotness is weird but my rambling about my BOYFRIEND isn't?"

"Just go already I'm going to be late!!" I said, pushing his back towards my door.

"To see Hot-Hot-Blake?" Alex still laughed

"I hate you!" I groaned.

"Hey there's nothing wrong in admitting he's hot! I'm a taken guy but I can admit it!" Alex said, raising his hands in defense beside him.

"Alright! He's hot!! He's freaking HOT, like no comparison hot, like tear your clothes off and beg him to take you right here and there hot!! Happy now?" I complied.

Damn it!

"Very!" Alex smiled and laughed... again!

"Now go see your boyfriend before I kick you out!!" I said and pushed him.

Alex laughed but left my room anyway, leaving me in my still very messy chaos...

I sighed hugely and then picked up my bag off the floor and got out too.

"I'm leaving!! I'll call if I don't come for supper!" I yelled, for Ty's sake and then headed to my car and drove away, to Blake's house, putting this whole conversation with Alex away, far far in my brain.

Anita greeted me, and just like every previews time I was hit by the beauty of the house. Would it ever cease to amaze me? I doubted so...

"¡Es mi bailarina! ¡Estoy tan feliz de verte!" she said smiling hugely and then hugged me, while I stayed there kinda confused.

I hadn't gotten any of that...

But I liked that tiny woman. There was just nothing to NOT like about her!

"Oh mi bailarina!" she said again, holding my hand and then let it drop "You know way around now, am I right, you find him now" she continued and whooshed me towards the stairs.

I smiled to her, and then walked up the Titanic stairs and towards the door where I would find Blake's own set of stairs and then his huge room, with his gigantic library.

But when I stepped in the room, it was empty.

I frowned, looking around, utterly confused, and then walked to the bathroom, but the door was open

and it was empty and then I walked to the closet, knocked before opening, I mean I didn't want to walk in Blake completely naked, that was bound to create awkwardness... more than we already had... but it was empty too.

Alright, what the hell?

Where's Blake?

Was I supposed to go hunt for him or something? Was I too early? If I was then why the hell did Anita let me in? Was Blake playing a trick on me?

If he was, that wasn't a funny one...

I sighed hugely, trying to decide what the hell I was supposed to do now... I mean he had said in one hour, it was one hour later, I was on time, not too late, not too early, he had said at his house... right? Ya definitely... alright and so... I was at the right place, at the right time... just no Blake in sight...

That bastard better have a good reason for abandoning me here!

But then I thought about something. I was in Blake's room. All alone. I could check all the drawers and everything... just like in the bathroom, except now I was bound to find something! I mean come! I had the ENTIRE room to search!!

I could fully embrace the stalker I was becoming and just turn everything up-side down...

He totally deserved it anyway! Do not let a crazy Lexi in your room when you're all mysterious and never answering her questions! It's bound to bite you back in the ass!

So that's what I did. I headed up to the second floor, with the library and then looked around everything, moving the books and all.

Two things caught my eyes.

One, a little wooden-box in that well... looked like it could be holding something important... I mean the box just screamed "Open me I'm hiding a secret!!"

Two, a sketchbook. Like a big big big sketchbook with a sturdy cover. It was close but there were drawings

on top, like weird signs or something and Blake's name.

Ouuuu... that was interesting!

I took the sketchbook first, the artist in me winning over and then slowly closed my finger on the first page and opened it.

"I'd closed that if I were you... I'm all sweaty and I'm not afraid to use this against you!" Blake voice said.

Are you freaking kidding me!!?

I sighed heavily, almost dramatically and closed the sketchbook without a glance, though I kept it in my hands and then turned to look at Blake who was indeed all sweaty.

Yuck!

"Why the hell are you all freaking sweaty!" I asked, wrinkling my nose.

No I'm not one of those girls who gets over excited over sweaty men! Sweaty men stink! And are sticky!

"I was running" Blake smirked and then walked up to me.

"Running? Why?" I asked incredulous.

"I like running, running clears up my head, it's soothing."

"So what? You asked me to come later so you could run?" I asked frowning.

"Yope!"

"You ran for one hour??" I shrieked my eyes bulging.

"Don't make that face Pumpkin!" Blake laughed and then walked around me, to his table "Sneaking around my things weren't we?" he smirked and I rolled my eyes.

"I was bored, you just needed to be here on time!"

Blake laughed, closing books, moving them a little and then came right in front of me "I'm going to take that back if you don't mind" he said and took the sketchbook out of my hands. "Wouldn't want you to take advantage of the fact I'm in my shower to peek" he laughed and then headed for his bathroom.

"Right..." I snorted.

"I'll be out in like ten minutes, just go on the computer if you're too bored!" he told me and then just at the last minutes turned again and smirked at me "Oh and I'll show you mine..." he said, shaking the sketchbook to emphasize what he meant "if you show me yours!" he laughed and closed the door behind him.

Urggg!!

Annoying angering PRICK!!!

Sexy prick, but still... annoying prick...

I let myself fall on the recliner and then leaned in front, to get the little box, but it wasn't there anymore.

Sneaky bastard! Must have taken it while moving the books around!!

I sighed hugely and contemplated going on the computer but decided against it and settle on turning the pages of a book I picked up on the floor.

"Mister B. Gone"

Never heard of it... the pages where weird... like they looked kinda torn and old... but purposely...

Before I could really get lost in my thinking, Blake got out, by the door of his closet, that opened on the library floor, only wearing black sweat pants, that hung temptingly low on that nice body of his, a white "I love NY" shirt in his hands, and then he slipped his head in it.

I couldn't help but stare. That was all I could do. I could try to hold a little dignity and close my mouth, stop the drool from escaping it, but I couldn't stop staring! He could laugh all he wanted afterwards, it would be worth it... definitely worth it...

Wow... just WOW...

"That's a great book" Blake sexy voice, as sexy as he was, said, bringing me out of my daydreaming.

"Hmm?"

"The book in your hand, it's good!" Blake said, rolling his eyes at me.

Well... at least he didn't make any comment about my staring.

"Don't know... never read it..." I trailed.

"You should! You can borrow it if you want... Alright, I'll get the play while you can try to recover from your bewilderment over my hotness!" Blake chuckled and walked to where his bag rested.

Damn it!!

"I am NOT bewildered!" I yelled after him.

"You were staring, drooling actually!" Blake yelled back.

"Was NOT!"

"Was to!"

"Go to hell!!" I scowled, while he sat back on his couch.

"Just admit you like staring at my hot body, it's alright, I get that ALL the time" Blake smirked.

That was like the second time today someone told me to admit Blake's hotness... One too many time actually!

"Never!" I answered firmly.

"We'll see about that..." Blake trailed and then gave me my sheets back. "Alright, let's start from the top, I can be Dona Josefa for today since Daphnee's not here... or Alex maybe, I mean he could always be the one doing it..." Blake said mischievously and I was scared for one second he knew about Alex but it didn't look like he meant it that way... oh well "Oh and ya, me Hernani, you Dona Sol and there is NO argument over this!" Blake said firmly and I just rolled my eyes at him.

"Who's the dude and who's the chick anyway? Is it two chicks?" I asked, snorting.

"You silly girl! Hernani's the hot dude and Dona Sol the girl head over heels over him" he smirked "Alright read it Pumpkin"

I rolled my eyes but obeyed.

"Josefa!" I said.

"Madam?" Blake answered in a high pitch fake girl voice, Dona Josefa's.

I laughed.

"Oh! I fear some mishap. Hernani should be here. That must be him. Let him in before he knocks." I read and rolled my eyes.

Ridiculous.

It already sounded bad...

Blake was smirking... hugely and then read his part "Dona Sol! Ah, finally, it's you. The voice that speaks to me is yours. Why does fate place my days so far away from yours? I need you desperately to help me forget all the others."

Oh freaking cheesy!

"My lord." Oh god... "your clothes... are you freaking serious?" I asked raising my head from my script.

"Hell yeah! Go on read it! Read it!" Blake laughed.

Oh god...

"your clothes are... dripping. It must have rained hard." I read reluctantly... this just screamed Blake's innuendos...

"If it did, I didn't notice." Blake said, his voice evil.

He knew what I was about to read... annoying prick.

"... Take off your coat..." I said rolling my eyes and Blake laughed.

"Look at you already trying to get me out of my clothes!! You naughty girl!!" he said between laughs.

How wrong was I when I had thought there wouldn't be any lovey-goeyness in this...

"Stick with the script!" I told him, narrowing my eyes.

"Hell NO!" Blake exclaimed but then continued. "Dona Sol, my love, tell me. When at night you sleep, calm pure and innocent... when happy slumber cracks your mouth and places its finger on your eyes, does an angel tell you how sweet you are to the forgotten one that all push aside and abandon?" Blake said, and he was like... really good, and I was

staring at him in awe... and I was supposed to read my line now and Blake was smirking at me...

Crap!

"You are very late tonight my lord. Tell me if you are cold" I read.

My character sounded like an idiot, his was like... well wow... like Blake...

No no no Lexi! NOT going there right now!!

"I burn near you! Ah! When a jealous love boils in my head and a storm swells my heart what does it matter what a cloud decides to throw down on me?" Blake read again, and I tried to fix my eyes on the sheets and NOT stare at him and just keep my freaking self in check but script no script this was a freaking love declaration and it was getting pretty darn hard to not realize it... acting or no acting.

I raised my eyes, to look at Blake, worried, so freaking worried.

Why was I worried? Why did this stupid play even affect me?!

Oh god oh god...

I'm in trouble...

Blake grey eyes stared back at me, waiting for me to read my next line but I was still mentally freaking out...

Oh god oh god oh god.

This isn't real Lexi, this is just a freaking play!!

Why are you even letting it affect you?

Breathe Lexi, freaking BREATHE!!

Chapter 49

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (46)

Doctor : Do you know why you were brought to this mental institute??

Me : Because I have a God-like syndrome and I think my scheme to rule the world is the only reasonable hope for our species survival which roughly resume includes a lot of slaughtering and the death of Zach Efron???

Doctor : No this isn't it...

Me : Because I seriously consider cannibalism as a way to save myself from starving??

Doctor : You are here because you took off your clothes, dipped yourself in honey and went running down Ventura Boulevard yelling, "Look at me! I'm a Golden Globe!"

(Chuck Lorre, my model ;P)

Alright so this is freaking long and I have no idea how I managed to pull it off but I did... I must be crazy.. lol

Oh and ya.. so Blake secrets TECHNICALLY it should be out.. and I emphasize on the TECHNICALLY, in the 49th chapter.. not 100% sure though.. and I have no idea when I upload again.. but not tomorrow for sure..

Alright so I hope you guys like this one... I haven't read it again, so it could be awful but I gotta go sleep, I have a dissertation to write on Chateaubriand's René tomorrow -_-

So read enjoy, comment and vote!!!! :D

Oh and little notice ****I do not own the rights to Victor Hugo's Hernani's play nor to Pierre Bedard's translation of it, the version used in this chapter. It is

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If I just kept staring at him like this, things wouldn't go down smoothly. That much was freaking obvious.

He was too damn irresistible for his own good... there I said it! Blake was freaking irresistible and right now I wanted to kiss him! There you go! I admitted it! So what? It was only my hormones speaking! That was it. End of it! Period!

And I as much as I wanted to just tackle him to the ground right now, yes admitting it too, I didn't really want that.

I mean, it had been just a little over a week since we had really started speaking and being "friends" and as much as we had already been through, I didn't know how strong this friendship was. And I didn't want to ruin things. I didn't want to loose him because of some stupid move!

Alex had been a good example enough! If our friendship hadn't been so strong, we would never

have been still as close after our break-up, because coupley-things did that to friends... and I didn't know how strong my friendship with Blake was and I didn't want to jeopardize anything.

Because I needed it. I needed this friendship... and I needed him...

"Come on Pumpkin, just ask me to take my sword out..." Blake said quietly, smirking just a tiny bit.

And just like that, Blake had made things go back to normal, and I rolled my eyes at him.

"I'm asking you to give me your sword, not to take it out!!" I sighed.

"Just as bad!" Blake chuckled.

"You're freaking unbelievable"

"Thanks... alright go on! Read!"

"Come now, give me your coat... and the sword..." I sighed deeply rolling my eyes and Blake burst laughing.

"I just love this! You know there's at least three jokes I can make with this line?"

"Please don't..."

"Fine..." Blake pouted and then continued "No. This is my other friend, innocent and true. Your uncle, Dona Sol, the old Duke, your future husband, is he here" Blake read and then lowered the script "Now Pumpkin... tss tss tss! What is that? Incest? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Why the hell would you marry your uncle when you have sexy Hernani aka me in front of you?"

"This is just a play Blake!" I told him rolling my eyes.

Yes... it was just a play... that was all it was...

"Still not proud of you..." Blake smirked.

"Alright shut up so I can read this!" I warned him and then continued "No, he is not. This hour is ours"

"This hour and that is all. For us, no more than an hour. After that, what does it matter? We must forget or die. Angel, an hour with you is worth a lifetime, an eternity..." Blake said... and god he sounded convincing and god I wanted to jump him again...

Keep your hormones in check Lexi!!

I mean this was ridiculous! It was just a play! I mean usually I was so unaffected by things like this. Like someone serenading just made me uncomfortable, you know like a guy coming with his guitar and saying "I wrote this song for you" and then he'd sing and play... well if a guy ever did that for me, I would be fighting really hard to not burst laughing in his face...

But right now... this, this was beautiful... I mean surely I wasn't the only one thinking that... I wasn't the only one who'd be affected by this?

Of course I wasn't... all the girls Blake had, all the time... all those girls were pretty affected...

The freaking bimbos... I mean... who was to tell he wasn't reading things like that to the girl he cornered in a bathroom stall this morning? Alright that might be over dramatic but wasn't that true?

Blake was still the school jock after all... the guy every boy wanted to be, that every girl wanted to be with... oh and some dudes too...

Everyone wanted Blake... I was just another number on the list, an insignificant one, because I knew this wasn't really true, it was just his hot look and nice smell, and voice, and way to read those lines... because in an hour, I'd want to kill him again... right?

"You're supposed to say something Lexi" Blake said, smiling a little, that genuine smile of his that made dimple appear on his cheek and made him even hotter...

"Hernani!!"

"The old man's absence brings joy to my heart. Like a trembling thief, kicking down your door, I steal you for an hour and listen to your song, for only one hour. But I am happy, envied for losing my life for the theft of one hour..."

Okay! Please! Seriously! That was like way too much... in the good sense, which was kinda bad for me but ya...

Oh god, oh god, oh god...

Could I drop English Literature... destroy my vocal chords so I don't have to do this presentation and read this text again?

"Calm yourself, Hernani." And calm yourself Lexi... "Josefa, please go dry his coat" I said and then it was written "Exit DONA JOSEFA" and Blake got up from the couch and walked away a little, taking little steps, swaying his hip from one side to another, like a girl model... making me burst with laugher.

And then Blake turned around and came back to sit on the couch but just tiny bit closer to the recliner where I sat this time.

Or so I thought. I could easily be imagining things...

"Come here" I read, and then Blake really slid a little closer to me.

I swallowed loudly.

Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap...

I'm really not going to be able to practice this play with him... we'll have to do it separately... for my own mental health.

"So, the Duke is not here?" Blake asked and smirked hugely.

I read in my head my next line and understood.

"Oh hell NO!"

"Hell yeah! Read it!! Come on Pumpkin! You can do it, I know you want to say this!!"

"No! I'm not reading this now, and I sure as hell ain't reading this in front of the entire class!!"

"It's just a play" Blake pouted playfully.

"I hate you... And I hate this play!" I mumbled and then read the freaking line "Oh! Howbigyouare" I spat in a rush.

"What? Say that again!" Blake frowned.

"Howbigyouare!"

This is ridiculous, simply ridiculous!

"Come on Pumpkin!"

"How big you are!" I said, still fast.

"What? Sorry didn't catch that"

"HOW BIG YOU ARE!!" I exclaimed.

"What?"

"Oh for Christ sake you heard that!!!" I hissed at him.

"Ya... I heard it the first time actually, I just wanted to know how many times I could make you repeat it" Blake smirked and then I rolled the script in my hand and hit him on the top of the head with it.

"You idiot!!" I hissed.

That was the thing with him I guess... there was always a really thin line between wanting to tear his head off and wanting to tear his clothes off...

"Can we just go on with our reading please? I think you had your fun!" I scowled, my eyes narrowing.

"Indeed I did" Blake chuckled and then his eyes lowered on the script again "He is not here."

"Let's forget the Duke" I read.

See this one was easy!

"Think of him madam. You are to marry the old man. He loves you. Didn't he steal a kiss from you the other

day? And you ask me not to think about him?" Blake read, his voice getting just the perfect amount of angry to make it believable.

I hated him for that.

"Is that what's depressing you? An uncle's kiss? On the forehead? A kiss from my father couldn't have been more harmless." I read.

"NO. It was a lover's kiss, from a husband-to-be, a jealous man. Soon you'll be his. Have you thought about that? He's senile. He thinks he needs a wife to lead him to the end of the road. He doesn't see himself marrying death soon while he holds your hand. The fool throws himself between us without fear. I wish he'd see a gravedigger and show what he's made of. Who arranged this marriage, anyway? I hope you're being forced into it!" Blake said and I almost wanted to laugh.

The way he said "I hope you're being forced into this" I don't know, just felt like something Blake would actually say.

"Some say the King wants it" I said, nonchalantly.

"The King! My father died, condemned by his father. And though we have all aged since the day he hung, my hate, for the now dead King, and for his son, for his widow, for all his blood, is fresher than ever. My father is no longer of this world, but still, as a child, I swore to avenge his death by killing his son. I search for you everywhere, Carlos, King of the Castilles. Hate rules between our two families. My father fought for thirty years. Thirty years, only to lie dead in vain. Peace shall never come. So it is you, Carlos, who wants to violate my love. All the better. Another reason to number your days!" Blake read.

He was good! Damn freaking good.

And believable, damn freaking believable.

Just the perfect amount of everything in his act.

"You frighten me!"

"Now that I am banished from the kingdom, it is time that I frighten myself. The man you are to marry, your uncle, Ruy de Silva, the Duke of Pastrana, a count and a cousin of the Castillian kings, is a very old man. His gold and his jewelry will make up for

his lack of youth. You will shine with the best of royalty. You may even be envied. Your rank, your pride, glory and riches may even put to shame the greatest of queens. So that, my love, is the present situation. I, Hernani, have nothing! As a child, I ran through the woods barefoot, foraging for my food. Maybe the past casts a shadow of some illustrious coat-of-arms, dulled by split blood or some other dishonor. While I've waited for the day that my family will rise again from the grave, the jealous heavens have yielded nothing, nothing but air, light and water... a dowry that is man's natural right. Now you choose between the Duke and me. One of us must deliver you. Either you marry him... or you follow me." Blake read, his voice getting almost intense, making my breath stuck in my throat.

If this was real, if I was really Dona Sol, I would have answered the same as her.

"I shall follow you"

Blake smirked a little, just a little at that answer, but I saw it and rolled my eyes.

"So you can live with me and my rude companions? Men so condemned that the executioner knows them by name? Men whose hearts and steel never dull? Men who have unavenged blood as their reason for being? Will you command them? How well do you know me?" Blake said, his voice getting just a little lower, actually making me question myself.

How well did I know Blake?

Not really well...

I thought I knew something but I really knew nothing, and it sadden me a little...

Blake kept on reading "I am hunted throughout Spain. Old Catalonia, my mother, receives me alone in her forests, cliffs and summits, where only an eagle can find me. I grew up with her hill people, a free and serious people, though poor in the material sense of trinkets and baubles. Tomorrow, if I were to sound my horn in their mountains, three thousand of their brave would come to my call, and you would shudder, dear." Blake raised his head, and smirked at me "Did you hear that, three thousand men. Hernani

rocks and Dona Sol would be pretty silly if she didn't choose him" he slipt in and then kept on reading.

"Think again. Do you want to follow me into the woods, to the mountains, roving from coast to coast with a mob of men, aware of the lot of them at all times? Their eyes, their voices, their every step... their smell?" he said slowly, his eyes shining evilly. "Sleeping on the grass, drinking from streams and listening to bullets whistle past while nursing our child?" when he read that one his smirk widen "Is this the life you want to live? Do you want to be always on the move, hunted and banished from your land? Are you willing to follow me to my father's fate at the hands of an executioner?"

"I will follow" I said again, reading my text.

"You know this is totally unfair, I got way more text than you" Blake said, shaking his head.

"Ah but the way I say my "I will follow you" kicks your little monologue" I smiked a little at him.

Blake chuckled and continued. "The old Duke is rich and prosperous. There is no stain on his father's name. He offers you treasures, titles, happiness."

"We'll leave tomorrow. Please Hernani. Don't blame me for my audacity. Are you my downfall or my savior? It does not matter, I am your slave." I read and Blake chuckled.

"My slave" he repeated, smirking evilly but I ignored him.

"Listen. Go where you will, I will follow. Whether you stay or leave, I am yours. Why? I only wish I knew. I need to see you again and again. I need to have you all the time. When you leave, and the sound of your step disappears into the night, my heart stops. When you leave me, I sense something missing. But, when the footsteps I long for ring in my ears, they remind me that I am alive. My soul lives again." I read, but I had a hard time doing this.

This play was wrong!

Way way wrong!!

People would think things!!

I raised my head from my text and saw Blake staring at me, and then he said his line without looking at his text

"Angel..." he smiled a little.

Oh god...

"At midnight, tomorrow, bring your escort. Knock three times beneath my window. Go. I'll stay brave." I continued.

Blake laughed.

"What?" I frowned.

"I'll knock three times... naked under your window." He smirked.

"Stick with your text" I scowled.

Blake rolled his eyes and then set them on the script again "Now, do you know who I am? Do you realize..."

"My lord, what does it matter? I will follow." I read.

"I just love how you keep calling me your lord and saying you'll follow me" Blake laughed a little but

then rolled his eyes at my glaring "Fine fine, text!! No! Since you wish to follow me, woman," Blake stopped "Woman... Ha ha.. alright alright I know, text!!" he said without even looking my way "you must know what name, what station in life, what soul, what destiny is hidden in Hernani, the shepherd. Do you really want a criminal? Do you want a marked man?" Blake read an then dropped his text on his lap "Alright I think that's enough for tonight, Carlos is going to come ruin all the fun anyway" he laughed and stretched his arm over his head, making his joints pop.

"Just because Carlos nags you!" I laughed and put the script beside me too.

Thank god it was over... for now...

"You are not to judge my decision woman!" Blake said ceremonially and then laughed a little, leaning deeper in his couch "So that's a wrap..." he yawned.

"Yope!" I answered him and got up. "So we do the lab report now or that's it for tonight?"

"I guess we could get rid of it" Blake sighed, and then pushed himself up.

Alright, total zero awkwardness, this is good...

"Are you staying over for dinner?" Blake asked me, as he opened the computer, in a total normal voice, like this was a usual thing, like I stayed over all the time... like in a nice "you're a part of my life" way... I smiled at that.

"No I'd better go home with the boys, I haven't seen them that much last weekend" I answered him.

"Why? What'd you do?" Blake asked, frowning a little.

"Went shopping with Daph and Alex and then watched a football game over at Alex's with the twins and Connor" I explained.

"Hmm, nice..." Blake mumbled and then sat in front of the computer.

I looked around me, to find something to sit on but I wasn't seeing anything "Where am I supposed to sit?" I frowned.

"Oh just grab a chair... oh ya right..." Blake said looking around and seeing nothing like me "Guess you're stuck sitting on my lap" he smirked.

"Thanks, I think I'll pass" I rolled my eyes at him.

"Your lost" Blake chuckled and then opened the file I had sent him with the beginning of our report and we worked quickly on that, done with it in less than fifteen minutes, with me, up behind him.

"Alright we're done with that crap" Blake said, and had a huge fake kind of grin on his face that made me laugh.

"Yope we are... even though this is just the first part"

Blake scowled a little and I laughed again.

"Well, time to go now!" I said and picked my script up and then headed for the stairs.

"Aww already!?" Blake said, fake pouting and then smirked just a little.

"You'll survive without me" I snorted.

"Ya probably... and worst case scenario I'll call you at two in the morning if I miss you too much!" he smirked, as usual.

"Oh no! Not tonight, tonight we BOTH get some sleep alright?" I warned him.

"Fine Miss Bossy" he rolled his eyes a little but smiled nevertheless.

Blake walked me to the front door and then after telling him to say "Hi" to everyone for me, I left and drove away, back home, not so sure on what feeling settling...

Was I seeing things, or making up things with my mind? Did Blake seemed like he kinda "cared" about me sometimes or was he always like that with every girl? It was probably the latter, but it was nice to believe it could be the former...

When I got home, dad had taken all the stuff out to make spaghetti sauce, but he was holding the cans of diced tomatoes and tomato paste in his hands, staring at it like it was alien food.

"Need help with that dad?" I laughed.

"Yes I would" he laughed too and put the cans down.

Mom was always the one making spaghetti sauce, she had her own recipe. It was a super simple one, but it was the best spaghetti sauce, hands down.

Mom had showed me how to do it, along with sugar pies, which I mastered now, both actually...

It brought nice memories back... from when I was little, and today I didn't feel sour about them, they actually made me smile.

So I took my father's place behind the counter and then put ground beef in the big casserole, cooking it with diced onions and green peppers.

"You always liked to cook that, didn't you?" my father smiled, sitting at the counter, a beer in his hands.

"Ya..." I smiled too "Open the cans for me?" I asked and then he proceeded to open the three big cans of diced tomatoes and the four little of tomato paste.

I put it all in the casserole, along with salt and pepper and pepper hearts and A LOT of cayenne pepper, like we always did.

Mom used to say it was because she dropped it in it.

"I smell spaghetti sauce!!" Ty yelled while running down the stairs.

"You are correct my brother" I smiled, stirring the sauce.

"Man, it's been forever since we had any..." he sighed and joined my father at the counter.

While we let the sauce simmer on the oven, we all talked about our day, and I could see just by the way Ty was speaking that he wasn't that bad anymore.

Tomorrow I would have to talk about Blake, for the Vanessa thing...

Dad sounded good too, and just like that, everything seemed to fall right back into place...

We all ate at the counter, as we always did now; the dinning room had been pretty much abandoned, and the sauce was indeed quite spicy.

I finished cleaning my room after dinner, and then played GTA with Ty, but not too long; I wanted to go

to sleep early and actually have a decent and good night of sleep tonight.

So when I had enough I took my shower, and went to sleep, eager to be tomorrow.

I woke up the next morning, rested and then went on with the morning ritual, and drove to school with a normal acting Tyler.

I wondered if he had called Vanessa, but didn't want to bother him with it, and sadden him if he hadn't or had... we never knew with those two...

The day was pretty much uneventful. It was raining so it made me a little sleepy, the dark and all. I asked Alex if he had a talk with Travis, and said he had, and just with the way he was smiling I knew everything was alright...

He told me, we'd talk about it later, when it was less crowded.

Daphnee was her usual self, the happy hippy, my Mama Bear.

It worked that way with us four. Alex was the Papa Bear, Daph the Mama Bear. I was Baby Bear and Van, Goldilocks.

Blake looked a little tired... he probably hadn't gone to bed early... and I wasn't going to ask because I didn't want to know he had spent the night with some bimbo...

We agreed that he'd come over to my place so I could help him with his Math homework after his practice.

I dropped Tyler at his friend place, Landon, after school and then headed home. I started to read "The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hide" while waiting for Blake and then an hour later, the bell rang.

I ran downstairs and opened the door for him.

"It's still freaking raining!" Blake whined "I had enough rain when I was little" he scowled, without any greetings which made me smile, and then took his hoodie off which was damp from the rain, gripping it from the back giving me a nice view of his stomach since his t-shirt rose a little. I internally swooned.

Damn it Lexi!! Stop staring!!

We headed to my bedroom, since my bag was there and it wasn't until I opened my bag that I thought about the fact that I was alone in my room with Blake in here...

Alone with Blake in the house...

Like completely freaking alone...

My eyes bulged for two seconds.

"So are you ever going to show me your work of art one day?" Blake asked, his hand running over my sketchbook.

"Nope!" I told him, and slapped his hand away, snatching the drawing and dropping them in my closet.

"You're so stubborn" Blake laughed and then went by my library, picking every book, reading the back cover, scratching his head, or tapping his feet.

"What are you doing?" I asked, rolling my eyes, and sat on my bed, putting the math book in front of me.

"Looking at your books..." he trailed and then pick up my desk chair and place it in front of me, the back seat in front, and he sat, resting his elbow on it.

"So math?" he sighed.

"Yope!"

"I hate math" he sighed again, his legs constantly moving by his side, his heels not touching the ground, his toes kinda shaking.

"Well you're going to have to suck it up, math is a serious matter!" I told him seriously and laughed a little.

Blake just snorted and then got up again, and walked around my room, stopping in front of my pictures, with Ty and dad, and Vanessa and Alex and Daph, some of all the guys at the Creek too, popping his joints.

I sighed heavily.

"Would you just sit for two second and stop moving!!" I told him.

"Sorry... it was raining, the coach usually would have thrown us right on the field but today he felt like showing us old game tapes to see our weakness... we freaking sat all the time! I wanted to run!" he complained.

"Go get laid or something, you're way too key up!! You're like a freaking kid hooked up on sugar!" I snorted, thinking, "ya right like he needs to get laid"

"Ouuuu sugar! You got any? I'm starving!!" Blake said, walking towards my window to look outside.

"Alright, seriously we're not going to go anywhere today! Just go run or something you're starting to annoy me!" I laughed

"Awww come on!" Blake pouted.

I laughed at his puppy dog face and got up from my bed "I have a stash of chocolate downstairs if that can make you happy?"

"I could do my touchdown dance right now" Blake chuckled.

We both walked down the stairs and then I went in the kitchen, getting up on the counter to reach the far back of one of the cupboards, at the very top, where I hid M&M's and other chocolate bars.

"Now I'm not going to give you my M&M's seeing you killed the last one but I'll give you a Caramilk" I told him and threw him the chocolate bar.

"Thanks!" he said with a huge grin and then sat at the center counter.

"Thought it was a girl thing to like chocolate" I frowned, jumping down.

"Trust me, I'm not a girl, I got the balls to prove it. Want to see?" Blake smirked and I rolled my eyes, as always.

"No thanks Blake you can keep it in your pants!" I answered him and sat on the counter, my M&M's in hands.

"Okay so you don't share those?" Blake whined.

"Nope!" I smirked, popping the p. "You killed too many last time"

"Oh please..." Blake rolled his eyes and then tried to get the bag out of my hands but I snatched it away.

"Nah ah! Don't touch Blakey-Boy or there will be consequences!" I warned.

"You're mean" Blake pouted and then ate a square of his chocolate bar.

"Never said I wasn't" I smiled evilly right before I heard the front door open.

I frowned, wondering who it was and then smiled when I saw my dad.

"Hey dad! You finished early?" I asked, and Blake turned around to look at him.

"Ya I did" he smiled "If this isn't Blake visiting us? How are you doing son?" my dad asked.

"I'm good, thanks" Blake smiled too.

"So what were you kids up to?" my father said, while walking towards the fridge, getting a beer out.

"Well we were "supposed" to work on Blake's math homework but mister here can't stay put for two

seconds" I informed him, slapping Blake's forearm in the process.

My dad laughed at that and sat with us at the counter.

"Where's your brother?"

"Dropped him off at Landon's after school"

"Are you staying over for dinner?" my dad asked, looking at Blake.

"I'd love to, but I already have plans" Blake frowned a little.

"Alright, you'll just have to come another time" my father smiled at him and then got up "Gonna go see if there's a game on..." he trailed and left the room.

"What are you doing tonight?" I asked Blake.

"Going out with Josh. There's like, no getting out of it... he'd track me down and drag me by the skin" Blake laughed and finished his Caramilk.

"And what precisely are you going to do with Josh?" I asked, hit by something I really hadn't thought about again lately...

The graffiti deal...

"What's with that tone of voice?" Blake chuckled.

"You're going to do graffiti aren't you" I asked, and Blake eyes widen for a fraction of second but then he laughed.

"Josh was kind of obvious the other day wasn't he?"

"So was Catherine" I nodded.

"Those Torres... oh well... if you blur Josh will probably find a way to plaster you or include your dead body in a sculpture or something. Or feed you to Miss Puss" he chuckled.

"My lips are sealed" I told him and made "locking my lips and throwing the key away" move.

"Good Pumpkin" Blake smiled.

We ended up not doing any work at all and Blake left few minutes before dad started to cook dinner; hamburgers.

Ty called and said he was staying over at Landon's because he just couldn't leave his Assassin's Creed game, simply couldn't.

Stupid kid... well, I guess whatever made him happy...

I went to sleep early again but wasn't that tired so I tossed and turned in my bed a lot.

And then around two in the morning, when I was finally falling asleep, my phone vibrated on my bedside table.

"You happy now? Because of all the sugar you gave me I can't sleep!" Blake had text.

I rolled my eyes, happy nevertheless and answered "Go run around your house or something"

Second later I had a reply "I'll run all the way up to your house and knock three times under your window naked, woman!"

"I'll put a restraining order on you if you do that" I send him, smiling to myself.

"Please! You'd love it!" his next text said.

Thinking about it, I'm sure I wouldn't. It would just be majorly awkward...

I replied "Go to sleep Blakey-Boy"

"Fine! As long as you share all the sexy details about those naughty dreams you have about me!" Blake sent me.

Idiot!!

"I'd tell you but then I'd have to kill you" I texted and then threw the phone on the table and curled up in my covers, laughing a little.

Next morning was kinda of weird since there was no Tyler to wake up. I got earlier to school because of that, and was all alone waiting for the first bell.

Daphnee was the first to arrive, her ponytails swigging from one side to the other, as always.

"Good morning you little Running-back addict" she smirked, leaning against the locker beside mine.

"Please! I'm not addicted!" I rolled my eyes.

"It's not good to lie to yourself you know? I stopped doing that, and admitted to myself that I can't help it, I'm a nympho and I'd marry Paul McCartney's 1965 version anytime, and I'm a doom hippy and music freak and I-"

"Ya ya I know all about all your issues" I cut her, rolling my eyes again and closed my locker.

Daph laughed in reply and then hugged me "And you just love me for them" she crooned, pinching my cheeks.

Alex arrived a few minutes later, smiling like a kid on Christmas eve and I couldn't help but smile with him.

I was glad he was happy, glad he had found someone that could make him this joyful...

During lunch Blake told me I had to come over his place tonight because he needed me to read his History paper about WWII and we had to do those Math exercises too, and read the play till the end... basically do some work unlike yesterday, and when he said that Daph had a little smirk on her lips which I would have gladly wiped away but she left straight to the library before I could say anything.

During my class with Mrs Muffin, I found that Luke was freaking staring at me and it became quite disturbing.

What the hell was wrong with him? He ignores me and now stares?

Boys!

When the final bell rang I told Blake I'd drop Ty off and then I'd drive over his place.

Ty was waiting by my car, yelling at me to get in already, as usual.

"So, you had fun at Landon's?" I asked as I started the engine.

"Hell yeah! Oh and who's subject 16!!? Tell me woman!!!" Ty ordered, pointing me.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I frowned.

"Oh you know who I'm talking about! Who's subject 16? I HAVE to know!! TELL ME!!" he said dramatically.

"You know you're freaking confusing, right?"

"Subject 16! Come on! Spill it!!"

"Ty you're getting annoying now..." I sighed.

He laughed, a genuine laugh.

It made me smile.

"It's a character in Assassin's Creed" he explained.

"Ya, I sort of figured that much" I laughed and then parked in our driveway. "I'll be back for dinner!" I yelled after him, and then drove away, to Blake's house.

I was getting use to this road, I thought as I got out of my car and up the front steps of the humongous house.

Blake's mom opened the door for me.

"Lexi!" she said and hugged me "I'm so happy to see you" she smiled.

Eatons, bunch of huggers...

"I'm glad to see you too" I smiled with her.

"He's in his room" she then, simply told me, smiling warmly and walked to the hall that led to the dinning room and I headed for the stairs.

While walking up Blake stairs, I could hear music playing, a song I didn't know.

I walked in the room, and Blake's back faced me, he had a pile of books in his hands, placing them in the library.

The song was beautiful, and I don't know there was sort of a eerie feeling with watching Blake doing his thing, not knowing someone was watching, like this was 100% Blake. No façade.

"And if it takes for ever... forever it'll be... and if it takes for ever... for ever it'll be..." the song died out and then another one started, with a little more beat to it, but Blake leaned his hand back, not looking my way, a remote in his hand and the song changed.

This one had a sort of weird beginning, with an organ I think... and then it started to sing "In the shallowest part of the night while you quietly slept, I lay here and I counted the hours to the sound of your breath. Can't you love me? Can't you love me... how I want, please?"

And then Blake turned around, to pick more books and he saw me and smiled.

And I smiled too...

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Me again!!!!! I harrass you ;P

Go listen to this now!!!

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XPA2atwDwVM

GO!!!!!!!!

Chapter 50

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (47)

Alright so if I get anyone complaining about the lenght I'm hunting you down! This is freaking long!

I had all sorts of witty things to say but my hands are getting too slow for my thought process and I have to sleep..

Oh one thing, I got hungry writing this.. lol

And the fortune cookies are all actually true ones, and they were both paired like that, like I had one and my friend the other one, for both! Talk about fitting! :P

Oh and the song.. I just thought it was soooo fitting ;P

Okay, so ya..

Oh and go on this website if you're bored after!

http://www.omglasergunspewpewpew.com/

Major laugh right there!! Thanks to my stupid friend who gave it to me! I send it to È and she's addicted now! LOL

So anyway, read, enjoy, vote and comment! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"So, you missed me Pumpkin?" Blake asked, his nice smile getting back into one of his oh so familiar smirk and put the books back on the floor.

I rolled my eyes at him, as always "Yes I missed you so much Blake, I can't go on without you for more than ten minutes" I said sarcastically but for a second questioned myself.

Wasn't that sort of the truth lately?

God I was pathetic...

Really REALLY pathetic... and I should just stop it! It was just stupid!

"See how easy it was to admit Pumpkin!" he chuckled and walked towards me.

I rolled my eyes again.

"So? What are we working on first?" I asked him.

"Well, you could read my paper, so we'll be done with that and then we can finish the play and work on math after."

"Alright" I agreed and followed him to his computer. He closed the music and opened the file with his work on WWII.

"Enjoy!" he laughed, letting me sit on the chair before going back to his library.

"Josh convinced you to be more careful with your books?" I asked him, smiling a little.

"Ya... he threatened to bring Miss Puss in if I didn't and I do not enjoy cat's hair all over my things!" Blake snorted.

I laughed a little, hit by the innuendo right there, but then shook my head frowning.

Wow. Blake is getting into a bad influence...

I shook my head again, slightly, and focused my gaze back on the file in front of me, read it, getting a little pissed by it actually.

He freaking knew how to write too!

Why the hell had he even asked for my help? He sure as hell didn't need it!!

That paper was like... awesomeness...

Why'd he have to freaking master everything?!

"What? Is it that bad?" Blake asked, and I turned my head to see him frowning.

"No, the exact contrary actually... Blake? Did you lie? You know with the whole "I need your help at school" thing?"

"Why would you ask that?"

"Because I mean, you kick ass at writing, and I don't think you have any problem with reading either, and now History is all good, and you wouldn't have needed me for that anyway..." I started to trail.

"Need I remind you math? And freaking Chemistry and Physic too... I honestly never thought I'd say

something like that but I could quite frankly kill the bastard that discovered friction and acceleration and all made up those stupid rules with the freaking "x" and "y"! I'm not going to send a freaking elephant on Saturn so I obviously don't need to know how the gravity on it is going to affect it!!" Blake started to rant, making me laugh "What?"

"No need to go all Christian Bale on me" I laughed and then got up from the computer chair. "So are we finishing that play so we can get to the good stuff you know the lovely world of mathematics!"

"I'm not even going to make a reply on that one, that's how much I hate it!" Blake scowled a little and went to pick up something in his bag, the script.

I laughed again and walked with him to the second floor, letting myself fall on the recliner while he sat on the couch, as usual.

"So how do we do this? I mean there's like other characters now right?" I asked, as I flipped the pages, seeing other names than Dona Sol and Hernani.

That was a good thing right? That meant there wouldn't be any lovey-owey-goey things?

Ya I really shouldn't make assumptions... look where it got me last time...

"I can be Dona Josefa again, and you can be annoying Don Carlos!" Blake snorted, folding the sheets.

"Okay, but I'm not doing a dude deep voice" I chuckled lightly.

"No need, Don Carlos is a wuss, he doesn't have a deep voice, for all I know he doesn't even have balls!"

"A little obsessive with balls, aren't we Blakey-Boy" I smirked at him.

"Just read the damn line" Blake said, rolling his eyes.

"Are you through with your life's story? Do you think that it's comfortable in there?" I read for his sake, Don Carlos' line.

"Okay before I go on, do I really need to put my hand on my sword?" he said, referring to the note before his line "I mean we're going to be in front of the class,

it could be awkward right?" Blake said evilly and I slapped his arm for that

"Now, you just read your damn line and stop turning everything into sexual innuendos!"

"Please, you love it!" Blake smirked.

"Read!" I ordered him, pointing to his text.

"Fine!" he rolled his eyes at me, and then lowered them to his text "Who is this man?"

"Heavens! Help!" I read, Dona Sol's line now.

"Quiet, Dona Sol! You might open some jealous eyes. When I am close, call for no one's help but mine. What are you doing here?" Blake continued, Hernani's line this time.

"It is quite apparent that I am not on my Sunday stroll." I read, trying to change my voice a little, even though I had say I wouldn't but things would just get confusing "You know, that Don Carlos is funny" I smirked a little at Blake, looking away from my script.

"Take that back or get out of my room" Blake said, his voice solemn.

Was he serious?

"You mean that?" I laughed a little.

"Hell yeah I mean it! Take it back woman. We do not like Don Carlos in this household, you get that?"

Still laughing I answered "I just said he was funny!"

"I don't care, I don't enjoy his character and if you want to spend time with the awesome piece of meat I am, you're going to have to take it back and apologize!"

"Well looks like I'm leaving then!" I told him with a big grin and got up.

"Oh you go ahead, but you walk through that door young lady and you'll have to run around the school halls naked!!" Blake threatened.

Oh hell no!!

"This so does not imply here!"

"Like hell it does!!" Blake smirked at me.

"I hate you" I mumbled and sat back on the recliner "Sorry, Don Carlos is an ass. Happy now?"

"Very!" Blake said, still smirking arrogantly, not looking like he was going to go on with the play, but just thoroughly enjoy the fact that I had apologized which was kind of pushing it a lot wasn't it?

I'm sure I could have argued longer... maybe win even...

But I guess I was starting to give in to him, way too easily...

Way to go Lexi!

"Just read your damn line!" I told him, rolling my eyes.

Blake chuckled and then read "Who laughs after such an insult, may not live to laugh again"

"To each their time. Let us be frank, sir. You love madam and her dark eyes. Your own reflect in hers every night. That is all very well. I love madam also. I needed to know who it was I saw at her window

every night while I waited at the door." I read, Don Carlos word.

"You see why he's an ass? Trying to get in between those two! Ass, I'm telling you!" Blake smirked.

"Just read Blake..." I sighed.

Blake still smirking went on "For honor's sake, you may exit by my usual entrance, sir!"

"We shall see. I now offer my love to madam. Better yet, let's share. I see enough love for the two of us." I read but Blake cut me before I could go on.

"You heard that? Sharing? Now if THAT doesn't convince you! Sharing! Tss! I mean please! If he really loved you he wouldn't want to share!"

"Blake it's just a play" I sighed again.

"But I do have a point now don't I?"

I shook my head slightly at his stubbornness, smiling just a little, not answering and went on "So tonight, I came in by surprise, hid myself, and listened, trying to keep quiet in that hole. I only managed to

suffocate myself. Oh, and I wrinkled my vest, dear me... so I came out."

"Awww see! He came out of the closet, poor smuck!" Blake snorted.

"Blake!! Script!!" I whined.

Blake grin was huge as he read Hernani's next line "My sword is as uncomfortable as you were. It dearly wants out."

"As you please, sir." I answered as Don Carlos

"Now do I really need to draw my sword?" Blake said evilly, referring to the note before his line.

"Yes Blake, you do, you have to go up in front of the whole damn class drop your pants and just show it to the entire world!" I answered rolling my eyes.

"I was really referring to a sword, but I like the way you're thinking Pumpkin!" Blake started to laugh hysterically.

Oh freaking unbelievable!!

I hit him with my script "You're an idiot Blake!! You know that?"

But he just kept laughing and then read his line, raising his arm in the air like he had a sword "En garde!"

I read Dona Sol line "Hernani!" and then Don Carlos' "Calm yourself, madame"

"Tell me your name." Blake read.

"Your name, sir!" I continued.

"My name is for another who will one day hear it as he feels my dagger searching out his heart in his breast." Blake said.

"What is his name, then?" I read, still as Don Carlos.

"What does it matter now? En garde! Defend yourself!" Blake read, a little louder, getting a little too much into the character and making me laugh. "Oh and FYI no way in hell am I crossing swords with Don Carlos or anyone for that matter!" he added, referring to the note.

"Oh please Blake, enough already!" I sighed, leaning my head back, after slapping his arm.

Blake just laughed.

Ignoring it, I read the next line, Dona Sol this time "My God! Someone's knocking!"

"Who's knocking?" Blake read as Hernani and then used a high pitch voice and said Dona Josefa's part "Madam! It's the Duke!"

I chuckled a little before reading Dona Sol's line "The Duke! All is lost! Oh my!"

"Oh! The unknown one decided to fight! What a scene! What a scandal!" Blake hissed, using the high pitch voice again, holding his hand to his heart, making me fully laugh this time.

What an idiot... a really sexy idiot...

"What can we do?" Blake continued, Hernani's part. "Oh and I'll do the voice" he added "Dona Sol! Dona Sol! Open up! Alright now Hernani again... Don't open it."

"This is getting into a confusing monologue!" I laughed.

"I know" Blake chuckled.

"St-Jacques save us!" he said, the high pitch voice and then normally as Hernani "Let's hide"

"In the cupboard?" I finally said, Don Carlos speaking.

"Get in. We shall survive." Blake read.

"Are you sure it's not too large for the both of us?" I said as Don Carlos.

Blake shook his head, probably keeping a comment about how Don Carlos was an ass and then went on with Hernani's line "Let's go this way"

And now, Don Carlos turn, "Good night, then. I shall remain here."

"Your blood shall pay for this, sir. What if I barricade the door?" Blake said.

"Open the door"

"What is he saying?" Blake answered.

"Let him in. I tell you!" I answered Don Carlos last line and then read Dona Sol's last one "This is surely the end!"

"And CUT!!" Blake yelled, making the motion with his hand, before leaning back in the couch "Finally done! I don't like it when Don Carlos' there, he's such a party pooper!"

I rolled my eyes at him, "Stop whining" I said, pushing his shoulder and settle back in the recliner too "So who's at the door anyway?"

"Your uncle, you know the one you'll marry!" Blake laughed, a smirk on his lips

I ignored that "You know what... I think I actually like that play, aside from your comments that is... how does it end? Does it have a nice ending?"

Blake looked at me, straight in the eyes and I felt self-conscious for a few seconds.

"Yes... there's a nice ending..." he answered me, silently.

Okay... what was that supposed to mean...?

But as always, before I could say anything, Blake stopped me.

"So, math?" he frowned, obviously displeased about having to do that.

"Ya math" I chuckled.

"Isn't there anything else we could do?" he asked me, a huge smirk appearing on his face, his eyebrow wiggling suggestively.

"Aren't you getting tired of this?" I sighed.

"Nope never!"

Stupid Blake and all his stupid sexual references! But I mean, in a way he wouldn't be the Blake I knew if he didn't make them...

Would I want him to stop making any if I could change him?

Oddly the answer was no. I didn't want to change anything in Blake... well maybe the history of bimbos trailing behind him... but other than that, I wouldn't change anything... This was Blake. My friend. Yes he was my friend, and it was a nice feeling to think that. Did I want more? Maybe. But I didn't want to put in

line the friendship, because the friendship was nice. Really really nice. And I wouldn't trade it for nothing.

"So, math!" I said, and got up to get my books from my bag.

"Why don't you give me a nice paper cut and pour lemon juice on it while you're at it!" Blake groaned.

"Oh you big crying baby! Stop whining!" I laughed, and took my book out. "Math!!"

"I hate math..."

"I know, you mentioned!"

"Hey! Weren't we supposed to find something to give Vanessa a reason to come back in town?" Blake suddenly asked.

Damn! That's right! I always forgot... I tend to loose brain capacity around him I think...

"You sneaky bastard, trying to get out of doing your math homework!" I laughed.

"Hey, a guy's gotta work with what he has!"

"True... anyway, what did you have in mind?"

"Well, at the end of the month, they're supposed to have like classes for like the talent show... I know the principal asked for my dad... so maybe we could ask him to refer Vanessa too... and I mean, I'm sure if my dad calls her school won't mind her leaving..." Blake trailed.

"Well, that sounds good..." I agreed.

"We should go ask dad though... he could be home..." Blake said, and got up from his couch.

"Like right now?" I frowned.

"Yes, right now! Anything to not do math" he smirked a little and walk right by me, close enough that I could smell his nice nice smell...

Why did he smell so good? To top it all off, he had to freaking smell good! Honestly! Why did he freaking need to have everything for him? Wouldn't it be nice to be a little flawed... that way I wouldn't be so damn attracted to him! Because yes I was, of course I was! It didn't mean anything though! It was all an hormone thing...

Well at least that's what I was sticking to!

"Don't just stand there, Pumpkin! Come on!" Blake pressed.

I rolled my eyes at him but still followed him down the stairs.

Blake walked quickly, knowing his surroundings, and exactly where he was heading. He opened a door, calling for his dad, but closed it right away.

"Not there" he just told me and walked to another door.

Dang this house was huge...

Blake stopped in front of a normal looking kind of door and then walked in "Mom, where's dad?" he said, leaving me at the entry, frozen.

When I looked in the room I saw what I thought I'd saw.

It was Blake's mom study.

Sophia Everingham's study.

Where dozen of mind-blowing books must have been written in. That was freaking sacred ground!!

I just stayed there, unable to walk in.

"He's out, went to the conservatory I think, something to do with a mix up with music sheets... I can't remember, you're father just sounded annoyed when he explained... why?" I could hear Blake's mom answer.

I peeked a little in the room, and saw her sitting behind a desk, computer open, wearing glasses, and Blake standing in front.

"I had to ask him something about the talent show at the end of the month, at our school... you know when he's coming back?" Blake asked her.

"Shouldn't be too long now... he didn't sound too eager to go in the first place, don't think he'll stay longer than necessary" she told him and then looked my way, smiling.

I smiled back.

"Alright, thanks mom, oh and kill that damn wuss, now will you!" he said to her, before walking away, and I could see her shaking her head very lightly, but she was still smiling our way.

Blake closed the door behind him, and stopped in front of me.

"We'll wait downstairs for him... that way we'll catch him right away when he comes back..." Blake trailed and then his eyes wandered in the direction to where his room was "I'll go get our bags, you can head for the living room." he said and started to walk away.

"And I'm supposed to know where that is?" I asked behind him, but he was already running to his room.

Idiot!

I looked around, sighing heavily and then decided that the living room had to be downstairs... I mean, was it the huge room at the entry, the one that looked like it came out of Buckingham Palace?

I decided that it must be it and headed that direction.

But before I could even get to the room, Blake was already back.

"You running freak" I snorted, as he handed me my bag.

Blake just chuckled.

And then we walked in the room, and I didn't know if I should be in awe or just annoyed.

This was ridiculous, really! There was like three sets of chairs, one beside each fire place, there where two on both side of the room, and then the other one in front of the great window. The ceiling were super high, there were wooden beams everywhere on it, and a huge wooden chandelier hanging from it. Over the two fire place there were paintings, painting even taller than me, and it was moment like this I just wanted to scowl and say life was unfair.

Life was unfair!

"Your face right now... priceless!" Blake smirked and went to sit by the set of couches in front of the window, those ones were dark blue.

"Just wait! Just wait Blakey-Boy, we'll do math and you'll be taking these words back!" I threatened and sat down.

"Oh really?" Blake laughed, opening his book "Alright... if you say so... Pooky" Blake smirked evilly and I hit him with my own math book.

"How many times do I have to say this! Do. Not. Call me. POOKY!!" I told him and hit him with the book on the arm again.

Blake laughed and threw his book on me, which landed on my lap "I'll call you however I want to! Pooky! My cute but mute teddy bear!!" he laughed even more.

"Oh you litte prick!!" I scowled and threw the book back at Blake but then the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it!!!" Blake yelled, still laughing and got up from his seat.

Trying to get away from the argument, weren't we?

I got up too, don't know why, curiosity, or maybe I just didn't want to stay alone in the big living room, scared that some precious vase would telepathically fall on the ground to put the blame on me.

But then, when Blake looked through the window on the side, he cursed and back away.

"Oh shit!!!" he said and then he ran back towards me, heading for the living room "I gotta hide!!!" he said,

looking around, and then it seemed like the living room wasn't an option anymore so now he was running towards the stairs but the bell rang again and Anita started to scream from god knew where.

"If you say I get it you get it!!!!" she yelled and I laughed.

I mean, why the hell was he freaking out so much? Who was at the door? I was freaking confused... as always...

"What the hell is going on here!!?" I asked Blake, going after him, grabbing him by the arm to stop him.

"Awww shit! Can't we do this another time? Seriously I REALLY need to hide!" he said, his eyes staring back at the door like some kind of alien was going to come out of it.

"What'd you do?" I laughed more.

He seemed to be weighting the pros and cons, his eyes wandering between me and the dreadful door but then answered "Alright look... There might be a girl at the door and she might be a cop and I might

have got myself out of a HUGE ticket by telling her I was speeding to get arrested by her and see her. And I might also have told her I would call back but never did"

For one second, I don't know why I had this smug feeling washing over me. He said he'd call the girl but didn't, but he was practically stalking ME with his text... I don't know why, it was stupid, but I felt good all the same.

"You're such a wuss Blake!" I told him snorting, the smug feeling still there and then I walked to the door, a little smirk appearing on my lips.

"What the fuck!!! Didn't you hear!!? She's a effing COP!!!" Blake hissed behind me.

I waved my hand at him and heard him run the hell.

Like an alien at the door again...

Haha!

So I opened the door, and indeed found a girl on the other side of it.

"How can I help you?" I asked her, my voice kind.

I just had THE best idea EVER...

The girl in front of me wasn't wearing a police uniform like I was expecting but she did kind of have that authoritarian look every girl cop I had ever came across had. I mean she wasn't ugly, she was kind of pretty but like in a stoic robot unsexy kind of way...

"I'm looking for... Look, it's... Here's the thing, I'm looking for a guy, about 6 feet 3 inches with light brown hair and grey eyes and..." she started to trail, but then I made the hugest shocked eyes I could managed.

"That fucking cheating bastard!!!" I hissed under my breath.

"Excuse me?" she frowned.

"What did he do this time!!? What did he say!!!?? TELL ME!!!!" I screamed and the girl backed away from me.

"I'm sorry... I just wanted..." she started to say but I cut her.

"How could he do this?? He told me I was the only one in his heart!!!! Tell me!! How can he do this when I'm caring his child!!??!!" I screamed again and was grateful for all the years of practice I had with Ty to fake tears while I cradle my stomach, which I had kinda tried to make look bigger.

Mouhahaha. This crap was fun!!!

"Oh my god... No, no... Nothing... No it's just... He didn't... Nothing happened, I just... I got the wrong place. I'm sorry..." she said her palms up and then she ran away.

I closed the door behind her and then started to laugh hysterically.

I was trying to stay up on my feet, my hands against my knees, when I heard Blake's voice in the stairs "She's gone?!"

"Hell yeah!" I laughed, raising my head.

"What'd you do?" he frowned, still not moving from his spot, almost like he was scared I was lying.

"I screamed at her, telling her you were a cheating bastard" I explained, still laughing.

"You what?" Blake laughed too.

"Oh and I told her I was carrying your child too, so don't ask questions if you start having baby presents sent your way!"

"Good thinking Pumpkin" Blake chuckled, finally walking down the stairs.

"Thanks! I had fun actually! You should have seen her face!" I said, and laughed again at the memory.

I was still enjoying the look on her face but for some reason I think I enjoy something else in that little scheme... something I didn't even dare to admit mentally...

So I just walked back in the living room with Blake and started to help in with his homework, pushing the dreadful, but oh so nice, thought away... No it wasn't nice... it was the complete opposite of nice! It was stupid actually!!

Get a freaking grip Lexi!! You. Are. Pathetic!

After a little while, Blake's dad got home, and agreed to our demand, asking for Vanessa's number, telling us he'd get on it right away.

It made me feel a little better that I could somehow maybe bring a little happiness to my brother... and to my bestfriend too, because they both needed each other... they couldn't even deny it anymore!

And it made me even more grateful towards Blake, for actually agreeing to help me with this... Why the hell hadn't I realized that before? Why hadn't I see that Blake could, not act like a jerk sometimes?

I left before dinner time, and then got home to find my dad, who seemed alright still and my brother, who wasn't so bad now...

We would be alright, I thought, we would actually be okay...

Thursday morning, I realized it would be the last day I'd see Blake after school, since dad had told us we'd leave for the funeral on Friday, right after school. We'd drive to the airport, and then Anna would pick us up there...

Anna... just the thought made me want to hang myself...

Alex had a grin on his lips the second I saw him in the morning. Daphnee seemed out of it, as usual, which was why I loved her so much.

And Blake looked tired again. He yawned all the time and had his head resting on his desk every class I had with him. He hadn't called me or texted me last night so I wondered why he was so tired...

For one second I started to think that maybe he called the chick cop after... the thought made me almost angry...

Why the hell did he look so tired?

When I asked him, he just dismissed the matter, which just annoyed me...

And then there was freaking Luke who was looking my way again, but this time, he was almost glaring, especially when I was with Blake. He seemed to be super ticked off... It pissed me off a little... I mean, Mark at implied that he like me, but honestly what the hell was his problem? He never seemed to care

when I was hanging with Alex... or even when I dated Alex for that matter! Why was he glaring NOW!?

I couldn't wait for the day to be over finally, but then again, it meant I was closer to the weekend, and that meant I would be away... and I wouldn't see Blake... and it kinda sadden me...

I was so pathetic...

Blake and I agreed to go to my place this time, and so when the final bell rang, we both walked to our cars together and drove to my house.

Ty wasn't going to be there again, he had soccer practice, which meant he would be out all night, because he'd go over his friends afterwards and dad wasn't going to be there either because he had extra work to do since we were leaving for the weekend.

Which meant we'd be alone again...

But it wasn't going to affect me any way! Nah ah!

Blake parked right behind my car and then we walked to the house, him still looking tired.

"You know you should REALLY sleep at night Blake, it'd be good for you..." I trailed as we step through the door.

"Ya I know right?" Blake chuckled and then just walked to the living room and let himself fall on the couch, settling in it actually, like, and then closed his eyes.

"What are you doing?" I laughed.

"Sleeping, like you said I should" he mumbled, his head resting on a cushion.

"I said at night Blake!" I laughed at him "Plus we're supposed to work, you know, that's kinda why you're here!"

Blake sighed heavily and then sat in the couch, brushing his palm over his face, and then stopped one palm on the side of his jaw, the other over his mouth "Just explained the damn Log again! Before I kill myself" he groaned, and I chuckled but sat beside him and proceeded to explain it to him, again, without having him murder me.

He was a grumpy tired...

And he was pretty keyed-up lately.

When we were pretty much over, meaning Blake wasn't cooperative anymore, I got up from the couch and walked to the kitchen, since I was starving, Blake following close behind.

I opened the fridge and saw noting satisfying. Dad hadn't gone to the grocery store... And I was really starving!

Fast-food sounded really appealing right now... and thinking about it... we were done with work anyway, and I needed to eat, so I walked towards the front door.

"Eeeh, what the hell are you doing?" Blake asked behind me.

"Well our work is done and I don't know about you but I'm starving and there's nothing good here so I'm heading out. So have a nice evening." I said and walked away.

There you go Lexi!

Who cares if it's the last night he's over before the week-end, You'll see him tomorrow. And next week!

"Wait up!!" I Blake yelled behind me.

"What?" I asked and turned around.

"Well the least I can do is bringing you, plus I'm also hungry. Oh and my car is so blocking yours!"

I stared at him for two seconds... I'd lie if I said I hadn't want this to happen...

"Fine, as long as you don't fall asleep driving, or in the food... oh wait, you can fall asleep in the food, that'd be funny" I snorted, earning myself a roll of the eyes from him.

So we walked to his car, and then I got in. When Blake started it the song that started to play had a nice beat and then the singer kinda screamed, and then sang "Before I could ever let you go gonna beg until I drive you mad, and say something you could understand, I'm a statue baby knock me out..."

I looked at him frowning

"The Used?" I asked, recognizing the singer's voice.

"Ya... why the face? You don't like them? If you say you don't like them I'm kicking you out!"

I laughed

"No I like them" I told him, smiling a little.

"You better!" Blake snorted and turned the volume up "They're awesome! And if it weren't for them I'd be sleeping right now!"

So we drove for a little while, listening to the music only and not speaking. The sky was getting a little grey, like it could rain anytime.

And then I saw where he was heading. It was one of those movie perfect little restaurants that just screamed romantic.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?!!" I hissed, my eyes bulging.

"I'm bringing you to a nice restaurant" he smirked.

"No you're not! I said I was starving! That means bring me to a freaking McDonald so I can fill myself with as much junk as I can until I puck my inside out. Not bring me to a freaking fancy pole up my ass

restaurant with portions the size of my little finger and price that would make mother Theresa curse" I started to rant.

"Alright alright. Don't get your panties in a notch." Blake stopped me, rolling his eyes, but laughing and drove away from the restaurant. "I just wanted to see how you'd react" he smirked.

Ass!

We parked a few blocks away, and I scowled at him.

"Where's my McDonald??? I want to see a big M sign!!" I informed him.

"Jeez lady, calm down. Chinese buffet. Cheaper and a lot more food." He rolled his eyes again pointing to a restaurant, with Chinese writing on it.

"Why can't you ever listen to me?" I whined.

Mister always needed to have the last word...

"Cause I have better ideas" he smirked and got out of the car.

I sighed heavily and then followed him.

The lady at the desk told us we could pick our table since there were still a lot empty ones and there was no way Blake would choose that one, so I headed for one, ahead of him.

"Who told you, you could pick the table?" Blake laughed.

"You choose Chinese buffet, I choose we sit close from the buffet! I'm going to be getting up often, so I want to be close!" I informed him and then went straight to the buffet, picking a plate.

Blake laughed, following me.

"I take it you are used to these?" he asked, as I picked up seven little chicken balls that I had no idea how to call but you were supposed to but a red sauce on it, which I didn't.

"Ya, Vanessa and I have a thing for buffet" I smiled and then attacked the long noodles which were all greasy, just the way they were supposed to.

I got rice on the side, and then vegetables, and things that looked like little brains and macaroni's with soy

sauce and salad. At that point my plate was full so I went to sit at the table.

Blake joined me a few second later and stared at my plate, raising an eyebrow.

"What?" I frowned.

"Seriously how do you manage eating so much?" he chuckled.

"I have no clue. Fast metabolism I guess" I shrugged and then cut a little chicken ball in half, and ate a part.

"You know you put guys to a shame." he smiled.

"I probably do... but Ty eats twice as much, so I'm never self-conscious about my pigness!" I laughed and continued to eat.

Blake's plate was pretty full too and that made me laugh a little... they wouldn't be making money with us tonight!

"So Pumpkin... what are you doing this weekend?" Blake asked me, when I was half way through my first plate.

"Family stuff..." I shrugged not wanting to expand more on the whys.

Talking about death would kinda be a party-pooper, wouldn't it?

"What about you?" I asked him.

"I'm going home..." Blake trailed.

"Home?" I frowned.

"Ya, to the land of the Eatons!" Blake chuckled.

"That's not in the UK right?" I asked.

"No, it's in the states... my parents have to go, so I'm tagging along... my grandparents are going to be happy to see me" Blake chuckled and then drank from his glass.

"Are they nice, your grandparents I mean?"

"Ya... They're funny actually... my grandpa always calls my grandma babe, it's quite disturbing..." Blake laughed "and you know, he' s obsessed with country music and his son composes classical ... kinda weird... but they're really nice... and hilarious in a kitchen together... they keep bossing the other, oh and don't

ever go anywhere NEAR they're sauce, they'll rip your head off!"

It was nice to listen to Blake talk about himself, well about his family, but nevertheless sharing information; something he so rarely did.

I mean, Blake could talk about stupidities, but things that really related to him... as far as I was concerned, it didn't happen often...

"When will you be coming back?" I asked.

"Don't know, on Sunday maybe... depends on how things are going... I'm not the one planning... if it were for me I wouldn't go but... I guess I kinda... need to..." Blake frowned and then shrugged.

I wanted to know what that meant, but wouldn't press...

For some reason, it felt like I was on risky territory...

"So! Is there a reason why you're always so freaking tired lately? A good book I should know about maybe?"

Blake chuckled before answering, "I can't seem to sedate my whore anymore and I have to keep her busy." He smirked and I slapped his arm across the table.

"Idiot!"

"Thanks!"

After many other full plates later, Blake and I decided to call it an end.

"I'm going to be burping Chinese all night now," he complained.

I rolled my eyes "Wow, real classy Blake!"

"Thanks," he laughed. "Alright I'm gonna go steal a bunch of fortune cookies right after paying. You're in with me?" he asked, getting up.

"We're paying, technically it's not stealing," I laughed and got up too.

"Ya but it's a one cookie policy, which sucks."

I laughed but then agreed.

I did like the cookies.

"Oh and I'm paying!" he said, snatching my bill from my hand.

"What? No! I'm paying!" I said and tried to reach for it, but Blake raised it over his head.

"No you aren't! Just consider it as a way of excusing myself from the burping comment" he smirked and then gave the bills to the lady at the desk, making the decision final.

I rolled my eyes at him.

And then, when the little lady looked away, Blake grabbed a bunch of cookies on the counter and shove them in his hoodie pocket, before thanking the lady and leaving, laughing.

"You didn't take any!" Blake laughed, shaking his head disapprovingly.

"Well you took enough for two!" I said pointing his vest.

"Oh I'm not sharing!" he said, still shaking his head.

"Oh come on!"

"Alright alright!" he smiled a little and handed me two "Let's walk over to the park, and digest a little" he said and then crossed the street, me following closely behind.

He stopped at a picnic table and then sat, I, opposite to him.

"You know I always get ripped off with those" Blake frowned, a cookie in his hand and his tone made me laugh "Alright, let's do this!" he smirked.

I broke mine in half and then read it, "Get your mind set... Confidence will lead you on"

I ate my cookie scowling a little.

"What did it say?" Blake laughed and I hesitated a little but then just knew things would get worst if I didn't tell him so I gave him the little piece of paper.

"What about yours?" I asked.

"You will step on the soil of many countries. It's a right cookie, but a late cookie" he laughed. "Alright next!"

I half smiled and then proceeded with my second cookie like the first. This one said "Ignorance never settles a question"

Wow! That helped a lot! I thought, rolling my eyes in my head.

"What you got Pumpkin?" Blake asked, before eating his cookie

I gave it to him and he handed me his. It read "People find it difficult to resist your persuasive manner"

"Like I needed to know that right?" Blake smirked when I gave it back to him.

The sun was slowly setting as we sat there, and I could feel really light rain falling, though barely nothing but still.

"We should get going right?" Blake said, and got up.

"Yope!" I agreed and got up too worried for a second that the bench had been wet and that I had sat in a puddle or something but I was alright.

We walked back to Blake's car and then drove back to my house, The Used still singing, but Blake had

changed it to the ninth one, who didn't have any screaming in the beginning and sang "Lay your head down just for now, space fills your mind you dream awhile..."

When we got in my drive way, it was actually getting dark especially since I hadn't switched the outside lights on.

"Want me to walk you to your door?" Blake smirked.

"Please, I'm fine!" I said, rolling my eyes and opened the door

"But you could always get attacked or something, and I have to act like a gentleman, now don't I?" he laughed and got out.

We walked silently, side by side to my door.

When we reached it, I turned to face Blake.

"Now you sleep tonight alright Blake!" I told him, poking him on the chest.

He stopped the pocking by taking my hand in his, and let go of it, just a tiny bit later than normal... well that's how I saw it...

"Alright, I'll do that Miss Bossy" he smiled, his nice smile with the dimple, and for a second my breath was stuck in my throat. "Goodnight Lexi"

"Good night Blake..." I answered, smiling faintly and then, he turned around, and walked back to his car, and I just stared at his back, and then at the car until I couldn't see it anymore...

Oh god... is what I'm thinking happening, really happening?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Me again!! lol

So here are the songs they listened in order!

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E4xQZCXEHBI

http://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=hRaeYBc99fw&feature=related

Dang I love this Cd....

Chapter 51

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (48) [Part 1]

Okay guys so this is the first part, my usual ranting will be in the next one that should come out as soon as I can type it.. two hours maybe.. maybe more.. sorry, it's going to be long..

Oh and the song I put there, that's because I was looking for new stuff and then remembered them, and I decided to encourage a local group! They should thank me, now they're going to have plenty of people listening to their stuff all around the world ;P And I like it and it kinda fits... So listen people, listen!!

So read, enjoy, vote and comment! :D

(Oh and I haven't double checked it.. so ya.. might be bad.. lol)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When I woke up in the morning, last night events kept replaying in my head.

Maybe it really was a good thing for me to be away from Blake for a few days... it could help me clear up my head, and try to not become some obsessive groupie, like I was turning into...

I sat up in my bed, and looked at the bag I had packed last night, and was just waiting for me to pick up and leave.

But first I had to go to school.

So I got up, and walked to Ty's bedroom to wake him up.

Half an hour later, I parked at school, and then Ty was going his way, to see his friends and I was walking towards a smiling Alex.

"Well someone looks happy" I smiled, while making my way, side by side with him inside the school halls.

"Well I'm happy" Alex said, smiling even more.

"Do I want the details?" I chuckled a little and stopped in front of my locker.

"Oh please! What are you imagining?" he laughed "We sort things out... you know, talked..."

"And he really does like you right?" I said, trying to keep my voice down, but still happy, because I was.

"Ya..." Alex half smiled, his gaze dropping like a little girl with a school crush.

"Aww! Look at you!!" I laughed and pinched his cheek "Papa bear's in love"

"Don't rub it in Kitty!" Alex chuckled a little, pushing my shoulder playfully.

"You're too cute!" I smiled as I took my books out and closed my locker.

We were walking to our class when I saw Daphnee practically skipping to us "MY PIMP!!" she said pointing Alex "I'm going to need you to come to the flea market with me on Sunday! I'm going to make that hot guy selling canvas jealous and then freaking

drag him in the back alley!! It's pissing me off that he's always..." she started to rant, making me laughed but then my thoughts were elsewhere dragged.

Blake was in front of his locker and a girl from the track team was speaking with him, but like laughing more than necessary and purposely touching his arm, and smiling like an idiot.

I scowled a little.

And I wanted to punch myself for that, because that was simply pathetic. I mean come on! He could talk with whoever he wanted, and it wasn't because he was laughing too that he was going to drag her in a seminar... right?

I didn't want him to do that...

Oh god...

Snap out of it, freaking snap out of it Lexi! You always hang out with guys! That doesn't mean anything! So it doesn't have to mean anything for him too!!

"Earth to Lexi!" Daphnee said, snapping her fingers in front of my face "Stop picturing the hot running back naked and answer my question!"

"I'm sorry, what was the question?" I frowned.

"Will I or will I not get hepatitis if I bang someone in a dirty dark alley? I mean please Alex this is just prejudice! Plus it's not like need have any contact with-" she started to ramble but I stopped her, laughing.

"It's on the beach, you'll get hepatitis if you do it on the beach" I laughed.

"See!!" she exclaimed, tapping Alex's shoulder, who was laughing a little too.

And then without even wanting too, my eyes wandered back to Blake. But he wasn't at his locker anymore; he was actually... speaking with Ty...

What the hell? Why was he speaking with Ty?

"Come on Lexi! Stop drooling, we're going to be late!" Daphnee smirked a little, grabbing me by the arm and towing me in opposite direction to where Blake

was standing "You know you should just corner him in the library and get it on already! Just imagine the face Mrs. Pumpernipple would do! And I'm even willing to let you do it during my shift, anyway there's no point in staying there, I already read all the decent books they have!"

"Daphnee!! Seriously, I don't want to get it on with him!!" I scowled.

"No no! You do! Don't deny it! I'm not saying your in love or anything, I'm just telling you, you shouldn't cage the boost with hormone side of you that's just dying to take his clothes off right now" she smiled evilly.

"Daph, please!" I whined, completely discouraged, and that just made her smile more, and Alex laugh.

"Hey! I'm just saying!" she replied and then skipped happily to our class, leaving me and Alex behind.

Alex wrapped his arm around my shoulder "Don't worry Kitty, your secret is safe with us" he laughed more and I scowled more.

The day went on boringly. It was Friday, no one wanted to be in school... and Blake wasn't really talking to me... not that he was ignoring me or anything, but I don't know, he wasn't being the stalking prick I was use to...

Why wasn't he coming over like he usually did? Was it because of last night? Did he feel like I was getting too obsess, like I thought I was getting...?

Last period was with Mrs. Muffin, and Luke was staring daggers at me again. All class long this time.

This was REALLY getting annoying!

What the hell was his problem?

Mrs. Muffin was done with her notes writing on the board, five minutes before the end of the class so instead of going to speak with Alex, I got up from my seat and went to sit in front of where Luke was.

"Okay, seriously Luke, what's wrong, I'd like to know!" I told him point blank.

He didn't loose the mean staring, like I had guess he would. He kept the same mad face.

"You want to know what's wrong? What's wrong is that Stacey told me everything! She told me how you just use me, and everyone for that matter. That you just talked with me to get my notes and that when you're done you just toss us away like trash, what you'll do with Blake now." he said, his voice harsh.

WHAT THE HELL??!!

"What..." I mumbled, completely shocked.

"She told me you're only hanging with him because you want a better social status, and to use his influence to get out of trouble with the principal, and you're using his parents too to get known or something! Honestly Lexi! I thought you were better than that!"

That bitch!!! That stinking effing bitch!!!!

"Okay, honestly Luke, that's all a lie! It's not true, not true AT ALL!" I told him, completely shocked.

"Well that's not what Stacey and Miriam are saying!"

"And you believe them?"

"Well you aren't speaking with me since I told you I couldn't be your lab partner... or asking for my notes... obviously because you don't need me anymore!"

What the hell was I suppose to answer?

I'm not speaking with you because Mark said you had a crush on me and I'm trying to not lead you on? I'm not speaking with you because all I seem to think about lately is Blake so I don't think about people around?

I'm not speaking with you because I'm just not a good person...?

"I never meant to stop speaking with you, I'm really sorry if you're feeling this way, but honestly what Stacey said is not true, you have to believe me..." I told him, sincerely.

Luke looked at me, the scowling face slowly disappearing but I could still see a little skeptism in it.

Before I could try to make him believe me, the bell rang, effectively ending the conversation.

And then something occurred to me... Had Blake heard about this?

Oh my god... maybe he had... maybe that was why he didn't come speak to me today!

And now I was leaving for the weekend, and wouldn't have time to talk to him!!

Damn it!!!

I had to see him! Like right now!

I stormed out of the class and then looked around for Blake.

I couldn't see him... so I ran outside, searching for him, and then tried to spot his car, but it was already driving away...

Damn it!!

Now I was going to be freaking out all the while I'd be gone!!

"Come on Lexi! We're going to be late!" Ty who was now standing beside me said, walking fast to my car.

Crap! Crap, crap, crap!!

I caught up with Ty and then got in my car and drove away.

I wanted to ask Ty what he had been talking about with Blake, I wanted to know if he had mentioned something about what Stacey had said, but I would just sound like the obsess freak I was... I would freaking sound like a stalking jealous girlfriend which I was not and I should not sound like!

I had to freaking get a grip!!

"What's bothering you?" Ty asked as he changed the station.

I slapped his hand "Do not change my station! I liked that song!"

"Don't change the subject!"

"I just worry about dad and you..." I trailed which was not exactly true for the moment being, but true in general...

"Well you shouldn't... we're going to be fine... trust me" Ty said, smiling a little.

"You sound a little more optimistic, what brought this on?"

"You know me, I killed mutants, I feel better" Ty chuckled.

I laughed with him and then parked in our drive way.

Dad was already putting our stuff in his car when we stepped out.

"Get your bags kids and then we're leaving!" dad told us.

I got to my room, grabbed my bag, looked around my room a last time, making sure I wasn't forgetting anything and then close my door and left outside. I threw my bag in the trunk and went to sit in the back, letting Ty go in front with dad.

"Alright, you kids have everything? You brought your suit Tyler? And something red to put with it?" my dad asked.

Since Preston had died because of AIDS we had to sort of encourage the cause by putting something red in our mourning outfit.

"Yes dad!" Ty sighed, sounding bored "I brought the red belt, just like I told you I would this morning!"

"Good..." dad trailed and then drove away.

"Did YOU forget dad?" I asked him, smiling a little.

"No... I mean I think I didn't..." he trailed, looking at me through the mirror "Ya I definitely brought it..." he nodded to himself, not really convincingly.

I chuckled.

"So how was your day kids?" he asked us.

"We went to school, what other answer then it was boring are you expecting us to give you?" Ty snorted, taking is PSP out of his hoodie pocket.

"I'm with Ty on this one!" I laughed.

"You kids! Come on, give me something!" my dad smiled.

"Alright! I told my English teacher she had a nice rack!" Ty smirked

"Tyler Grayson!!" dad sighed.

"Don't worry dad! I didn't say that! I'm not a liar!" he laughed this time.

I shook my head, in the back, but still smiled a little, glad to have my stupid brother back.

I looked through the window, outside, and stared at the scene, the hills covered by the green trees that started to turn a little yellow, small rivers flowing under concrete bridges, cars passing us, great signs on the side of the road, everything speeding away in a blur as we drove to the airport on the high way.

Chapter 52

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (48) [Part 2]

Advice of the day: If you're running around the house, fighting with your friend and then he takes the string guitar, jokingly threatening to hit you with it, and takes a swing, do not, and I repeat DO NOT stop it with your palm... guitar strings cut... like badly... it's a miracle I can type without bleeding on the keyboard (thank you whoever invented Plaster!!)

Alright so sorry for the long wait, I know you guys have been waiting a while... and sorry for the end... mouhahahahahahaha. Anyway, it's not that bad, really...

So, next chapter you're getting the "confession"! lol But you won't get EVERYTHING, I think it's important to point out... but you'll get a nice insight of Blake... oh and about his POV... well you still have to wait a bit... though I don't know, I could have this sudden urge to post a part... not sure yet though...

And the kiss... mouhahahaha... can't answer this one... maybe they'll never kiss [Stewie psycho eyes]

Oh and I'll try to upload again soon, but tomorrow I have to attend funerals (real one, no joke) and then I'm going to go out... so not sure I'm going to have time to finish it right away...

And we have to clear something... so when I started writing this, I didn't choose a real city to set it in... I mean, I don't know if I put it in here or if it's in Blake's POV but I said it was supposed to be in the USA but I'm much more familiar with the Southern part of it... and I needed cooler weather so I never gave a specific name because I didn't want to speak about a city I didn't know... and now we have lovely Lexi flying to a New York suburb... which does not exist either for obvious reasons you will read, but I

needed specific things... but anyway, the thing is our happy family is making a domestic flight because I didn't want to have to put the whole going through customs... so simply put this story happens in an imaginary city in the states, and the funeral is in an imaginary city too! Just so everything is clear... lol

Alright I think I rant enough now... and my palm stings... and it's 6h40... and I have to be up in.. 3 hours? I'm in crap... lol

So read, enjoy, vote and COMMENT!!!!! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Less than an hour later we were driving in the little bus that took us from the free parking and to the airport.

"I'll give you a hundred bucks if you scream you have a bomb" Ty whispered beside me and I slapped his arm, my eyes bulging.

"TY!! There's things you just CAN'T say in an airport!" I hissed.

"Well technically we aren't IN it yet" he chuckled.

"Dad, please tell your son to shut his mouth before we get arrested" I whined.

My dad just laughed.

Perfect, just perfect!

When we got in the airport, we walked with our bags to the stand where the airline we were flying with was and then checked our bags and got our tickets.

Then we went through security and I was happy that Tyler kept his mouth shut this time. We went through the usual; showed our ID to the angry lady and then took our shoes off and everything with metal and vest and all, put our bags in the grey plastic box that ran in the X-ray machine and then walked under the metal detector thingy.

"Does it mean that if I was a robot I wouldn't be able to get through?" Ty asked me, as we got our stuff.

I took my grey purse that looked a whole lot more like a shoulder schoolbag, just a little smaller, laughing "It's discrimination, right?"

"Totally!"

With our shoes and everything else back on and our small bags that we could bring in the plane we walked to our gate, to wait for our flight to leave.

We quickly found it, it wasn't our first time in an airport, and then we sat on the chairs by the gate and waited, watching the screen that showed the departures.

Ty was playing with his PSP again, dad had his newspaper, and I took my iPod out of my purse and "The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" determined to finish it but then saw my cellphone.

I should call Blake...

No I shouldn't...

But I'm going to worry all weekend long if I don't...

I took it out and then, after playing with it for a few seconds, dialed and brought it to my ear.

But I was sent to voicemail automatically.

He probably had it closed. And I was NOT leaving a message! That was just recipe for disaster. I rarely sounded intelligent when leaving a message on

voicemails... I would even be ready to say I rarely sounded intelligent lately...

And I had Blake to blame for!

But the fact that I had gotten his voicemail was probably a sign from the gods, telling me I should just drop it, and not think about Blake Eaton for the next two days...

I could do that... right?

Half an hour later, it was our turn to fly away, and the guy standing at the desk looked at our ticket as we waited in line and then we walked through the gate and towards the plane.

It wasn't a huge one, it was a two seats on each sides plane, which meant me and Ty sat beside each other and dad sat in the row beside ours.

I sat beside the window and then closed my cellphone. Ty closed his PSP too, since you weren't allowed to have anything technologically related open when taking off and lending, even though why the hell would it matter if you had you mp3 open? It's

not like I could take control of the plane with it... Or maybe I could...

Haha!

"So... are we kicking the seats in front of us to piss people off or talking about all the new rashes we caught lately" Ty said mischievously beside me.

"Do you WANT to get kicked out of the plane?" I snorted.

"Maybe... if we had taken off and they provided the parachutes!"

I laughed, shaking my head.

Idiot!

I took gum out of my purse and gave some to Ty and dad, so we wouldn't get our ears blocked.

I remembered once, while flying to Florida, I had the beginning of a cold and my nose was running and blocked. Not a fun thing... it felt like my head was stuffed and at one point there actually was sort of a whistling in my nose and I actually though my eardrum would explode!

Not a fun feeling!

The flight attendant started her little rant about all the security stuff but the sound sucked so we couldn't really hear anything clearly.

The plane started to move, and drove slowly to the runway.

And then it started to go fast, the fast that makes your stomach go all weird, the fun weird, the way it is when you're in a rollercoaster, like your insides are kinda dropping.

And then we were flying.

Few minutes later, when we had reached the right level, the light signal that said no electronic devise went off and Ty took his PSP out and I took my iPod out.

But I didn't feel like reading anymore and got bored with my same old music, now finally getting very very angry and keyed up about stupid stupid annoying bitchy Stacey!!

Why the hell had she freaking gone and tell lies to every one! Why did she have to be such a bitch? What did she WANT?

Blake?

Hadn't he made it obvious that he wasn't interested?

I didn't want my relation with Blake to be ruined because of that hoe!

Urggg!!

"You look like you could do some battle trooper killing" Ty said to me, bringing me out of my scowling, handing me his PSP.

"Star Wars Battlefront?"

"Just for you big sis!" Ty half smiled, chuckling a little.

I thanked him and took the PSP, and continued his flag game, happily shooting everyone with my riffle. There was a deep fulfilling feeling that came with it...

Haha!

"Can't believe that in about one hour we're going to see Annabelle again..." Ty whined beside me, running his hand through his hair, that was getting a little longer, not its usual cropped up short.

"That's bound to be fun" I snorted as the screen asked me if I wanted to become Obi-wan Kenobi.

No thanks! I rather killed people with the gun for now...

"I bet she got fatter! I hope she bleached her hair and looks like the witch she his!" Tyler ranted on.

I chuckled beside him "Please, you know she'll still be the usual beauty pageant goddess she knows she is! The attitude included"

"Beauty pageant goddess? Please! She's ugly! And annoying! And fat! And annoying! And stuck-up! And annoying! And whiny!"

"And annoying?"

"Ya! God I hate her..."

"And she's going to be judging everyone and finding something wrong about everything we do..." I trailed, slowing sinking with Ty.

I kinda had to admit it... Anna was a pain... I mean she could be nice... she just usually didn't want to...

"Hope you didn't bring anything that's a fake brand... you know she's all but going to burn it!"

"Ya, don't worry! I don't want to have her rant about how fake brands destroy the real ones and blah blah blah!" I said, rolling my eyes.

"Come on kids! It's not going to be that bad!" my dad laughed beside us.

We both turned to look at him.

"Do I need to remind you the time she decided to clean up all our closets and then threw away everything she thought just wasn't "fashion" anymore?" Ty said, raising his eyebrows.

"Alright might be a little bad..." he chuckled.

About an hour later, the seatbelt sign went on again and we were landing.

We all got up and slowly made our way out of the plane, waiting for people to get their stuff out of the compartments over the seats, or under the seats.

The flight attendants thanked us for choosing their company, wishing us to have a nice day and then we walked out of the plane and then out the gates.

"Can't believe I'm going to see her... I'd trade my PS3 for a PS2 to never have to see her again... Too young to go to prison for murder just yet..." Ty was mumbling behind me, making me laugh.

"Alright, so now, I guess we have to look for your sister" my father said with a grin.

"Okayyyyy... I'm going BACK now!" Ty said, and turned around, but I grabbed him by the shirt and wrapped my arm around his shoulder. "We'll get through it together" I chuckled and then the dreadful vision we all didn't want to have was a few feet in front of us.

Annabelle, with her usual tanned skin, black hair stylishly set, perfect nose, stiletto boots that were tapping impatiently on the ground, houndstooth

patterned mini skirt, black low cut long sleeved shirt, red scarf, big pop star glasses in her hands that had perfectly manicure nails, straight out of the beautician make-up, GUESS purse on her shoulder, red cellphone in her hand...

God I hated her...

I felt Ty stiffen beside me, and then she saw us and waved her hand over her head, smiling.

Alright... maybe she's going to be nice... that would be... nice?

"Hey guys!!" she greeted us, and then hugged dad. "I'm glad you're finally there... I hate waiting! You guys know how much I hate waiting! Why would you make me wait?" she frowned.

"We kinda don't have power over the whole flying thing ya know?" Ty groaned.

"Oh yes silly me... it's just... you know, you say an hour, I expect an hour... kind of normal you know" she fackly smiled.

Yope, she settled on annoying!

Like I needed another bitch around me right now...

"How are you doing kid?" my father smiled, just looking happy to see his daughter again.

"You know I hate it when you call me kid right?"

"Alright, how are you doing Annabelle?" my dad said, still smiled.

"Oh you know, good, even though you dragged me to this funeral! I don't see the point, mom isn't coming, why should I be coming!?" she said rolling her eyes, playing with her nails "Plus I counted fifteen , FIFTEEN fake Louis Vuitton travel bags so far! Do you know how wrong that is?" she scowled.

"Yes, it's an awful thing" I snorted.

Anna looked at me, raising an eyebrow, clearly picking up on the tone I used "It really is, right?"

When she spoke I saw something... color in her mouth, or more precisely on her tongue.

"You got your tongue pierced?" I frowned, snorting a little.

My dad made a choking sound.

Ty was all but sprinting away.

"Well thanks miss obvious!" she scowled at me, glaring and then turned, looking at dad "Don't worry dad, it's nothing! It's just like getting my ears pierced and you never had a problem with that!" she smiled angelically.

My dad shook his head, but said nothing.

"Smooth move Anna, real smooth!" I snorted again.

"Thanks! And, aren't your hair still the same haystack as when I left? I'm glad to know some things never change" she snorted too.

I gritted my teeth.

"Can't we just go get our bags!?" Ty said, his voice strained.

"Yes, let's do this so we can leave already!" Anna said and then walked in front of us to the bag carousel.

"I'm going to kill her" Ty mouthed to me as walk headed towards our bags.

Few minutes later we were all sitting in the rented Ford Escape, dad driving, Annabelle sitting in front with him, me and Ty in the back.

"You know, why are we even attempting this thing? It's not like I knew the guy!" Anna was ranting in front, so I just decided I didn't want to hear more so I put on my music. Loudly enough to cut all the sound, the really really annoying sound that was my sister's voice.

I looked through my window, at the town we were now driving in.

I didn't get why the funeral was going to happen here... why Preston was getting buried here... I mean shouldn't he be in his hometown?

Dad had explained that he had lived and exposed in this town, the last years of his life, but still... wouldn't you want to go back home in the end?

Of course, this was a nice town; it had an old feeling to it. The building looked a little European, and it didn't feel like it was some town that was slowly

getting abandoned... it felt like it was still well alive, even though it was old.

"And that motel room you rented better be clean!" I heard Anna say, in the middle of two songs, when the sound died down.

I rolled my eyes.

Of course, dad would purposely rent a dirty room!

Stupid bitch...

Ty tapped my leg and started to make cut his throat moves.

I nodded my head in agreement.

When we got to the motel, Anna grabbed me by the arm, stopping me from following the guys inside "Why the hell did you have to tell everyone!!" she hissed, her nails digging in my arm.

"It's in your freaking mouth Anna! It's not like no one was going to see it!" I sighed.

"Please! Dad is completely unobservant just like you! I mean come on! The guy had mom cheat on him for

over a year without noticing it! If that's not unobservant, than I don't know what is!"

When she said that, I ripped my arm out of her grip and all but slapped her.

"Don't you EVER say things like that! Don't you ever say anything bad about dad!! You have NO idea what he went through NO idea so shut up, JUST SHUT UP!!" I yelled at her and then grabbed my bag and ran inside the room.

I'm going to kill her...

There's no way ion hell I'm going to survive this weekend.

For a few seconds I wished to be elsewhere... for a few seconds I wished for Blake...

We went out to a restaurant for dinner, Anna complaining about everything being too full of fat for her liking, and then spent the rest of the night in the hotel room, watching TV.

Well Anna left... she said she wanted to drive around town.

I knew she would try to find a club or something...

Stupid bitch...

It hadn't even been twenty four hours yet and we all wanted to kill her already. My dad included... I mean, he hadn't said anything but I could just feel it...

The next morning we woke up and got ready to go to the funeral.

It was the ceremony at church first and then Preston last exposition at the gallery he had been working for and finally the burial at the town's cemetery.

It was in moment like these I wanted to drink...

Without Anna, it would have been sad... with her, it was going to be painful!

Ty, dad and I were ready pretty quickly, the guys looking all serious in their black suit, Ty wearing the red belt and dad a red handkerchief in the front pocket. I was wearing a grey shirt/dress pretty short but wore black legging under so I wouldn't look like a hoe, with a red belt around my waist, and I had even brought my black open-toe high heels just to be more

classy and not have Anna rant about how flats were inappropriate and blah blah blah...

I had tied my hair into a ballerina twist bun that way Anna couldn't complain about how awful they were. There was no way in hell I was putting make up though! Plus I had my Ray-Ban so who cared if my eye lashes had mascara on under?

Anna finally got out of the bathroom, her hair curled. Anna didn't curl... at all... her hair was flat. I smirked inside thinking about the fact that they would pouf down by the end of the day.

She had her perfect make-up as usual, black mascara, thin eyeliner, red lipstick, and was wearing a black dress as short as my shirt/dress but she wasn't wearing anything under. She had red high-heels on, and her nails were red too, and so was her coat, that she held in her hands.

She liked red...

"Alright let's do this!!" she said and walked out, her heels tapping on the floor.

"Let's try to survive this..." Ty mumbled...

"Please you got it easy! You weren't the one sharing a bed with her!" I told him as I put my black coat on.

"I sat beside her at the restaurant!"

"Please that wasn't that bad!"

"Oh you wanna see bad?" Ty smirked a little "SHUT GUN!!!!"

"Oh you bitch!!!" I hissed, my eyes bulging and I punched him.

"Aww shit!" I heard Anna say outside.

"Please please! Don't do this to me!" I begged Ty, holding his arm.

"Have fun big sis, and see how more awful it is to have to endure her when she's AWAKE and there!" he laughed and walked outside.

"See this as a way to become a better person" dad said, tapping my back in encouragement, and walked out too.

I'm going to die...

The ride was painful... that was the least to say... As usual, Anna just kept talking and never shut up.

It took all my self control to not just punch her. I could even see Ty laugh about it in front.

Traitor!

But honestly... god she was annoying... So annoying... I wanted to beat her up, burn her... pull all her hair out...

Seriously, I'd trade her for Blake anytime...

Alright Lexi you are not thinking about him... you said you wouldn't think about him for the weekend then you are not!

Because if I thought about him, I thought about Stacey, and I was already pissed off enough as it was...

"...so then that girl shows up and you just KNOW she's a cheap slut, like one layer of nail polish, polyester extensions, fake trends... you know all that crap and she just THINKS she can walk in there and

boss everyone around! So you know me, I wouldn't let an injustice like that happen so I shove her..."

Blah blah blah... shoot me God, kill me, do it quick...

When we finally reached the church I thanked the lord.

It was a big church, super high, with the windows with colorful designs, and a big bell. It was all in grey rock and there were six set of huge doors and steps in front, where a bunch of people were gathered, waiting to get inside, all with sad looking faces.

We found an empty parking spot and then walked to the church. I had hoped Anna would go boy hunting but, oh surprise, she was still following me, never taking so much as a breath to stop talking...

Kill me, please, it doesn't even have to not be painful... at this point I'll take anything...

"...and please, leopard and zebra? We're not in freaking Africa! What is she going to show up with next time, freaking fur around her neck like a lion? You can have them separately but NOT together! And just a hint, not all the freaking outfit! Abuse is a word

and it does apply on situation like these! I think we should start an actual fashion police going around..."

Blah blah blah...

I looked over Ty, with pleading eyes, but he just smirked and walked over to one of our cousin I think...

Traitor!!

Dad went to see his brother and I looked around trying to find a cousin, anyone to just get rid of Anna, a hot guy even but all I was seeing was old people, or at least too old for Anna to go away... or maybe she liked older forty year old dude...

At this point I wouldn't even make a comment! I would just make a happy dance.

Familiar face please! Familiar face!

But then Ty walked over to us "We have to go take seats, it's going to start soon" he said and made his way with us inside.

For some reason Anna shut her mouth.

I think Ty was starting to scare her...

Good thing!

The inside of the church was breath taking of course, since they had kinda been build because people said it had to look like heaven on Earth. On the ceiling that was stories high, there were paintings of biblical scenes and just the place was basically grandiose. I mean I wasn't really a religious person, but the artist in me enjoyed the architectural genius that churches were...

We spotted dad that was standing beside a row of benches on the right side of the church and then walked to him.

And then the ceremony started.

I wasn't really paying attention to what was happening, or what the priest was saying in front, especially since there was a big column that blocked my view, but was instead looking at the windows on my right.

I did follow Anna leads though, every time we had to get up and then sit back, over and over again... Seriously, what was the point?

And then, when we were about half done I guessed, since it had already been an eternity Anna hissed besides me "OH GOD!!"

"I think you aren't allowed to say that here..." I whispered to her.

"No no! You don't get it! OH MY GOD!" she whispered/ yelled grabbing my arm, stopping the blood circulation.

"What what?" I asked, wincing.

"Oh god oh god! Don't look left but..." she said and then my eyes went left so she squeezed my arm tighter "I said don't look left!!! Oh god there's that sexy Blake Eaton guy! Oh MY god! I would do dirty vile things to that boy... I mean just look at that body and that face... and have you ever heard that voice...? I get turned on just by listening to it..."

My mind had gone completely blank.

Blake...

Blake!!

BLAKE!?!!

Blake was here!!?

In this church!!?

In this TOWN??!!

Oh my god!

OH! MY! GOD!!

Blake was here!!?

I looked left, even though Anna still squeezed my arm and then I saw him, I saw him, sitting a little more in front, sitting beside his mom, and then his dad beside her.

Blake was HERE!!!

"Oh that boy is just so fuckable..." she trailed and then I stared at her, my eyes bulging.

"WHAT? Oh please! Don't make that face! I don't care of we're in a church! I know you don't like the guy or know the guy but you have to admit... Oh god, I mean please... just look at that... I could do him in the confessionals right now... Oh GOD, I'm sooooo doing him in the confessionals!!!" she said happily almost clapping her hands.

Oh hell no she was NOT!!!

Ever!!

I wouldn't let her go anywhere NEAR him! Even if that meant I had to not see him... even though I really wanted to... even though I wanted to see him and talk to him and get to know if he was mad, and had heard about Stacey's gossiping...

Even though I wanted to just hear his voice and see his smirk...

I was actually missing the smirks...

Wow...

And here I wanted to stop thinking about him for the weekend... and now I was all but running over to where he was sitting and screaming at Anna to just stay the HELL away from him... in a church...

Real smooth Lexi...

For the rest of the damn priest's talk in front, I kept taking glances to where Blake was sitting, wishing that I could telepathically make him look my way, even though I didn't really want to because Anna

would rant about how Blake Eaton the sexy god was staring at her... which she obviously would... which he obviously could...

It seemed to drag on forever and I just wanted the damn talk to be over yet and just go over to him and talk with him...

Or not...

No!

I wasn't going to go after him! That was just plans to have Anna follow me and then call dibbs on him or something and I might not want to have her all over him, but I was not going to go on and say he was mine... because he really wasn't, and that would just make Anna go after him more forcefully...

When the ceremony was finally over and the family walking behind the coffing leaving, the priest in front, we followed behind, and I saw that Blake was still sitting with his parents, his hands intertwined together, his forearms resting against the seat in front of him, talking with them.

Good... That way Anna wouldn't have a chance to "do him in a confessional"

We walked over to our car to follow the other ones that were all driving to the gallery.

I was worried. Would Blake be there? Or was he just coming to the church thing? Would I see him again?

He had say he was here to see his family... would he see his family instead?

Was I missing my only chance of seeing him for the weekend?

God I hoped not...

Now that I knew he was here, I wanted to see him... I wanted to find a way to get rid of Anna and talk with Blake...

"That was a nice ceremony..." my dad trailed as we drove away.

"Ya well I don't get why we're going to an exposition now... I mean usually you bury the guy after right? Why aren't we burying the guy?" Anna said beside me.

"Because that's what he wanted... he wanted people to see his art before they stared at his coffin going under ground... I think it's not that much to ask..." dad trailed.

"Well if it gets too boring I'm borrowing the car..." Anna pouted and stared outside.

Idiot!!

We got to the gallery pretty quickly. It was a nice looking one, an old building with an indescribable atmosphere to it...

"I hate artsy crap..." Anna trailed " I didn't dress up for this..."

"Well, just leave then!" I told her, scowling.

I was too keyed up, stressed with the fact that Blake could be here any minute, or he could not come...

"No it's fine, I'm staying..." she scowled a little and then walked in, her heels making more sound than ever.

I walked around the pieces that were presented, sometimes painting, others sculptures and was

amazed about the fact that we had such a talented artist in our family and that I hadn't known that much about him, and that now... he was... dead...

It saddened me...

Anna tagged along with me, always complaining.

I was pretty close to just loose it and beat her up!!

Ty was no where to be seen and dad was with his brother again.

I stopped in front of a painting, staring at it... It was a lake, but the way the trees were reflected in it was simply brilliant...

"Hey Pumpkin" a voice said behind me and my heart almost did a double jump in my chest

I turned around and almost jumped in his arm...

Control Lexi!!!

I smiled at him "Hey Blake"

God he was hot in a suit... it was black of course and he wore a red tie which was just too sexy and I was

all but jumping up and down because he was here, he had come to see me and HE WAS HERE!!!

"You didn't tell me you were coming here..." he smirked a little.

Anna was speechless beside us.

I think she had almost answered yes to him before, thinking the "Pumpkin" was meant for her.

Dream on girl!! I was Pumpkin!!

"Well, YOU didn't tell me you were coming here!" I smiled wider.

"Next time we'll make sure to say the town" he half smiled.

"That suit fits you perfectly!" Anna suddenly said and I stared at her, almost laughing, and Blake just raised an eyebrow

"Okay... thanks..." he trailed, looking a little confused.

Hahahaha!

In her face!

IN! HER! FACE!!

"So what are you doing here?" she asked him, still not giving up and I rolled my eyes at that.

"Escaping the bimbos... looks like it didn't work" he smirked a little, making me laugh.

"What do you mean?" Anna frowned looking confused.

"Ah, look Annabelle right? Ya... well I gotta go so... it was... "interesting" to see you..." he trailed, not so sure what to say and then looked at me "And nice to see you" he smiled a little and then took a step forward, and wrapped lightly one arm around my waist, hugging me, taking me completely by surprise and leaving me frozen.

He was actually freaking HUGGING me!!!!

Even though this was a funeral and Anna was here it was getting into the freaking best day of my life.

"Good luck with her" he whispered in my ear, as I enjoyed his perfect smell effectively conquering my nose and then he stepped back and left laughing.

I stared at his back, slightly dumstrucked but then shook my head a little.

Get a freaking grip!!!

"What the hell just happened!!?" Anna hissed "You KNOW him!!!? What was THAT all about!!!?"

"Nothing, really..." I trailed, a little smug.

It was wrong, but I was...

"I'm missing crucial info here!! Why the hell was he speaking with YOU!!?"

"Okay, seriously Anna, you're annoying, and quite frankly a bitch and I'm getting tired of having you around so I'm going to keep looking at art and you can leave me alone" I said, point blank, finally truthful and walked away leaving a open-mouthed Anna.

She deserved it...

I walked around he gallery for a while, finally realizing that it was Blake's father, well family's gallery. I saw both his parents but didn't go see them. They were busy and speaking with other people.

I looked for Tyler but couldn't see him anywhere.

I started to get worried and then walked into a corridor with rooms that people could go in and knocked on the first close door I walked by, trying to see if he was in anyone of them.

After the sixth one I got a "Who's it?"

Tyler's voice.

"Lexi!"

"Secret password?"

"Go to hell!!" I chuckled.

The door opened.

"Good one!" he laughed and step aside, letting me in.

First thing I saw: Blake sitting in on of the big comfy chairs.

A huge smiled spread on my lips.

"What are you guys doing here?" I laughed.

"Hiding from Anna" Ty answered and sat. I sat too. "What about you?"

"Well that too, and I was kinda looking for you"

"Well here I am" Ty said, leaning back in the chair.

"You're sister is annoying Pumpkin" Blake laughed, and then drank from the glass he held in his hand.

"You're telling me?" I snorted.

"I just wanted to make sure you knew" he laughed again "Thirsty?" he asked, offering me his glass.

"Sure" I shrugged and took a sip "Awww! Alcohol! Why didn't you warned!?" I said giving it back to him.

Blake smirked "If I needed it after thirty seconds with your sister you need more"

"Idiot" I chuckled, shaking my head and then saw the glass in Ty's hands "You didn't give him any did you?" I asked worried.

"Don't worry!" they both said at the same time and then looked at each other and laughed.

Were they... becoming friends?

"Give that glass to me young man!" I said, opening my palm "For some reason, I don't trust you two!"

Still laughing Ty complied and gave me the glass.

I drank and was happy to see he hadn't lied.

"So... family stuff right?" Blake asked.

"Hey, it's true!" I defended myself

"If you had said a funeral I would have known you were coming here!" he replied, shaking his head.

"Fine you're right! Happy?"

"Very!" he smiled over his glass "By the way nice outfit" he smirked.

I rolled my eyes.

But I was happy.

Happy to see he wasn't mad, happy that it obviously didn't look like he had heard about Stacey's crap or that if he had, he didn't care... Happy he was here...

"I never saw you wearing high heels" he frowned.

"I rarely wear any"

"Because she has not coordination!" Ty snorted

"Shut up Ty!! First time! That was the first time I wore any!! NOT my fault!!"

"What happened?" Blake laughed.

"She knocked the whole buffet! Waiter included!!" Ty laughed and then they were both hysterical and I was scowling at them.

And then there was a knock on the door.

"I know you're in there kid!" my father's voice said through the door, and Ty got up and opened it.

"Hey kid!" my dad smiled and then saw Blake "What are you doing here son!?" he asked happy.

"My father was exposing Preston's work..."

"Really? Hmmm... Oh that's where I had heard your father's name!!" he exclaimed and then came to sit in a chair too.

I looked around me just then, and smiled at the scene.

Things could hardly be more perfect right now...

After a while we had to leave the room, and go to the cemetery. I was starting to get starving and dad promised to buy me anything after the burial.

Blake was still hanging with us, but when Anna came back he subtly left.

It made me laugh.

Anyway now I knew he was here, and that I would see him again.

The four of us drove to the cemetery following all the cars again.

Anna wasn't speaking anymore.

Maybe I had been too harsh...

I'd apologize after the cemetery.

I saw Blake get out of a car with his parent and then all thoughts of Anna were gone...

He was wearing Ray-Ban too. It made me smile.

Okay, seriously get a grip lady!!

I walked with everyone, side by side with Ty to where the coffin was, and saw Blake, staring at it at my left.

He looked so serious...

So I looked away and tried to focus on what the priest was saying.

Why was he speaking again?

I asked it to Ty

"He's praying"

I sighed, my stomach almost begging him to be done with it so I could eat.

The priest kept saying the same thing in his prayer so my eyes wandered away from him. I looked left, where Blake had been but couldn't see him anymore.

Okay, did he disappear?

Where was he?

I checked around and then saw him walking in the graveyard, away from here. I looked around me quickly, to be sure I wouldn't get grounded or

anything, but dad was concentrated on the prayer so then I followed him a little behind.

Blake suddenly stopped in front of a stone and it looked like he was speaking.

I caught up with him but stayed a little behind, not so sure what he was doing, but at the same time dreading it...

And then I think he heard me coming cause he turned his head towards me.

"So who's grave are you blaspheming?" I asked quietly, trying to be funny but he didn't seem to find my joke amusing.

This didn't look good...

And then I came to stand by him and read the inscription on the grave.

Oh my god...

This couldn't be right!!?

The stone read : "Here lays..."

Chapter 53

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (49)

Okay guys... so this is it, the "confession". ;P

Oh and important to point out that you don't get EVERYTHING about Blake here... just FYI. Oh and it's going to continue a bit in the next chapter, but I'm getting tired and you guys wanted to have a chapter soon right? ;P

Also, sorry for the wait, but as shocking as this may seem I have a life, and well I was out yesterday, and then I wanted to finish writing it last night but kinda passed out in my bed and then I was juggling between sleeping and unclassified alien experiments all day today ;P

So I hope you enjoy this.. I personally found it kinda sad when I wrote it for the first time, but when re-reading it tonight while finishing it all I wasn't that affected.. but I laughed during Titanic (don't take it the wrong way James Cameron, I still think you're a genius!!) so I might not be the best judge for what is or isn't sad.. and I tend to kill my characters all the time... just a FYI ;P So if you're a sentimental person you might find this kinda sad.. just to warn you beforehand...

Oh and I don't know.. would you guys like to have like a page with questions and answers? If you do, just put like Q&A and then write the question you might have after.. since I'm giving info, I might be more willing to answer some of your questions now.. though not all of them..

Anyway, hope you enjoy this one...

Oh and the song I put there... 23 by Jimmy Eat World... listen to it, over and over again. I just love this song... and it's just has that vibe, well every song by them has that indescribable vibe.. and it think just fits... in my mind, that is...

So read, enjoy, vote and comment!!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Is this..." I started to talk but my voice couldn't carry on.

I read it again.

"Here lays Jayden Eaton. Loving son. Loving brother."

"Yes, it's my brother..." Blake whispered beside me, taking a deep breath "Guess that's all the family now..." he said so quietly I barely heard it.

Oh god...

My voice got stuck in my throat.

Oh god...

Why didn't I know that? Why hadn't I realized it?

But in my freaking defense, Blake had been living in my town ever since I was in 5th grade! Wouldn't that sort of thing be known? I mean, no one had ever mentioned it! Wasn't it normal that I didn't jump to that conclusion? Wasn't it more normal to think that maybe him and his brother didn't see each other

because they didn't get along because they liked the same girl or something like that? Wasn't that a much more plausible theory than his brother is dead? Or any other theory! Or no theory at all!! I didn't have to jump to bad conclusion!

And now what the hell was I supposed to say? Whatever I said it would be wrong, it would come out wrong!!

This was his BROTHER! His brother that he obviously loved!! And I had no idea what to say, what to say to try to make things alright for Blake, to erase that sad heartbreaking expression his face now held...

Because there was nothing to say, really nothing to say. Unless I was God and told him I could bring his brother back, anything I said wouldn't be enough. Anything I say would only sadden him more, or make him angry or...

I wasn't good with death... but honestly, who was?

I wanted to hold Blake's hand, say I was sorry, but if he had never mentioned it wasn't it because he didn't want pity? He didn't want to hear me say I was sorry?

I was but it wasn't good enough, good enough for Blake who in a weird twisted way always knew exactly what to say, who always knew the perfect words, whether it was stupid or serious... Strangely, Blake was wise, in his own Blakey way.

He would know what to say, if the situation were switched, he always did... he always had...

But then I looked in his eyes, in his eyes who were now staring, boring into mine, his grey eyes, greyer than ever, so sad and heart wrecking, that were almost tearing up on the edge... and without even wanting it, even without thinking about it, I took a step closer to him and then I raised my hand and place it on his arm.

"You won't always be sad..." I whispered to him, pressing my hand, getting closer, trying to make him understand I didn't know what right words to say, that I couldn't even begin to comprehend his feeling but I was here... I wanted to be here for him, like he always was lately...

Blake raised his eyes to the sky, almost like he was trying to hold tears in and then he looked down on

me again, and ever so slowly, his right hand, the one I wasn't holding, rose to my face, pushing a strand of hair that had escaped my tidy twisted bun, out of my face.

I just stared at him in amazement, completely paralyzed.

What was he doing to me?

Our gazes were locked, his hand almost cupping the side of my face, over my ear, but then he whispered "Will I?" and dropped his hand.

And he had the look he always had, the one when at the library and in his room, like he was realizing what he was doing later, realizing what was happening and freaking out, like what he was doing was wrong, and then he walked fast away, leaving me there.

I gasped for a second but then turned around and ran after him.

I wanted to call his name, tell him to wait but there was a burial going on, it really wasn't the time to draw attention towards me.

But my shoes were slowing me down, the heels digging into the ground, and for one second I kinda freaked about the fact that it was dead people's ground they were sinking into... real people... and I got self conscious, trying to not walk over where the coffin would be buried, but Blake was almost out of the cemetery now.

I was about to take off my shoes and spring after him, but then a perfectly manicured hand claps around my arm, nails digging into my skin.

"What the hell are you doing?!" Anna hissed.

"Just freaking let go of me!! I have to go!!" I said, pulling and trying to squirm out of her grip, but all I got was skin tearing off my arm.

Bitch!!

"Oh no, you're not going after that sexy football male model god to score him while I have to freaking endure this torture! You're coming back to enjoy the end of this!!" she said, her voice, though staying under the hearing range of the people attending the burial, getting higher and higher

I wanted to slap her right now, I would have had if it wasn't for the fact that it was an inappropriate place and time.

She could freaking shove my apologies up her ass!!

"Look!! Let GO! I have to talk to him! This is important! You just DON'T understand!! You don't KNOW him!!"

"And you do? You think you'd know a guy like that?" she snorted.

Oh that was IT!!

I elbowed her, right in the stomach with the arm she was holding, and she automatically let go of it.

And then without even caring about the damaged looked back to where Blake had been headed, but then saw his car, the car he had been in with his parents, drive away.

No!

No, no, no, no!!

Was he mad now? Was he sad?

Had I screwed up everything as always?

I looked at the car, drive away and then for some reason my eyes filled with tears that I had to brush away with the back of my hand. This was why make-up was completely useless at funeral...

And then Anna pushed my back, trying to make me trip.

"What the hell is wrong with you!?!" she hissed, her hands curled around her stomach.

"Just shut up! Wouldn't want to make a scene now would you?" I told her, emotionlessly and then walked back to where Ty was standing, and stayed there, until the ceremony was over looking at the coffin at the bottom of the whole...

Once, that was Blake standing there... and it was his brother that was being buried...

We went to eat to Pizza Hut but I wasn't hungry anymore, I barely touched my bruschetta's entry, which were more like pizza slice with only cheese on them, if you didn't put the mix in the bowl in the middle with plenty of dice of tomatoes and the

special ingredients that made bruschetta's taste so good, though I really couldn't enjoy it today. Not at all.

I tried to call Blake, but got the answering machine again, meaning he still had it closed...

And for some reason this didn't feel right on the phone. I needed to see Blake, I needed to talk to Blake.

But why?

I mean, he hadn't said anything wrong, we could have just went on like this... right?

There really was nothing more I could say to him, nothing I knew could make things right.

It was more like a selfish thing probably. I wanted Blake to trust me, I wanted him to talk to me.

I wanted to make him feel alright.

I felt so bad and sad for him.

That was why he looked sad. He missed his brother...

He was still mourning...

How long at it been? I hadn't check the stone... was it before or after he had came to our town?

When we drove back to the motel, Ty came to sit beside me and let Anna drive shot gun.

"What's wrong Lex?" he asked quietly looking back at Anna, making sure she wasn't listening, which she wasn't. She was talking to dad about some completely futile news on fashion.

"Nothing..." I whispered back.

"It's Blake, right? What happened at the cemetery?" he asked, concern deep in his voice.

I looked at him, unsure.

I mean, I shouldn't be sharing this right? I shouldn't be screaming this around to everyone... If Blake had kept this out of the public ears there was obviously a reason, right?

So I just answered, whispering "He's hurt... and I don't know what to do..." and then turned my head and looked out the window.

We started to pack up when we got back to the motel. Annabelle was ignoring me, which was fine with me.

That stupid bitch!

I realized that if I didn't see her, ever again, I would be okay with it...

Our flight left during the night, but Anna's left sooner, so she took a cab and left.

I didn't listen to her goodbye. I didn't care about her! She could burn in hell for all I cared... I just turned the volume up, listening to Jimmy Eat World, biting my nails.

I hadn't bit my nails for years now. I had stopped after a visit to the dentist because he had said my teeth were wearing out because of it, which made me freak.

What was I supposed to do now? Try to call him again? Wait till I saw him at school? Try to find where he was staying here and stalk him?

That last one was pretty tempting... but I shouldn't do that... I shouldn't impose my presence on him... If he wanted to talk he would tell me right?

Oh god...

What the hell was I supposed to do??

I wanted to cry...

I was definitely close to having my period that much was freaking obvious! Freaking emotional wreck!

So I just bit my nails and listened to music, staring at the beige walls, thinking and worrying.

I didn't enjoy the flight. I usually enjoyed it. I usually like to fly, but I was just too keyed up, stressing over everything. And I couldn't sleep. And we were at night.

When we finally landed and then reached the car and drove back home, it took all my self control to not ask dad to drive in front of Blake's house when we'd get in town, to see if he was back too...

When would he be back? Would he stay on Sunday? Would he miss Monday and stay there? That was a

possibility... and if he did I would just be freaking out more.

I thought about Ty. If Ty died I don't know how I would react... I would get into a freaking depressing... I had really no clue how bad I could get, how low I would sink...

How bad had at it been with Blake? Was there a moment when Blake seemed sadder then ever? Was there a moment when he missed school?

I couldn't even tell... Blake was so not important to me before that I hadn't noticed... How low of me!

Was it before he had arrived?

When we finally got home and to our respective rooms I took a shower and then tossed and turned all night long worrying about Blake...

How could he have hid this from me? How could I have been so unobservant...?

He was hurting, that much had been obvious... Why hadn't I freaking realized that!!?

I wasn't the only one living through hard things... and there were things worst than what I was going through... much MUCH worst...

Why was I so selfish?

This was completely ridiculous... When Josh had told me about his mom I hadn't freak that much... why was I freaking so much with Blake?

Because it was Blake... Because I cared more about him, than I did about Josh...

Because how Blake felt, meant more to me... Meant a lot actually...

I didn't want him to be sad... I wanted him to be happy and smiling and smirking and kidding around, and calling me Pumpkin, heck even Pooky... I didn't want him to sulk... it didn't fit well with him... Blake was meant to be laughing and making jokes and sexual innuendos... Blake wasn't mean to be hurting...

When I fell asleep, the sun was beginning to rise.

I woke up in the afternoon, with my cellphone ringing.

I almost fell off my bed, and ran to my purse to get it.

I sulk when I saw it wasn't Blake.

"Hi Van" I greeted, my voice still thick with sleep.

"Hey girl! Oh MY GOD!! Okay seriously, you have mo freaking clue how much I love you and your future boyfriend right now!!" she beamed in the receiver, her feelings completely opposite with mine.

I wasn't beaming, I was worried and sulking and all in all on edge.

"You mean about the singing thingy at the end of the month?" I asked, remembering back at Blake's talk about his sword and trying to study math and screaming at the chick cop...

I didn't know... how had I gone so long without knowing?

Vanessa said something back, but I didn't catch it...

God I was such a bad friend! To everyone!

"You alright Lex?" she asked.

"Ya... I just woke up that's all..." I trailed, not wanting to get into details.

"Okay, I'll let you get back to sleep then!" she laughed "Just, thanks again! Oh and thank Blake too!"

"I will..." I whispered and then hung up.

I had to see Blake...

I had to talk to him...

I called his cellphone again, but still got the answering machine.

Maybe I should just leave a message...

But what?

"Hey Blake, so wanna talk about your dead brother?" ?

I needed to SEE him.

I dragged my feet downstairs, and found dad, who was already putting the chicken in the oven for dinner...

"Are you okay kid?" he asked frowning.

"I'M okay..." but Blake isn't... "Where's Ty?"

"Gone to play soccer with his friends..."

"Good..." I answered and then poured myself some orange juice and sat at the counter.

Again I wasn't hungry, and I found myself biting my nails again.

"What's on your mind kid?" my dad asked, after cleaning up the counter.

"What do you do when you can't seem to find the right words..." I trailed, not really making sense.

"You know kid, words in a way, they don't really mean anything... you know like pineapple or bungalow, we just decided that it meant what it meant. You're making them take the sense you want them to. And it doesn't matter what you say, what matters is what you feel. They don't mean anything, if you don't really feel it... You understand?"

"Strangely, yes..." I frowned at him and took a sip of juice.

"Sometimes, you don't need words kid, you just need heart" he said and then patted my shoulder, smiling.

I ate in silence, well basically dad spoke to me, telling me all the latest gossip about everyone in the family.

I laughed at some things, but had a hard time finding amusement in those stories.

All my mind kept repeating was Blake Blake Blake Blake...

Over and over again...

And it was unhealthy and obsessive I knew it, but I had to do something!! I had to SEE him!

I couldn't wait until tomorrow! If he was even coming to school tomorrow. Was he even back in town?

He had to be right?

I found myself almost praying for him to be back.

I had to drive to his house and see if he was there. Worst case scenario, Anita's there and she tells me when Blake will come back... I mean she'd do that right?

So after cleaning up the dishes and everything, I put on my jeans and simple white t-shirt, my dark-red hoodie over it and after explaining quickly to dad that I had to go see Blake to clear up something I jugged to my car and drove away to Blake's house.

It was already getting dark, and as I reached his house, I could see light inside... but that didn't mean anything, Anita could be the one lighting them...

I was scared for one second...

What would I say? What the HELL was I supposed to say?

Breathe Lexi...

I parked in front and then, walked up to the door and rang.

Sophia opened the door.

She looked sad...

Oh crap...

"Hi, okay, I know this might be a bad time, and I know it's kinda getting late and..." I started to rant but she stopped be.

"He's not here..."

Damn it!!!

"Oh... alright..." I mumbled, ready to leave.

"You know right?" she asked me before I could.

"Ya..."

"You should go see him... he's at the cemetery, you just have to follow the path right to the house, takes you to a fence, I think... well anyway that's what he explained once..."

"Thank you" I beamed, ready to jump in her arms.

He was here... and I was going to see him and talk to him!

"You're welcome... I think you're the only one he'd talk to right now... he was just so happy lately... I was sure he was finally okay with it... but I guess I was wrong..." she whispered.

I felt my eyes tear up just then, by looking at her.

She had lost a son... she was hurting too...

So then, without thinking, I hugged her, saying I was sorry, and then thanked her again, and left.

As I walked to the small path, which wasn't really lighted, I started to be scared a little.

Alone in a cemetery at night. What the hell was he thinking?

The grass was long, and still filled with rain, damping my jeans.

It was dark, except for the house lights and some bugs that flashed now and then.

The moon wasn't full, barely a quarter and I could already see the stars.

After a while, when I was sure I was completely at the wrong place, and going to get lost, I finally got to the fence, in wood, and then climbed over it.

And I was in the cemetery.

In a cemetery for the second time in two days.

I was about to call for Blake but then I heard sound, faint music I recognized and so I followed it.

I walked around the stones, cautious about where I walked, trying to NOT think about the fact that I was in a cemetery, at night!

And then, when I finally reached a big stone, some sort of memorial, that looked almost like a tomb and Blake was laying on the grass beside it, his hands under his head, looking up at the sky.

With the small light from the moon, reflecting on his face, he didn't look real... he looked like some kind of apparition... too perfect to be true.

But then I think he heard me, because he turned his head, slightly, and his gaze rested on me.

"What are you doing here?" he asked me, his voice low.

"You're mom said you'd be here..." I whispered back, and then walked closer.

Would he want me to leave? Did he mind me being there?

"She asked you to come?" I asked, frowning a little.

"No... I've been trying to call you all day..." I trailed, and then heard how stalkish that sounded.

"Could have left a message..." he trailed, and looked up at the sky again.

"I suck with answering machine" I chuckled a little.

"People usually do..." Blake half-smile faintly, but it disappeared as fast as it came.

"Blake..." I started to say, serious now.

"If you're just here to say you're sorry for my lost, thanks Pumpkin, I appreciate it... now you can go... you don't have to worry about me..." Blake trailed, his voice sad.

Oh god...

How to say sorry didn't even begin to cover it? How to say sorry would never be enough?

How to tell him that I wanted to worry about him, that I cared about him that much, without sounding like some obsess stalker?

Like dad had say...

No words...

Just heart.

So I walked right beside him, and then sat on the damp grass, wrapping my arms around my legs and looked up at the sky too.

The music was still playing. It was just instruments, and it come from his iPhone, resting on his stomach.

It was open now, I thought...

"You see there?" Blake asked, pointing to the sky, his hands making a trail "It's dim, cause there aren't a lot of bright stars in it, but it's Ophiuchus' constellation. He was the god of medicine. He learned how to bring people back from the dead... Hades asked Zeus to kill him because of that... Zeus did but then put this in the sky to honour him... I think it's one ass of a sorry card, don't you?" Blake said beside me.

I looked at him, my cheek resting on my knees "Well at least everyone remembers him now..."

"He gave him sucky stars..." Blake snorted and then looked sad again.

I wanted to stroke his face, brush the sadness away...

"Touché..."

"So, is this the moment where you say "Wanna talk about it Blake" and I tell you to butt off?" Blake asked changing the song, to another one... they were all sad...

"Do you want to talk about it?" I asked, raising my eyebrows.

"Well I think it's kinda unfair that I talk about everything and get nothing from you" he said, and laughed a humourless laugh.

I frowned for a second.

What would he want to know from me that he didn't already know? I mean I did't think anyone had gotten as involved as him, outside my family, about the whole "my mother left" deal... and the only secrets I knew weren't mine to share...

But then it hit me.

"I don't love him..." I whispered.

"What?"

"I don't love him anymore... Alex I mean... I don't even know if I ever really loved him in the first place... I think I liked more the concept of loving someone, you know having a crush to talk about with the girls... I don't know... I liked the concept more than Alex, but Alex is and always will be my friend, and nothing more..." I trailed, my voice low.

Saying this, I knew it was true.

"What are you trying to do?" Blake asked, his voice a murmur.

"You wanted to know... I told you..."

We were both silent for a while, the only sound being our breathing looking at the sky.

"Everyone loved my brother..." Blake started to whisper "He was always the favourite you know, always making jokes, fooling around, smiling all the time... Of course he always got himself in trouble but for some reason he always got out of it easily... he just had a way with people... he knew what to say, how to say it, and wasn't afraid of saying it... My parents loved him... he was the funny one, he gave life to our

family. He had his opinion, and he stuck with them... He wasn't the artsy type... like not at all... he didn't like books either... I mean he could read, he actually read Journey to the Center of the Earth by Jules Verne, in French, the copy you saw in my room... but that's only because I dared him too, told him he couldn't... he did... he admitted he liked it... but he wasn't going to read stories just for the kick of it... that just wasn't him. He read my mom's book though... told her what to change... he had a pretty big imagination... he was really critique about them... I mean I was just there, staring at my mom in awe with what she was writing and than Jay would come and say "No boy would ever do that mom, it's freaking lame!" and my mom would agreed to it and she'd change things... And then there was Kendall. We grew up with her. She was like my big sister. And she loved Jay, of course she loved him, she was in adoration before him, like everybody else... And my brother loved her too... but he liked to torture her a little, get her mad. You know the picture you saw... well there was a yard behind the house we had back in England. We used to play there all the time, but the

thing is, since it rained so much there was always a lot of mud. When Kay came to our house, and she came often because her parents were friends with our family, we'd go play there, and Jay would always push her in the mud and piss her off." Blake slightly smiled at the memory but continued on.

"And I tried to hang with them, you know, little annoying brother, and they played with me, but you just felt out of place with them... Evelyn, my cousin, well I'm so close to her, because she used to tag along with me, and she actually enjoyed my company which was nice for once... but I mean my brother and I were close, he was my best friend, but when it came to Kay I didn't stand a chance against her most of the time... And I didn't really mind you know, because I saw them look at each other and it was like my mom and my dad... they loved each other... even though they were so young... And then one time, I hadn't seen my brother all night, and I was worried, my parents were out at some charity event and then Jay showed up in my room in the middle of the freaking night and he woke me up, and he could barely stay put for two seconds... He kept grinning like a freaking

idiot, and saying "You're just too young to understand, but man when you're going to be older scamp you're going to understand" and I understood later..." Blake snorted a little but went on, his voice still low.

"But I mean I was ten then and Jay was fifteen... and then few days later, I wanted to go see and exposition, but my brother didn't want to... he told me that he was supposed to go see Kay and said "You'll understand when you're older" again, but I really wanted to go to the exposition and it was the last night it was on, so I begged my parents to come with me, and they agreed, but they didn't want to leave Jay alone, but he said he was alright and he could always have Kay's driver bring him to the restaurant to meet us later so my parents agreed..." Blake stopped for a few seconds, swallowing hard, and then his voice was lower again.

"We got the call at the restaurant... Jay and Kay had an accident... I learned just few years back that it was a drunk driver... anyway, the guy lost control of the car, and crashed into the one with Jay in, that was

waiting at a red light. You know it's ironic... my brother always said that when he'd get a car he would cross all the red lights all the time... my brother was still conscious after the crash... he had a few broken bones actually... but Kay was stuck... the crush metal was squishing her... and gas was leaking and Jay probably knew everything was going to explode... so he managed to drag Kay away... we don't know how he did... adrenaline probably... so he dragged her out, but the driver was still in there, so Jay went back to get him out... and that's when the car exploded... when the paramedic finally arrived they couldn't even recognized his face... it was burn on third degree... he died before even getting to the hospital... I never got to say goodbye to my brother... and he died because of me... he died because I was a freaking artsy kid, because I wanted to go to the fucking exposition! I should have just stayed home with my book!! He shouldn't have died! I should have died instead of him! People loved him! They could have managed without me... It's unfair... he should be alive and I should be dead..."

By then I hadn't realized I had slid closer to him and I was holding his hand.

"Don't say that... don't ever say that Blake, you shouldn't be dead..." I whispered, but he ignored it.

"And you know what? Kay's never going to be happy because of it. She's never going to love anyone as much as my brother. Because of me, because I went to the fucking thing she lost the love of her life! And she'll never be the same, and she blames herself too, when it's all my fault!! Jay and Kay, they weren't supposed to be separated! Ever! And you want to know why Josh said he had to leave town the other day? When we talked about her coming here? I say it in your face... well it's because they both just look so alike... She never met Josh. Josh lived in the States and she lived in UK. If she saw him... I don't know how she would react... it would crush her... and I don't want her to be sad... People wouldn't have been as sad if I had died instead... they'd have gotten over it..."

"That's not true Blake... people love you too you know... a lot..."

"Nice try Pumpkin..." Blake snorted.

"I mean it! I wouldn't want you to be dead! And whatever you say Blake, it's not your fault! It's the drivers fault more than yours! You had nothing to do over this! And it was who your brother was, right? He cared about others? He wouldn't leave anyone behind? He cared about you Blake, I'm sure, and he wouldn't want you to think things like that, I'm sure of that too."

Blake didn't seem to believe my words...

"You know... I have this dream all the time... I'm in the car with Jay, not Kendall... and then we have the accident together, and he drags me out of the car... and I scream at him to not go back and I scream at him to just leave me there... but he never does and he always go back... and then we're in our yard and he's burning in front of my eyes and I see his skin turn black and I hear him cry and shriek and I can't do anything, I'm just paralyzed... all I do is stay there and watch... and he's in pain... but right before I wake up, every time, it's like I can see his eyes, and they're looking at me just like I'm the one burning him... so

you know what? I'm sure he does feel that way too..." Blake said lowly.

"But that's just a dream..." I said and then saw the painting in my mind.

That was the scene he was describing...

"But it feels real every time..." he whispered, closing his eyes.

"But it isn't Blake, and it's not your fault either..." I told him, squeezing his hand.

Blake opened his eyes and then just looked at me, straight into my eyes, a look of desperation almost...

And I wanted to stroke his face again, and wanted to kiss him right now...

But I didn't...

Chapter 54

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (50)

Alrighty my little addicted!

Last chapter was a real emotional one, now wasn't it? ;P Blake is touched by all the support!! ;P [group hug]

So anyway, here's the new chapter! You're lucky! For some reason *curses and mumbles profanities while pointing a finger at the person at fault, like the Evil Monkey* I didn't go out tonight and stayed home and was able to finish it... it's short but you gotta understand it's hard to write the right stuff ya know?

Okay, so before you read on, let's just clear something (as always ;P) I know you guys want them to kiss, I

know you guys want them to have hot monkey sex in the cemetery and in the process show complete disrespect to the dead under ;P BUT... sit on ice guys... ain't happening!!! ;P

No but seriously... you have to understand that technically, it hasn't even been 3 weeks yet! And I still have material to write for 8 WEEKS!!! So I will still torture you guys for a while! Now I'm not saying you'll have to wait the 8 weeks to "get some" ;P but I'm saying I'm not rushing things, even if that means I'm REALLY not rushing them! Blake has a low self-esteem, and you might understand why it could be hard for him to express his "feeling" if you read his POV (called "The Smirking Jerk", it's on my page guys, go read if you wanna know!) and well Lexi has a hard time believing Blake could actually kinda like her, since her only boyfriend sorta end up to be gay! SO, with that said, if you guys can't wait to have some, I'm sorry... I really am... but patience is a virtue... and I'm evil! And I'm not forcing you to read this... And I mean we're building a relationship here guys, a strong one, one who's based on more than just physical gratification! ;P LOL

Okay... so... I think that's it for now...

Read, enjoy, vote and comment!! :D

* *

"You really believe that?" Blake whispered, snorting a little, and closed his eyes again turning his head away.

The scene was still eerie... the dark cemetery, the big white tomb beside us, perfectly cut grass, the hundred of stones aligned one beside the other, a loved one buried under each... Blake that seemed in pain, but was still undeniably beautiful, the tiny amount of light reflecting on his skin, making him almost look dead, or like one of the stones, lying there on the grass... if it hadn't been for his steady breathing and warm hand I was now holding, I could have easily believed he was dead, or wasn't real...

Still staring at him, I answered, whispering too "Yes, I do believe it's not your fault. Do you really want us to go all the way up to whose fault it should be before your own? You couldn't have done anything! It wasn't your fault; you had no control over any of it!"

"I could have NOT asked to go to the exposition..." Blake said, eyes still closed.

"And the driver could have not been drinking, and your brother could have not gone back for the driver, but that was just who he was, and that's just who you were..."

"Still my fault..." he breathed.

"You can't blame yourself over this forever Blake..." I whispered and held his hand tighter again "When people die you shouldn't try to put the blame on everyone... you should just remember them, and try to honour their memories as much as you can... and then you go on with your life and try to find happiness... even if it's without them"

For a few seconds, the only sound came from the wind against the grass, and an owl calling in the distance.

"Comforting me wasn't in your job description Pumpkin... you don't need to do it, you know..." Blake said, his voice still low.

It seemed like it was the way we were supposed to talk, in whispers, to not wake the dead, or disturb them... reflex action, just like when you walk into a library.

"It's in the friend's description though..." I answered him, still looking at his face.

"Trying your shrink skills on me?" he said and opened his eyes, staring back at me, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"Don't want to be a shrink... I'm too out of it..." I snorted.

God I would make such a bad shrink... so freaking unobservant...

"Then what do you want to be when you're older" Blake said, in like the little school teacher's voice, a little mockingly, the smile slowly getting into a smirk.

Blake's smirk.

And for some reason, I knew, that even though he was still sad, of course he was... he wasn't SO sad anymore...

"An astronaut!!" I exclaimed, laughing a little.

"Lame" Blake said, shaking his head in disapprobation.

"Oh ya? What about you?" I chuckled.

"Waitress taster at Hooter" he smirked, clearly now.

I closed my eyes, shaking my head a bit and laughed in silence.

Still sad, he managed to be an idiot...

"Honestly" I asked.

"Honestly? I have no freaking clue? What about you?"

I sighed "Me neither..."

We were both silent, and then Blake laughed "Don't worry, you can always try at Hooter, I'll let you pass the tasting test!"

"Yuck Blake!" I gagged, making a disgusted face.

Blake laughed a little, and then his eyes fell on our hands, my hands still holding his tightly.

"It's a good thing your nails aren't super sharp Pumpkin, otherwise I'd be pretty right hurt now" he smirked a little.

I loosen my grip, but he didn't let go, just took my hand in his, looking at it.

"You've been biting your nails again" he snorted.

I frowned "How is it, you pick up on little things like that and not me?"

"What do you want me to say, I'm observant, unlike you, plus your fingers are practically bleeding, you know that's call cannibalism right?"

"Gross!" I said, and shook my head.

"Totally"

"You're trying to change the subject aren't you?"

"Well you think it's not my fault, I think it's my fault. We're at an impasse Pumpkin..." Blake whispered, playing with my fingers.

"Your brother wouldn't want you to think that way. Your brother wouldn't want you to be sad and feeling

guilty... from what I've heard about him so far, I know he wouldn't..."

Blake breathed deeply, closed his eyes and then opened them again.

"There's nothing logical about the whole death deal you know... just take Josh... when he talks about his mom, it's like it doesn't even matter to him. But then you come here. You go to his mother stone and you see flowers. The flowers he brings every week. New ones. He never misses a week. If he's out of town, he'll get someone to change them for him... He acts like he doesn't care but he does... I'd like to feel like I didn't kill my brother, but I did..."

"You didn't Blake!"

"Maybe I wasn't the drunken guy who crashed in his car! But I might as well have! You know, I got in a DUI accident too!! I'm just as bad as the guy! I'm just like him, and I made Jay get in the car. It's because of me he was in it! And it could have kill someone like the guy! So it might as well have been me! So either way it's all my fault!"

"You're too stubborn for your own good Blake... It wasn't your fault you couldn't have known..." I whispered to him.

"You see those stars over there" Blake said, pointing to bright stars close to the horizon, in an S shape "It's the Scorpius constellation. Scorpions had a really nice reputation in the Greek mythology, sarcasm by the way. There's one story that says that Orion ran away from the scorpions by swimming across the sea and to the island of Deslos to see his lover, Artemis. Apollo who wanted to punish Artemis joined her and challenged her hunting skills, daring her to shoot the back dot that approached in the water. Artemis won the challenge... and killed her lover by doing so... doesn't matter that she didn't know it was him... she still killed him. Doesn't matter I couldn't have known... I still killed him"

"It's just the way you see it, Blake. It not necessarily the truth..." I whispered to him, looking at my hand that Blake still held, running his thumb inside my palm.

"But does it matter? Look at those" Blake whispered and then pointed to another place in the sky, to brighter lights, ones aligned almost like a diamond and then a little line, above our heads, and I lay down beside him to see them more clearly "It's Aquila's constellation, the celestial eagle. He was Zeus' servant, holding his thunderbolts and running his errands. But he could also be the great eagle who devoured Prometheus' liver as a punishment for giving the humans' fire. Two really different stories. One constellation. Who cares what the truth is, in one he's a wuss, in the other he's an ass, either way he sucks."

"Like to use constellations to prove your point Blakey-boy" I whispered, moving a little to the left to hit his shoulder with my own.

"Makes me sound intelligent... and cute" Blake answered, turning his head to look at me, a faint smile appearing again.

I smiled too.

And then I intertwined our fingers together and still looking in his eyes I said "Your brother loved you

Blake. And you loved him, and he knew about it, and even if it was your fault he would forgive you... I would forgive Ty if it was me... but it wasn't your fault... and you should try to forgive yourself now, because if you don't you'll only get sadder... and your brother wouldn't want that..."

Blake turned his head and looked at the sky, before closing his eyes and resting our hands on his stomach, rising with his steady intake of breath.

"You'd make a good lawyer..."

"My mom was a lawyer..." I snorted a little.

Blake turned his head, opening his eyes again "And when did YOU stop blaming yourself for her, leaving your family?"

How easily did he see through me...

"I guess I have now... I had no power over anything, like you... but can't really compare that to your brother's death... your brother's death was more painful..."

"In every sense of the word..." he whispered back, looking away again.

I leaned my head closer to his shoulder "I'm sorry Blake, sorry you had to loose your brother, sorry you had to blame yourself for it, sorry that it still hurts you so much... and I know you can't change how you feel with the snap of your fingers but it really isn't your fault."

For another few seconds, we were silent.

"I really sound like a wuss, don't I?" Blake finally snorted.

"No you don't. You sound like someone who's been hurt, like someone who went through something really heartbreaking and painful... you sound like someone who lost his brother..."

"You're just biased because you like my hot body"

I did like his hot body, but that was so not the point right now...

"Not true, I'm just being honest Blake"

"Easy for you to say..." he mumbled, still playing with my hand, turning it on his own.

"You just don't like to admit I'm right... I mean, I'm making sense aren't I?" I told him, giving a little shove of the shoulder again.

"I'm not admitting anything Pooky" Blake answered, smirking a little, while looking at me, both our heads turned to the side.

"I'm gonna let that one pass... but don't you think I'm letting you call me that!" I informed him, half-smiling.

Blake chuckled "And you say I'm the one being stubborn..."

I just shock my head and then looked up in the sky, staring at the stars. If a shooting one passed right now what would I wish for? I had no freaking clue what I wanted right now... and it scared me a little...

"You should go back, your dad is bound to worry if you don't get home" Blake said, interrupting my thinking.

"What time is it?" I frowned.

"Well technically we're Monday morning right now..." Blake trailed.

"Oh crap!" I exclaimed, my eyes bulging.

"Yes, crap indeed..." Blake said and then sat up "Come on, let's go"

I sighed, and got up with him, still holding his hand, but then let go of it when we were both on our feet. But I could still feel the warmth of his hand in my own.

I followed Blake towards the fence, balling up my fists and shoving them in my hoodie pockets but the little tingling feeling in the tips of my fingers wouldn't go away.

What the hell?

Blake was silent, but just the way he walked around the stones and headed straight to a specific point, the fence, which I honestly had no clue anymore where I was supposed to go, made me frown.

He knew his way around the cemetery.

"So Blake, you come often here?" I asked raising my eyebrows.

I would have liked to raise just one, but that was something my facial muscle just couldn't do... Such a shame...

"Cemeteries are the best place to watch stars, it's so dark... and I don't know... there's something about all the people buried here... everyone of them were loved by someone... there's a strange feeling about it... knowing you're not the only one who lost someone you loved..." Blake trailed, his voice getting lower and lower and I had a hard time picking up on every one of them.

I just stared at him, feeling sad. Poor Blake... I couldn't say he was just a jerk now... He wasn't a jerk... he was just in pain and didn't know how to deal with it...

"What? That sounded too creepy?" Blake asked with a sad smile, looking back at me.

We had now reached the fence and Blake had skipped over it and was waiting for me.

"No" I simply answered, shaking my head, and then joined him on the other side.

It was undeniably dark now. If it hadn't been for Blake I probably would have gotten lost, but he obviously knew where he was going and knew the trail...

And then I could see the light of his house in front of us.

For some reason I felt some sort of ache in my chest, thinking that this night was over. It felt like it had been a turning point of some sort. Blake had trusted me, had talked about so much... I know knew a Blake that a lot of people probably didn't even knew existed...

"Alright, guess it's time to go to sleep now" Blake said, as we got out of the trail and the little woods and walked on a nicely cut grass, not one that was high and damping my jeans.

We both stayed there, looking at each other. He was going to have to go right, towards his house and I, left towards my car. This was our goodbye.

And then I took a few steps and wrapped my arms around Blake's waist, taking him by surprise.

But then he wrapped his arm around my shoulders, leaning his cheek on the side of my hair.

"Thank you Blake" I whispered.

"What for?" he whispered back, still holding me.

"For trusting me, for talking with me tonight..." I trailed.

"Well thanks for listening" he whispered so faintly.

"And Blake" I said, and then let go of his waist and backed up just a little, but couldn't help my hand from raising and cupping the side of his cheek "You don't have to feel bad and take all responsibilities alright?"

Blake just stared straight in my eyes, and then sighed "Alright..."

I dropped my hand, and smiled a little "Good night Blake"

"Good night Pumpkin..." Blake answered, smiling a little too.

And then he walked back to his house and I turned around and walked the opposite direction.

Why did it feel like I was walking on clouds as I made my way to my car?

Chapter 55

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (51)

So... basically my friend told me the assignment I thought was due tomorrow wasn't, so Kay thought to herself "Now what should I be doing instead of that darn paper?"

So TADA!

It's short, but it's something :P

Hope you enjoy it! LOL

So read, enjoy, vote and comment!! :D

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I drove home, with a strange feeling. It wasn't happy because what Blake had shared with me was sad... I

couldn't put a name to it, or a definition. It was just a bubbly feeling in my chest, one that seemed to fill all of it, take every empty place and more and made me feel... not special... but more?

I was happy to see that the lights were close when I got home.

I walked, almost skipped to the door, unlocked it and was really careful to not make too much noise.

But then as I walked pass the kitchen, I saw the light over the oven open and dad sitting at the counter with a cup of coffee in his hands and a bunch of files all around him.

"Care to say goodnight kid?" my dad asked, raising his head towards me.

Oh crap...

I didn't like the sound of his voice...

"What are you doing still up?" I asked, my voice still using the same tone it had in the cemetery...

"Looking over some bills for the company... and waiting for my daughter to come back from a boy's house..." he trailed, looking at me straight in the eyes.

He didn't look mad though... maybe amused... a little worried, but not mad... mostly emotionless. He was hiding what he really though, from me.

"Look dad..." Oh crap... how the hell was I supposed to explain this? "I'm sorry for coming home so late..."

"Are you?" he asked me.

What kind of question was that? He was making me nervous!

"Yes I am, I didn't want to worry you, seriously I would have come home earlier but I didn't know the time and Blake kinda needed to talk... and I needed to listen to him..."

"Should I be worried?"

"No! Not worry at all! Seriously dad! You don't have to worry about me and Blake! Like ever!"

"You sure?"

Okay seriously those little questions were making me edgy and worried now!

"Yes dad one hundred percent sure!"

"So I don't need to go through the sex talk again?"

OH GOD!

I think my eyeballs almost dropped out of their sockets.

And my dad started to laugh.

And I just let myself fall on a stool in front of the counter and dropped my head on my arms resting on the cold surface, pushing a few sheets away.

"Please dad, we REALLY don't need to go through this, TRUST me!" I whined.

"Kid you should see your face right now. It's moments like these we need to take pictures and put it in the family album" he laughed more and patted my head.

"Not funny dad..."

"No, true it's not funny!" he said and composed himself "And I'm serious here kid. I don't want to have to worry every time you leave the house to go see your little After School Special-"

"My what?" I hissed, raising my head.

"Don't interrupt kid" dad chuckled "I just want you to be careful you know? I don't want you to make mistakes... I don't want you to regret anything..."

"Don't worry dad!"

"Well you know, kids always say that and then they come home and announced that they're expecting twins and that they're going to leave us the babies because they want to find their hippies side down in Guatemala... I love you kid but I ain't raising another baby!"

I don't know if I was supposed to laugh or drop my head on the counter again and hit it a few times...

"Again dad, trust me you don't need to worry!" I assured him.

I didn't want to go into al the specifics of the whys it would be impossible starting by the really obvious fact that well... Blake and I... not happening... I mean he was Blake... he trusted me, yes, but would he ever want to BE with me? That was pretty hard to believe... I mean he could have ANYONE he wanted... why in hell would he want ME? I was his friend. He trusted me. And so far, it stopped there. And I had to keep myself in check, because I didn't want to loose that, or scare him away... I wanted him to be part of my life, I wanted to keep talking with him and making jokes with him and hanging out with him... I didn't want to lose that for something that wasn't going to happen... right?

I didn't want to lose Blake and go back to the time when I wasn't speaking with him. I knew Blake now and it was a nice feeling.

But I just didn't trust myself to be enough...

I mean what did I have to offer that Blake couldn't find in anyone else? Because I mean every time it seemed like "something" was going to "happen"

between us he would just back away... He probably wanted us to just stay friends...

"What are you thinking about kid?" dad asked, breaking me from my mind rambling, touching my arm.

"Nothing..." I trailed shaking my head slightly.

"You know... it worried me... when your mom left and then your sister... I was worried, still worry, that you don't have a feminine presence in your life. You know someone older you can talk with about all those things..." dad frowned.

"I'm perfectly fine dad. I don't want to sound like a broken record, but trust me, you don't have to worry about me. At all!" I said again.

"Alright... because see... here's the thing... Your brother's been low lately... and I wanted to take him to a basketball game on Wednesday. We'd come back Thursday night... but I mean, if it seems like I should worry about you..." he trailed.

"I can always stay at Alex's" I offered.

"Yes I know... and I can trust you too... I mean I know it's kind of unfair, and I'd take you but I could only get my hands on two tickets, but if you want to come and go shopping while we're there or something I'd be more than happy to have you with us too..."

"Well I have a play to do on Thursday... plus you guys need boy time" I smiled a little.

It could have been fun to go, but I just didn't feel like it... plus I would probably be like the third wheel or something...

"So I can trust you?" my father asked, picking up all the sheets scattered everywhere around him.

"Yes dad"

"Alright... now go to sleep kid, you have school tomorrow" he smiled and I got up, hugged him and ran upstairs.

I mean it wasn't like it was going to be a big deal, I was alone quite often. Plus it was a week day, and I wasn't Anna. It's not like I was going to throw a party!

I got in my room, took my shower and went to bed, falling asleep automatically, much more tired than I had expected.

Next morning, when my alarm went on, I didn't go back to sleep. It's like I couldn't. I was wide awake. I woke Ty up, and then wanted to fix myself some breakfast but when I sat and stared at my eggs, I just didn't feel like eating.

That was weird. I took a few bites, but it was like I was already full.

What the hell? Was I getting sick, or covering something?

I hoped not...

I was more enthusiastic about going to school than usual. But I was scared a little too.

I mean, how the hell should I act around Blake now? Was I supposed to be like I always was?

Or should I act differently because I knew about so much more now?

"Keep grinning like that and you'll scare kids away Lex, you look like a freaking clown" Ty laughed beside me in the car, changing my station.

I just rolled my eyes at him.

When we reached school, Ty left on his side and me on mine.

Daphnee quickly caught up with me.

"I NAILED him!" she exclaimed, both hands up in the hair doing the peace sign.

"What?" I burst laughing.

"The guy at the flea market! Duh! Well I mean technically he gave me his phone number but whatever" she trailed, giving a quick shove of her hand dismissing the matter.

I laughed more rolling my eyes "So you gonna call him?"

"Are you out of your mind? I'm not calling him! He made me suffer long enough! I'm gonna give his number to some sexual harasser or something, or just do the job myself and call in the middle of the

night and ask what he's wearing and if he likes dominatrix!!" she grinned mischievously.

I stared at her in disbelief, stopping dead in my track right at the school doors "What?"

"Oh you heard me! Two can play that little game!" she grinned even more.

"But he just ignored you?"

"Just?"

"Kitty, Dadda" a voice said behind us and I turned around to find an ever smiling Alex.

"Hey Papa Bear!" I smiled and Daph just slapped his butt and then skipped to god knew where.

"What's going on with her?" Alex laughed.

"The flea market guy" I stated and walked with him to my locket, the halls already crowded.

"Oh god, don't bring that up again..." he whined making me laugh "That was torture..."

"There's only one Daphnee..." I chuckled.

"Yes, one is quite enough..." he answered shaking his head and leaned against the locker beside mine "So... how was the funeral... and Anna?"

"Anna torture, funeral alright..." I trailed, not wanting to go into the specifics.

For some reason I kinda felt like I shouldn't be speaking about everything that happened with Blake...

"Is something wrong?" he frowned.

I smile "No everything is fine! What about you? How are you doing?" I asked and closed my locker, walking to my first class.

"Everything's fine... well more than fine" he smiled hugely "And about that... do you want to go out one night, you, me, Daph and Travis... proper introduction and all?"

He actually looked worried.

"I'll be glad to!" I smiled as hugely as him and then wrapped my arm on the side of his waist, leaning my

head against his shoulder "I'm happy for you Alex..." I told him and then let go.

"I'm happy too..." he still smiled.

We kept walking and I tried to not look around me TOO much to find Blake... because well... I kinda wanted to see him, in a real none obsess and stalkerish kind of way!

And then something, well more specifically someone sorta pinched my sides, saying "BOO!" in my ear.

I yelped in surprise, and then turned on myself, already knowing who I'd see.

"God Blake you scared me!" I laughed a little and punched lightly his chest.

Alex didn't wait and just kept on walking, towards Mark and Dwayne, smiling a little, weirdly actually...

Blake grabbed my hand, stopping my movement, smiling a little "So unobservant, aren't you Pumpkin?"

"Ya I think we both clearly know I am now" I snorted, praying in my head that he wouldn't drop my hand,

but then mentally cursing myself for thinking that way.

And then the bell rang.

"Come on let's go, we'll be late" he said, the smile still apparent on his perfect lips and then, still holding absentmindedly my hand, tugged me forward and we walked to our Chemistry class.

What was that supposed to mean? Did it mean something?

Oh god...

Chapter 56

I Sold Myself To The Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (52)

Alright, this is short and I know I've been making you guys wait for longer than usual, but I have to get up tomorrow morning, and I've been sleeping like 4 hours a night max all along this week so I'm getting tired. Actually I feel like my body is slowly leaning to the side and if I didn't straighten myself often I'd probably fall on the floor.. lol

Plus I promised È, I'd go to sleep at 2 and it is now 2h30 and she will be mad at me ;P (No angry text messages please!)

So anyway I hope you like this one.. oh and while I'm here and I have like over a 1000 people listening.. I

BEAT MY BRO THREE TIMES PLAYING NINE AND ONCE PLAYING EIGHT!!!!! Mouhahahahahahaha!! He kept saying "It didn't happen, don't you ever mention it to anyone!!"

well in your face dude! IN YOUR FACE!!!! Mouhahahahahaha!!

Alright I'm done now!

Read, enjoy, vote and comment!!! :DDDD

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Since we didn't have a lab to do today, we were in the normal classroom so we walked over to empty seats, Blake letting my hand fall out of his, like all of this had just been standard procedure.

Alright, if he didn't mention it, I wasn't either!!

I was not going to sound like an obsessed stalker!

The teacher spoke a lot and answered question about our last homework and even though I kept telling Blake to just listen because this was important, he just kept poking me in the ribs whenever the teacher

turned around, or throwing piece of paper at me, just basically doing anything to annoy me, smirking.

Honestly, I didn't think I had ever seen him so carefree and thoroughly enjoying himself... I mean yes he always teased me, but there was just something about it today that seemed different, felt different, like there was a huge weight off his shoulders...

Maybe sharing what he had, telling me about his brother had did that. I didn't want to think Blake's life was centered on me, but it was nice to think that I might have eased some of the pain away nevertheless, a feeling I couldn't just NOT have...

The morning went in a blur and then I was sitting in the cafeteria with everyone, while we talked about where we wanted to stay during the school trip in barely two weeks, that we still hadn't gave the answering sheet back. It was always a last minute thing right?

"If we bring our tent and camp out it would be nicer, I mean if we have a big enough cooler and bring a little stove or something we wouldn't need to walk

back to the camp, we could just stay there the four days" Jimmy said.

"Ya but if it's raining, do you wanna stay four days eating raw food cause you can't start the fire?" Connor snorted.

I bet Connor wanted to camp out but just wanted to argue with Jimmy.

"Well pick whatever you want, me and Trevor we'll just creep in the girls' camp at night and spoon with Lexi" Cameron said, smiling hugely, wiggling his eyebrows.

"You sure Lexi can handle the both of you?" Daphnee grin beside me.

"Then I'll snuggle up with you, pretty thing" Cameron smirked too and I laughed.

"You sure you can handle HER?" I asked him, still chuckling.

"You're gonna have to take a number and wait in line like everyone Mister Twin" Dapnee grinned and then

got up "Alright... off to the damn library..." she grumbled and left.

I laughed mischievously at her.

"Well I mean the weather should be fine right?" Peter asked, while I was contemplating eating more of my chicken Panini, holding it in my hands, but frowning.

I was still not hungry.

And it was pissing me off!

"Who can predict weather?" Dwayne snorted, playing with Janna's hair while she kinda giggled.

I smiled at them a little.

"Are we really talking about weather now? It's like the most pathetic "I have no subject to talk about so I'm settling on a safe topic" topic!!" Blake, who was sitting right across from me, snorted and then took a carrot from my plate.

"Hey! Who told you, you could eat my food?" I hissed but couldn't stop him from eating it all, in time.

"What? You're not touching it! I'm hungry!" he shrugged, smirking a little.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

"Don't stick your tongue out at me" he warned shaking his head, still smirking.

"Or else?" I dared and did it again.

And then Blake leaned across the table and tried to grab my tongue with his thumb and forefinger.

"HEY!!" I exclaimed backing away from him before he could grip it.

"Told you not to do that" he grinned wider.

"If you ever try to do that again, I'm kicking you under the table!" I threatened.

Blake laughed "Go ahead, try, I'll just grab your leg and pull you!"

I frowned at him.

"Come on kids, don't fight now" Alex, sitting beside me, said shaking his head, smiling.

"He's being mean!" I pouted, fakely sad.

"Please, you love me!" Blake said and rolled his eyes, picking up my Panini.

"HEY!!!!" I squealed and got up, leaning over the table to retrieve my stolen food "Give back you big meanie!!"

"You gotta ask more nicely!" he smirked, holding the food further away from me.

"Give it back PLEASE!"

He shook his head "No good enough"

I narrowed my eyes at him and at everyone else sitting with us who were not even noticing this and helping me out.

Bunch of traitors!!

"Please please Blake can I have my food back... please!" I said told him fakely smiling.

Blake sighed, and then looked like he was pondering on it for a second. I rolled my eyes at him.

But in a way, I was kinda amazed. I mean, after what Blake had shared with me, it was normal to assume he would be sulking a bit, or something! But it was the exact contrary...

And I didn't mind it that much... I mean as stupid as this sounded, I was actually enjoying the bickering...

"Nope, still not good enough" I said, shaking his head again, and smirking wider.

"What? Do you want me to grovel to the ground, pleading for my food, clutching at your clothes?" I snorted at him.

"Well that could be a nice start..." Blake trailed.

"You idiot! Give me my food!" I said, trying not to laugh, and then leaned over the table again.

"You're not even eating it!!" Blake laughed, getting up from his seat and away.

"Alright, that's it!" Cameron interrupted and then got up too and stole my Panini from Blake and took a huge bit, and then let the tiny piece left, fall in my plate. And he tried to say something, it sounded like "Enjoy" but I couldn't be sure, since his mouth was full making it pretty impossible to understand what he was saying.

"Oh you are in so much trouble Jones!!" I told the him, making my way around the table and towards him.

"I'll make you spit that out!" Blake was saying when I had reached the other side, but Alex had followed, shaking his head at us in disapproval.

"Come on kids, sit down, make peace, no fighting in the school" he started to rant, half smiling.

"Sawy" Cameron mumbled, trying not to spit out food, but still grinning.

"Bitch!" Blake said to him glaring.

"Aww come on, watch the language!" Alex laughed.

"He took my food! They both took my food! Fifteen minutes in the corner!!" I said pointing Blake and Cameron.

"Only if you come in the corner too" Blake smirked.

I rolled my eyes and ignored to weird feeling in my stomach.

"There there! I just want apologies, simple as that!" Alex interfered.

Blake grin only became wider has he obviously was going to make some doubled meaning remark but then the coach appeared out of no where "Eaton, my office. Now!" he said, looking at Blake with severe eyes and then waited for him to follow.

Okay, what the hell?

What had Blake done again?

I looked over at him, but he seemed as confused has me and shrugging followed the coach out of the cafeteria.

"Alright... that was weird..." I mumbled frowning.

My first period in the afternoon was English, and the teacher gave us time to practice our play, since we were starting the presentations on Thursday. At least we could have the script with us in front.

Blake arrived a little late in class, but had a motivation.

He looked kinda weird. Not pissed, or worried... something in between.

What was going on now? Had he done something bad? Was someone replacing him on the team? Did his "not going to the game last weekend" got him into trouble?

Blake came to sit beside me, with Alex and Daphnee who were already running their lines.

"What happened?" I asked him, while the two others kept on going, Daphnee trying all sort of accent, almost a new one for every line.

"Nothing... It was just a misunderstanding, all cleared out now..." Blake trailed.

"Misunderstanding?" I frowned.

"Don't worry, it's nothing" Blake said, but I don't know it didn't feel like nothing, and I mean I had to take lesson from the previews experience... after all I was quite unobservant, and Blake was good at dismissing matters.

"Doesn't feel like nothing..."

"It is, don't worry Pumpkin!" Blake half smiled and took his script out, sighing and looking annoyed as

Alex read his line, Don Carlos words, his personal favourite!

At the end of the class, we agreed on meeting at my place tomorrow, since the guy had football practice tonight, and we would practice again just to be sure we'd be alright.

Blake seem fine for the rest of the day, but the coach meeting thingy still bothered me... but I mean, it could be something totally insignificant... I guess it just felt now like I should be analyzing everything Blake did...

I mean there were still unanswered question, like the whole Stacey deal!

Thinking about her, reminded me of last's week little stunt she had pulled with the "Lexi's using every guy and Blake is her next target" crap!

I didn't know if I should go shout at that bitch that she was... well a bitch, or if I should just ignore it completely. I mean wasn't that what she was looking for? For me to freak? I was not going to give her that satisfaction... and I mean she could think whatever

she wanted as long as Blake hadn't heard about it, or seemed like he didn't care if he had, I was not going to throw a useless tantrum.

I wasn't going to lose one of my precious minutes over someone like her!

After school I walked over to Daphnee to listen to her rant about her flea market guy. She didn't even use his name, it was just the flea market guy.

If she ever ended up calling him back, that guy was doomed to stick with that name!

And I didn't ask his name, or even a description for that matter. It was plans to learn that the guy looked like a hobo, or something... I mean Daph was still kinda obsessed with 1969's Woodstock and the hippies...

When I got home, I played NHL 2009 with Tyler till late at night while he bragged about the fact that he was going to go see a basketball game.

Lucky bastard.

Both he and dad seemed better, much much better, and that made me happier, much much happier.

After being completely beaten in almost every sense of the word, I wish Ty goodnight and went to my room took my shower and went to bed.

What had happened at the cafeteria still ran in my head... why did the coach wanted to see Blake?

Maybe it was a completely stupid thing, like banging some random girl in the middle of the field... a conclusion I didn't really want to contemplate... or maybe it was something of really no importance...

I should stop obsessing...

And then right before I feel asleep, my cellphone flashed.

I smiled before even reading the text.

"I bet you're missing me right now Pumpkin! Aren't I right?!"

I laughed a little, wanting to make a little dance right now, for really no reason, wanting to dance around

or something, not feeling like sleeping at all anymore...

What the hell was wrong with me? It was just a freaking text!

I thought about it for a second before replying, I mean you couldn't really put emphasis on right words while texting... It could get confusing...

And then I shrugged to myself. This was Blake, I could say anything!

"Of course you're right Blake! I miss you so much I'd want you to show up naked at my window!" I sent him, laughing to myself.

Few seconds later I got an answer "Is that an invitation?"

Chapter 57

I Sold Myself to the Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (53)

SURPRISE!!!!! ;P

Tiny-winy chapter people, but I felt bad for making you guys wait (which I really shouldn't because it really ISN'T that bad) but I did, and I didn't want to have stayed up for nothing.

Consider yourselves lucky, today was a busy day! (Mardi productif... mouhahahaha)

But again, it's short, but no complaining cause I shouldn't even have posted! But it kinda ended well... lol

Anyway, it is 2h25 AM, I haven't double checked it but I'm tired and I have a media class tomorrow... bleh -_-

Oh and sorry for not replying to comments and such, but again, busy!

Oh and while I'm here... it's NOT the pressure in my basement that's making you burp! (relation basé sur un mensonge!!! [pointe du doigt] mouhahahahahaha)

Anyway, enjoy this and I hope it'll help you survive until my next post ;P Which I really have no freaking clue when it will be... oh well...

Read, enjoy, vote and comment!!! :DD

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * ** * * *

I thought about my answer for a few seconds, but obviously not long enough and sent "Of course it is"

Oh god!

The second I pressed "sent" I started to freak.

Crap crap crap crap!! My "not eating and not sleeping enough" had made a REALLY bad connection in my brain.

Shit, shit shit!

DAMN IT! That was the exact reason why we should be able to somehow stop text messages from reaching their final destination!!

Okay, I didn't need to freak... I mean he was probably going to reply something like "You really can't resist me, I expected more form you or something"... right?

But then, it wasn't a text I received next, it was an incoming call.

Oh crap.

I brought the phone to my ear slowly.

"I'm waiting" Blake simply said, no greeting, his voice mischievous.

"What?"

"It's getting cold, you should really open your window or something... or even better unlock the front door, cause whatever people say, climbing up

your wall naked won't be a sexy sight for your neighbors"

I was speechless for a second

"Are you freaking serious?!!" I almost shrieked.

"Why wouldn't I be? And I'm still waiting by the way! Getting cold Pumpkin, not a good thing for the boys!"

"Are you FREAKING SERIOUS!!?" I hissed this time and got up from my bed in one fast movement, kicking my sheets away.

"Of course!! Now are you going to open the window or not?"

"Oh god, seriously Blake, this is NOT funny"

"I know, tell that to my frozen nuts!"

I ran to my window, and pushed the curtains away, looking outside.

The front yard was empty, and pitch black, the lights from the street a little too far away to let me see everything closer to the house. And we didn't leave our front lights open at nights.

"Blake you are honestly scaring me right now, please say this is a joke!" I answered him, still staring intensely at the pitch black front yard, and the tress and all the flowers trying to find, or more like not find a human figure.

"Now why would you say that? You're the one who said you wanted to have me naked at your window, I'm just giving you what you want! You there yet? Don't you see me waving my hand? Cause I can't feel anything from down the waist now!" Blake said, his tome serious.

Oh god... this was a bad idea! This had catastrophe and awkward moment written ALL over it!!

"Okay I'm at my window and I DON'T see you! You're shitting me right?"

"No I'm not, don't you see? I'm freaking waving like some kid in Disneyland trying to get Mickey Mouse attention!"

"I don't see you!"

I was HONESTLY freaking the hell out right now!!

"Well just come open the freaking door alright, cause I can't take anymore cold... I won't survive more than five minutes now!" Blake whined at the other end of the line

"Seriously Blake what the hell where you thinking?!! What's wrong with you?!!" I hissed and then tried to make my way silently out of my room and down the stairs to the door.

But what the hell was going to happen when I opened the door?

I should bring a towel or something... or pants! Anything to cover that up!!

"Can't blame me, can only blame yourself, you're the one who brought this on!

I wanted to argue but in a way, it sort of way... oh god!

By then I had reached the front door "You're a moron, but I'm only opening the door cause I don't want to have a dead corpse in my front yard... could be harder to explain to dad" or not... "you dumbass..."

I mumbled the end and then sighed and unlocked and turned the doorknob.

And I stood in front a big fat nothing... and Blake started to laugh.

"Oh GOD!! You opened the door?? You really though I was naked in your yard??!!" he managed to asked between the hysteria.

OH MY GOD!

I wanted to scream a whole bunch of insanities at him right now.

THAT DUMB PRICK!!!

He had freaking almost gave me a hard attack!!

But I couldn't even yell at him because we were at night and everyone was sleeping!!

Urggg!!!

"You idiot!!" I hissed, trying to not make too much noise but show how freaking PISSED I was right now, while closing the door and locking it again.

"Oh please, you didn't honestly believe I'd be dumb enough to freeze my ass outside now would you? If I wanted to come in, I'd bring a latter or something, throw huge muttaeffing rocks at your window, bring back up... I'd plan ahead..." Blake still laughed.

"I hate you!"

"Thanks Pumpkin!" Blake laughed even more "Really thanks, you made the day a whole lot funnier!"

When he said that, my mind went 360 and back to the coach deal.

"Blake, what really happened with the coach?" I asked him, and the laughing stopped altogether.

"I'm... I just didn't do a test..." he started to mumbled "and apparently that was a big freaking deal... people freak for nothing..." Blake said a little madder.

Aww, football player needed good grades! That made sense... but why would he not do the test in the first place?

I asked.

"I just didn't feel like it..."

"Not a good reason Blake!" I answered him, now back in my bed.

"Ya so?"

"You're being stubborn..." I yawned and shook my head, resting on my pillow.

"And you're tired"

"No big deal" I said shrugging, but had to fight another yawn.

"Go to sleep Pumpkin" Blake said his voice almost... caring?

"No it's fine, no big deal, we were developing on your stubbornness, let's go on, on that topic..." I trailed, and rubbed my tired eyes.

"And now you're the one being stubborn, go to sleep Pumpkin!" Blake chuckled.

Ya... I should sleep...

"Fine... see I'M not being stubborn!"

"Whatever you need to believe..." Blake still chuckled a little "Good night Pumpkin"

"Night Blake..." I whispered and then threw my phone on my table and snuggled in my sheets.

And then I feel asleep, but I don't know why, before I left for dreamland, a thought filled my mind.

"Something is wrong"

Chapter 58

I Sold Myself to the Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (54)

Better late than never right? Mouhahahahaha

Sorry about that [hungs head in shame]

Okay so sorry about the not uploading yesterday, I got sidetracked a lot and I really wasn't getting into the "writing zone" blame it on the dumbass sitting on my bed and rambling about everything and anything, which I couldn't kick out because he would have taken it badly -_-

Sensitive ASS!

And tonight I had another friend over, we watch some pretty grossed videos of people getting worms

removed out of their throat by their nose while eating sour gummy bears and pop corn! Mouhahahahaha! Fun night, fun night!

And technology seemed to despised me more than usual, MSN down, Word almost down at one point, Internet lagging and closing in my face, I'm telling you I'm about to throw my freaking lap top out my window! -_-

Two stories fall! In your face!

SO! New chapter, not the longest though... I'm sorry but I was getting tired so I had to stop it there...

Oh and I'm sorry, I'm going to be busy next week too... I have like... 4 exams I think... and I'm starting a new dissertation -_- Freaking JOY! Btw I got 65% on the last one, I'm blaming it on my teacher incompetency and the fact that she forgot to mention what she REALLY wanted in it, the reason why I "screwed up" my conclusion... and the fact that I didn't want to read it again to check for mistakes because it was too awful! LOL

Whatever, at least I passed!

SO! Enjoy this! Mouhahahahaha Oh and I didn't read it again, cause I'm tired but I'll try to double check later..

Anyway, read, enjoy, vote and comment!! :DDD

* *

The next morning, even though I still felt incredibly tired, the worried feeling was gone. I even felt foolish for thinking that... I mean seriously why the hell would something be wrong? Okay not everything was perfect, actually nothing was ever perfect and it was perfect that way, but something didn't need to be wrong.

I had dad sign my sheet for the school trip and then drove off to school with Ty, caffeine being the only thing in my system because I was still not freaking hungry, which really didn't help on the whole being jumpy and hyper...

When I was at my locker and picking up my books, I saw Blake speaking with Mark and Dwayne. And then he saw me looking at him and smirked and I could just tell he was trying really hard not to laugh,

probably recalling last night event and I narrowed my eyes at him, and he just seemed to chuckle and then he wiggled his eyebrows at me.

I stuck out my tongue at him from a distance.

"Told you not to do that! There will be consequences" Blake screamed back at me, laughing.

"Bring it on!" I yelled back, making people who were walking in the hall turning their head and slowing their pace.

"Is that an invitation?" Blake smirked widely.

I narrowed my eyes again.

Annoying prick...

Now I would never hear the end of this, I just knew it!

I closed my locker and started to walk towards him, to beat him up or something. Blake stepped aside, smirking like there was no tomorrow, chuckling, obviously enjoying this much more than he should.

I would destroy him, I had no idea how, but I would!

Stinking idiot!

But before I could reach him, the bell rang.

"Saved by the bell!" Blake laughed, and picked up his bag that was on the floor in order to get to his class, which wasn't with me.

"You better watch out, you're in trouble Eaton, big BIG trouble!" I warned him, backing away, trying to not get pushed by the people hurrying to get to their classes, standing against the "current".

"I'll be waiting Pumpkin!" Blake smiled a little, still laughing, and then turned around and walked away, Mark and Dwayne by his side.

And I just stood there, looking at his back.

He had one HOT back...

Alright snap out of it Lexi!

I forced myself to turn around and then made my way reluctantly to Mrs. Muffin's class.

I took the seat beside Alex, looking around for Luke to see what his face was going to be like today.

He actually looked kinda guilty when he looked at me, sort of...

Haha!

But I really didn't mind. He could think whatever he wanted. If he had trusted Stacey's words, that was his problem, and if he felt bad right now, it was his problem too! I wasn't going to try to make him feel better.

It almost surprised me as much as I didn't mind about what he was thinking, especially compared to how much I minded about Blake thought, and about much less important things...

I should really cool down about the whole Blake issue too... I mean, yes he trusted me enough to tell me about his brother... sort of... I mean he probably wouldn't have if I hadn't seen the stone, but whatever...

But I mean, yes he trusted me, and obviously, saw me as a friend, but apart from that, I really should have any illusions. Blake didn't LIKE me, like me, he enjoyed teasing me, and making fun of me, but there

wasn't anything... more? I had to remind myself that. Blake couldn't see me as dating material; I mean did he even see anyone as dating material? Had he ever even dated someone? Slept around yes, but long term relationship? I didn't even know.

I knew about his brother, but I still knew so little about Blake. It was almost stupid to imagine that Blake would care about someone as clueless and unobservant as me, when he probably never really LIKED anyone...

He could pick anyone. Every girl would probably throw themselves at him, so why in hell would he pick me?

There was absolutely no way he would, so I had to just snap out of this daydreaming and drooling crap and freaking MOVE ON! He was my friend, and that was IT!!

I nodded a little, trying to convince myself that this was what I was thinking, but then raised my head to the board and saw Mrs. Muffin, writing faster on it than a hyper kid who found the candy stash, on crack, and then hurried to catch up with her.

When we were finally done, my wrist hurt.

"So we're practicing the play over at your place tonight Kitty?" Alex asked

"That's the plan" I nodded.

"Alright... and tomorrow, did you have anything planned in the evening?"

"No actually, you know, dad and Ty are leaving to go to a basketball game, so I'm all alone"

"Ya I know, your dad told my dad, I just figured you might have had plans with your new friend" he half smiled mischievously.

"What's that supposed to mean!?" I frowned

"Oh please, don't act stupid!" Alex laughed and got up, picking up his books and throwing them in his bag.

"Shut up!" I grumbled and gathered my things too, getting up to wait by the door, for the bell to ring "Just get to the point; what do you want to do?"

"Well... I wanted Daph and you to come over..." Alex trailed, looking around him a little.

Aww! The official meeting of the boyfriend!

"Tomorrow's good with me" I smiled and then the bell rang and we make our way out together, Alex smiling too.

The day was long. It seemed to drag on forever and it was cloudy so it seemed to make me sleepy, something I didn't need since I already was.

And every time I saw Blake, he was laughing more than necessary, trying to hide it, but falling miserably.

I decided to glare for a good part of the day, trying to think of a way to get back at him. I mean just because the guy was hot didn't mean I wasn't going to have my revenge!

But I settled on waiting a little, because for one thing, I had no idea what to do, and also because I would have the element of surprise!

At the end of the day, we all got into our car, Alex, Daphnee, Blake and I and drove to my place, while Tyler stayed at school for practice.

After we were all parked in I walked towards my door, keys in my hand, Blake running up to me.

"So are you still mad, or you cooled down?" Blake asked, smiling a little, but not an arrogant smirk or anything, the cute smile, with the dimples.

Cheater!

"Oh I'm pissed, majorly pissed" I told him, but my voice didn't sound mad, not one bit.

"You can scream me insults if it makes you feel better" Blake laughed and then I opened the door and walked in, Daph and Alex right behind us.

I turned around and faced him and stated "You're an idiot Blake"

"Come on, you can do better than that, idiot is practically my pet name with you" he smirked and then got his script out of his bag.

"You two are always bickering!" Alex laughed, closing the door behind him and then my eyes sorta bulged because I could see Daph expression and I just KNEW she wanted to make a remark like "Just go have sex

to get all that tension out" and if she did I would literally punch her in the face, as much as I loved her, I really would.

But she just smirked at me, obviously knowing I knew what she was thinking but restraining herself...

That got to be a first.

I turned around, bag still on my shoulder and walked to the living room the three following me.

"So! Let's get this over with!" Daph said, and let herself fall in MY recliner.

I narrowed my eyes at her and settle on the coach, resting my shoulder on the armrest, sitting cross-legged, the script now in my hands.

Alex was fast enough to get on the other recliner, so Blake plopped at the other end of the couch with me.

"Alright, you can go on and threaten everyone now mister party pooper" Blake said looking at Alex and then turning the pages of his script open.

Alex laughed "What?"

I was about to open my mouth and explain, but Blake stopped me "I got this one Pumpkin" he smirked "Don't take it the wrong way Alex, you're a good guy, I just despise Don Carlos"

"And why is that?" Alex laughed more, turning his pages too.

"Cause he's a smart ass!" Blake snorted.

Alex was still chuckling "And you don't consider yourself a smart ass?"

"No but I do consider myself as a smart guy with a nice ass" Blake smirked.

"Wow Blake, obsessing about your ass too?" I grinned at him.

"I obsess about yours too, if that can make you happy" Blake smirked at me.

I didn't restrain myself from slapping him with my script.

"Get a room" Daphnee interfered and I glared at her "Ooops sorry wrong script... or play, whatever" she said waving the matter away with her hand, but still

at a huge grin plastered on her face "Is it him? So soon?" she read this time, from the script and then kept on going.

I followed her line, which were in my script too, but then Blake grabbed one of the cushions that had been knocked on the ground, as usual and put it on my lap before resting his head on it.

Woah woah woah!!

"Why yes Blake of course, by all means, do lay on my lap" I told him, raising my arms on my sides, freaking out a bit holding my script high.

What the hell?

"Well thanks Pumpkin, you, out of all people just knows I'm pretty tired!" Blake smirked and then closed his eyes, like he was actually getting ready to sleep.

I sighed heavily, trying to ignored the stares I just KNEW I was getting right now since Daph had sort of stopped reading, and Alex wasn't picking up on his part either.

"You know, you guys can keep on reading your text, me and Lexi here we'll just wait for our turn" Blake said, eyes still closed.

I rolled my eyes at him even though he couldn't see it.

Seriously what the hell was he doing?

I hit his face with my script and Blake grabbed it and pulled it out of my hands.

"Play nicely and I'll give it back" he said, still not opening his eyes and raised his back a little, slipping the script under him.

"You're getting annoying Blake" I sighed, Alex now reading his lines.

I had to give it to him, ignoring us must have been hard right now...

"Tiredness tends to do that to me, let me sleep for a sec and I'll magically become fun to hang around"

I sighed again, but gave up on the arguing.

I mean it's not like I really minded...

Though, now that I didn't have a script, my eyes just kept wandering back to Blake face.

Why did he have to be so good looking? I mean if he'd been ugly it would have been so much easier to stay mad at him, or to tell him off... god I was so pathetic! Getting all weak because the guy was hot!

But I mean, it was kinda hard to say otherwise, especially since I was kinda staring at his face right now... Even though his eyes were closed and I couldn't see their greyness that sometimes turned into blue, I still had a whole lot to analyze. Straight nose, not too big, face pretty symmetrical, nice lips just the right amount of fullness for a guy, a shadow of a crease on his chin, the beginning of stubble around his mouth and chin, the dark rings under his eyes, his scar under the right one that I could faintly see again and that for some reason my fingers brushed faintly without my command.

I freaked for a second when I realized what I was doing but then Blake didn't even twitch, like he hadn't even been aware of it, almost like he was

actually sleeping, so I breathed in and out slowly and calmed down.

"In here" Daph was reading beside us.

"This coffin?" Alex answered.

"Like it or lump it" Daph said and burst laughing.

I stopped listening to them again, and went on with my study of Blake which, I had to admit was much more interesting.

This time I looked at his light brown hair which tend more towards the dark blond than the deep brown, and again, without my command pushed a strand off his forehead.

"Do I need a haircut?" Blake asked, eyes still closed, taking me by surprise.

"No your hair is fine" I answered back.

Blake chuckled slightly and then opened his eyes and lifted his back a little, taking my script back, placing it up against his stomach and then pointed my lines when Daph had read hers.

It was our turn to come in scene.

"Oh I fear some mishap. Hernani should be here. That must be him. Let him in before he knocks" I read

"Dona Sol! Ah, finally, it's you..." Blake went on and we kept reading the script.

I was proud with Blake for keeping himself in check and not saying innuendos every two seconds.

But I did realized that Daphnee and Alex were looking at us weirdly which made me self conscious.

Where we doing something wrong?

Okay the whole having his head on my lap deal might have been weird but I mean this was Daphnee and Alex! They KNEW weird!

And I might have kept paying with his hair a little but in my defense I really wasn't aware of the movement, and he had nice hair!

"What is he saying" Blake read

"Let him in, I tell you!" Alex answered and Blake frowned, making me half smiled.

His hate for Don Carlos was just stubborn of him!

"This is surly the end" I finished and Blake dropped the script and then swung himself back up, sitting beside me.

It was weird losing the warmth so fast like that.

"Well I think we'll be alright" Blake said and then yawned and stretched his arm, after rubbing his finger over his eyebrows.

"Ya, if you restrain yourself from killing me in front of the class!" Alex laughed and got up.

We all followed his lead and putting our scripts back in our bags.

But then Blake's phone rang, and he took it out of his pocket and frowned at it.

"Gotta take this..." he mumbled and walked out of the room and made his way in the hall towards our dinning room.

"Well... not that I don't love your company but I'm needed elsewhere" Alex smiled a little.

"You naughty boy!" Daph laughed

"So you guys will come for supper at my place tomorrow right?" Alex asked again, making sure as I followed him towards the door, Daph by my side.

"Of course" we answered at the same time, and then stared at each other and burst laughing.

"Alright! See you guys tomorrow" Alex waved and got out.

"Soooo!" Daph trailed, staring straight at me.

"So?"

She smirked "That card doesn't work with me"

"What card?" I asked, walking to the kitchen, with her on my heels.

"The "I'm pretending nothing is happening" card"

"PARENTAL AUTORITY IS BACK!!" a voice yelled at the door, and I smiled, poking my head out of the kitchen, at dad.

Tyler was with him, he had probably picked him up from practice.

"Hey dad"

"Hey kid!"

"We'll talk about this later" Daph said, pointing her finger at me, and I was worried for a second.

"I see we've got company" dad said, making his way towards the fridge.

"Oh I'm leaving now! I have plenty of completely useless things to do at home" she laughed and picked up her bag.

"Bye bye" she waved and then left us there.

"Blake's car is still in the driveway" Tyler said before drinking from the milk can.

"Ya, he's in the dinning room, speaking on the phone" I frowned.

"How is he doing?" dad asked, taking food for our dinner on the counter.

"Good" I smiled a little.

Well at least he looked as so.

"Well speaking of the devil!" dad said, looking towards the arch, and I turned to see Blake, walking towards us, frowning to himself.

"Bad news?" I asked, curious.

"Oh that was nothing, I'm just trying to do the test I skipped so I can get out of trouble with the coach" Blake shrugged. "Well I should get going..." he trailed and then waved and walked away.

"Why didn't you offer him to stay for dinner?" dad asked me.

My father's liking for Blake was really weird!

"Give me a sec!" I said and rushed to the door.

Blake was about to open the door "Hey! You want to stay?" I asked in a rush.

He stopped and turned around "Not tonight babe, I have a headache" Blake smirked.

I rolled my eyes "I mean for dinner!"

Dumbass.

"Ya right!" he laughed, and I narrowed my eyes "I would have loved to, but Anita will be very put out if I don't eat her dinner for me tonight"

I was a little disappointed.

"Tell her I say hi"

"Will do" Blake smiled "Don't make that face Pumpkin, you'll see me tomorrow" he laughed this time.

I rolled my eyes again "Don't flatter yourself"

"Don't need to, you do it all for me" he smirked widely "Don't worry I'll miss you too!" he laughed and then opened the door.

"Bye Pumpkin"

"Bye Blake..."

And then he closed the door behind him and I just stood there like an idiot.

After a few second, I literally smacked my palm on my forehead.

"So much for the no drooling an no daydreaming" I mumbled to myself and walked back to the kitchen.

Chapter 59

I Sold Myself to the Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (55)

SORRY GUYS!!! I know you've been waiting for a while (for this story I mean because what you consider long time waiting for a post with me is standard time with others ;P) and I know this should be longer since you waited but I'm tired... :S And it's really not my nicest chapter... I'm sorry about that too... but like I said, getting tired here! And I really didn't have that much time to work on it..

Soooooooo

This is me, keeping a promise! Here's the beginning of your night out Ashley! :D (Sorry I'm tired, you really are getting just the VERY beginning!)

Now, I hope everyone knows that Alexander in Nine Lives is MINE!!!!!!! Mouhahahahaha.. sexy Alexander ^^ (Oh and PLEASE don't jump to conclusion alright Ashley! It's not what you'll assume, just keep on reading... I just realized you could assume something else and then be mad and not give me Alexander ;P It's not Nana okay? ;P)

Oh and I would like to mention... this is like... the 55th chapter, but the 60th part in the story group... now I don't know if you guys realized (yes yes I know you do lol) but I've been able to pull of 60 chapters of not making out what so ever between Lexi and Blake, no kissing and all... I'm kinda proud of myself right now ;P I mean that's got to be a record here ;P But oh! Will the strike really continue with this chapter? Mouhahaha maybe not ;P

Okay... so I think that's it...

Read, enjoy, vote and comment!! :DD

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"Have you ever stabbed Nazi zombies? There's a really soothing feeling that comes with it" Ty was

telling dad, while I was staring intently at my Fettuccini Alfredo.

"Maybe I should restrict your video game playing... last thing I need is a serial killer in the family..." my father trailed frowning.

"Please, that doesn't mean anything. Just because I like the sound when I slice their flesh doesn't mean I'm actually going to go kill people" Ty answered and then laughed mischievously.

"That's it. I'm cutting you off!"

"Come on dad! Just zombies! And Nazi zombies! Not humans... that's another game!"

I stopped listening to them, and kept moving the noodles around in my plate with my fork, elbow on the counter, face leaning in my palm.

I was getting obsessed with Blake... too obsessed... heck it wasn't even "becoming" obsessed with him. I WAS obsessed with him...

And it was completely ridiculous!

Nothing was going to happen between us! I mean every time it almost had, he had stopped it... well I mean, in the library I might have snapped him back to reality and in his room, Josh might have interrupted but those two times, it always seemed like he was actually freaking out after realizing what he was doing.

That didn't particularly sound good... Well I mean it was fine, but it was proof right? Proof that me and him, it wouldn't happen... as sexy as he was and as obsessed as I was...

And I didn't want anything to happen between us, I like our friendship! I didn't want anything more... right?

"What's bothering you kid?" my father asked, snapping me back to reality.

"Nothing, don't worry" I smiled and then straighten myself, forcing some food into my system.

I felt already full, like I had already eaten a ton. Why was I feeling this way? I didn't feel sick!

"If you don't feel well, you know we don't have to leave tomorrow..." dad frowned, eying my plate, and then looking at me with concerned eyes.

Awesome, not only was I probably making myself sick over the whole obsessing about Blake deal, now I was worrying dad!

"I'm feeling just fine, seriously don't worry dad, I'm just not super hungry lately... guess my growth spurt is over now" I chuckled, rolling the flat noodle around my fork.

"You sure? Because if there's something wrong-" dad started to say but then Ty coughed interrupting him but like "cough*Blake*cough"

I narrowed my eyes at him "You choked on your food Ty? Something's wrong with it?"

"No no it's perfect" he grinned like an idiot.

"Shut up Ty!" I groaned and then sighed and stared at my plate.

Dad looked at me, and I think he was smiling and I was about to scowl at the two of them so I just got up

"Well you guys can finish my food, I'm done..." I trailed and then walked out and to my room.

I closed the door behind me and let myself fall on my bed, staring at me ceiling intently, making bets with myself as to which ladybug would reach a certain point first... stinking ladybugs... I should grab the vacuum cleaner and go on a rampage or something...

Basically I was trying to distract myself... and stop the face that kept popping in my head to invade all my thoughts...

And then there was a faint knock on my door.

"Come in..."

My father head peaked into the room "Wanna talk about it kid?"

"I'm fine..." I trailed and then sat up in my bed "Really..."

"If you say so... but you know you can always come and talk... I might be your old man, and not understand everything you crazy kid do these days,

but I'm a good listener!" he said, smiling faintly, coming into full view.

"I know that. Thanks dad" I answered, smiling too.

"So... you're going to be okay? While we're gone I mean?"

"Ya, I'll go over Alex's tomorrow night for dinner and then school in the days, so no need to worry about me throwing a wild party" I chuckled lightly.

"I know, that was your sister's department!" my dad chuckled too.

"Our lovely Anna..." I said, shaking my head.

"So... you won't need anything? Want me to call every hour to check on you?" my father asked me with a faint smirk, and I laughed a little

"I think I'm going to managed to survive without that" I snorted.

My father smiled "Well I just want you to know that if there's anything wrong-"

"I can always call you, I know dad, don't worry really, it's not like I can't survive without you guys for two days!"

"Hey, let your old man worry if he wants to worry alright?" dad laughed.

Without really knowing why, I got up from my bed, walked to my dad and hugged him.

"Thanks dad..." I told him.

"No need to thank me kid..." my father answered.

The two men slowly started packing for the rest of the night, Tyler spending more time at finding a way to mention, louder than necessary that HE was going to go watch a basketball game, but I didn't go punch him or something... I was happy he was happy.

I tried has best as I could to not think about Blake, most of the time, and when I could hear that Ty was playing video games, decided to call Vanessa.

I hadn't had news from her for so long and I felt bad... me and her used to be inseparable. And it did

feel like there was a piece missing in our little group...

She was undeniably happy about the fact that she was coming back next week, which didn't really help on the whole "not thinking about Blake" deal since she kept repeating that I had to thank him and blah blah blah...

I gave her a full report on Ty, because I knew she was probably dying to have it. I tried to fill her in as much as I could about everything. Alex's boyfriend, Daph latest obsession; the flea market guy... but I skipped as much as it was possible, the whole Blake obsessing thing on my behalf.

I mean yes usually I would tell her everything, but I didn't want to admit it I guess. And for all I knew, it was just a look thing. the guy was hot and my hormones jumped in. That was what I was convincing myself.

But I guess I wasn't fooling her because she kept asking if I was sure I was okay, and mentioning that I didn't sound like my normal self.

This was just great! I was WAY too pathetic now...

When I was finally done speaking with her it was bedtime and I fell asleep, wishing for another call, but at the same time mentally cursing myself for wanting it.

The guys woke up early the next morning and I got to say goodbye to them before leaving for school.

I was excited but at the same time a little worried about the dinner tonight with Alex's boyfriend. I mean we had barely talked with the guy last time... Things could go wrong.

But the second my eyes spotted Blake when I was in the halls, my mind focused on a whole new topic.

At first he looked a little... worried? I don't know it was weird, there was something about the way he was staring at the inside of his locker without flinching almost concentrated that was off.

But it disappeared the second he closed it and then turned around, smirking at me.

The bell wasn't going to ring just yet, and pretty much all the guys were gathered together, Alex included so I walked up to him, Blake joining the group too.

"...their defence is way too weak and their cornerbacks are lazy!" Mark was saying.

I stopped beside Alex, smiling at him and he smiled back, before concentrating on the conversation again.

Friday night's game.

"Well one of our cornerback is weak too..." Clark said with an evil smile.

"Well my position doesn't just include bending over I have to actually DO something else!" Justin snorted to him.

"Oh SNAP" Dwayne yelled laughing, all the guys joining him.

"Whatever, we're winning that game; we haven't lost a game against them for two years! We should think

more about the party after!" Shawn said nodding to himself.

"Why don't we play first, then you can worry about who you'll nail after" Blake snorted.

"Ya you should be talking, Mister "I haven't tag along with my wing men for ever"! You've grown hermit or what? I have a dozen new girls for you to meet!" Clark said and I was suddenly a thousand times more interested, though the football talk had caught my attention too.

"You mean girls who asked you to hook their friends up with me if you wanted to take them out?" Blake said, rolling his eyes "If you find a girl that fits in the hot canon and that can tell me who made the first touchdown during football XLI, details included, I might consider enduring the friend..." he sighed.

I wasn't going to mention that it was Devin Hester, number 23, I could clearly with his short braids, who had ran back the opening kickoff, which was like one of the awesomest touchdown ever...

The bell finally rang, and we all went our ways to our classes.

After school, I drove back home, to change and do a few homework before going over Alex's.

Blake had made a duty of worrying me about the play, telling me he would mention all the little side comments he had when we had practice for the first time, and even if he didn't I would remember them and laugh and basically make a fool of myself in front of the class.

"But don't worry, I'll be there to make everything alright Pumpkin" he had said.

Asshole.

Making me worrying and then saying he would make it okay.

Around five o'clock, I abandoned my schoolwork, scattered around my bed and drove off to officially meet my ex-boyfriend's boyfriend.

How bad did that sound?

Truthfully, I didn't mind that much but I was kinda worried about the whole "How are they going to act around each other". I mean, okay I knew Alex was gay and that now he had a boyfriend... but still, it was still a hard concept to grasp. Would they kiss in front of us? That would be weird... right?

I mean, I loved Alex and I couldn't be happier that he had found someone he could love, but there were great chances that the night could become awkward...

By then, I parked in front of Alex's house and repeated to myself that everything would be fine and that there really was no reason to worry.

Why did I keep worrying for everything and anything lately?

I was much too keyed up and stressed... that was probably the reason for the knot I kept having in my stomach that always stopped me from eating...

I knocked on the door and walked right in after, not waiting for anyone to open it, as usual, but then worried, again. I mean Daph's car wasn't there yet,

but there was another one, probably Travis's... would I walk on them making out or something?

Please don't make me walk on them making out, I begged mentally.

I was greeted by Nana, Alex's australian shepherd, running around me, and then almost trying to jump in my arms. She usually stayed outside, in the summer that was, but whenever Alex's parents left he would let her come in and chew on the furniture or whatever that ball of energy wanted to do at the moment.

"Where's Papa Bear, Nana?" I asked the dog, bending and brushing its reddish-brown and white fur.

"Is it you Kitty?" I heard the very second, Alex's voice coming from the kitchen.

"Yope!" I yelled back and then walked to the familiar kitchen, Nana by my side.

"Hey Kitty" he smiled to me, standing behind then long rectangular center counter, chromed fridge and oven behind him, his boyfriend sitting across from

him, looking at Alex preparing the food, his back to me.

"Hey Papa Bear!" I smiled too "Hi Travis!"

The one concerned, turned to face me, a nice smile lighting his face "Hi Lexi!"

Once again, I thought about how that guy was really cute and it was a shame he was gay. I mean, both of the guys standing in front of me were a great lost to all the girls...

"So! What are we eating tonight?" I asked, walking to the counter to sit in front of Alex too, while Nana kept trying to get attention and more patting on the head.

"I'm making honey and orange chicken with rice and a Cesar salad!" Alex announced.

"I know you can make more elaborated things than that!" I teased him.

"Ya but it's a school night!" Alex laughed, pressing garlic in the big salad bowl.

"You know he hadn't even told me he cooked!" Travis said, looking at me.

"Well have you met his mom?" I asked and he nodded "So I mean it's kind of a given..." I laughed.

"Dad and I shouldn't even let her get in the kitchen..." Alex laughed too.

And then Nana, suddenly turned and ran to the door.

"I'M HERE!!! The party can begin!" Daphnee yelled and then I could hear her speaking to Nana.

Few second later, my favourite hippie walked in the kitchen.

"Greetings!" she smiled widely, almost bowing, dramatic entrance right there "So I hope I didn't miss any juicy details?"

"Nope, you're all good!" I laughed.

"Better!" she said and then came to sit between me and Travis, stealing a big leaf of salad on the counter.

Alex slapped her hand, but wasn't able to retrieve it "Hey! Give it back!" he ordered shaking his head in

fake disproval, but his voice was filled with amusement.

He was happy.

"I'm hungry, speed up your cooking process or suffer the consequences!" she answered, her voice almost mischievous, making me laugh.

Nana who was obviously getting bored, ran out of the kitchen to god knew where.

"So Travis! Anything we should know about, since you're dating our best-friend?" I asked him.

"Yes, any unusual habits? Mental disorders? Alien relatives? You know, that sort of things." Daph added.

"You can ignore what Daphnee says" Alex laughed, mixing the lemon juice and sour cream, with the garlic and pepper in the bowl.

"We usually do!" I agreed.

"Are you guys plotting against me? Because you know it can backfire right?" she threatened jokingly... or maybe not "Anyway, we're diverting from the

subject! So Travis, share all your darkest details so we can analyze your brain!"

I had to give it to him, if he could survive this night, he'd earned the right to go out with Alex.

"Well nothing unusual, really, and as for the aliens, I'm bounded to secrecy, had to sign papers, sorry" he laughed.

"Oh forget it man, you're spilling about the aliens, whether you want it or not!" Daph answered him at the same time that a cell phone rang "Not mine!" she announced proudly.

"Sorry that's mine, forgot to put it on silence."

As he answered, Daph got up, and walked towards the sound, coming from Travis vest on a chair by the entry of the kitchen.

"Do I have the right to answer?"

"Well it's probably my friend Ashley asking me if everything is alright and I haven't been killed yet" he laughed.

"I'll take that as a yes!" she simply said, making me shake my head in disbelief and then brought the cell to her ear "Yellow submarine!"

"Don't worry about Daph, we don't think she's normal either" I told Travis, trying to be reassuring.

I mean I didn't want us to scare the guy away! Alex cared about him!

"She's fine" he smiled.

"Why yes I am one of the friends, and I'm surprise I wasn't referred as a cuckoo! And might I inquire as why you are calling?" Daph was saying.

"Ya just wait when she REALLY gets into it..." Alex laughed "Mention Paul McCartney and you are doom" he added his voice low so she wouldn't hear him.

"Now what made you think that?" Daph frowned "Well you are! Do you know where is the house?" she asked and then proceeded into explaining how to get to Alex's place.

"Is she inviting her?" I chuckled.

"Looks like it" Alex answered shaking his head before checking his chicken.

"Alright your friend is going to be joining us! I mean the least we can do is give you a companion to survive through this. Three against one could get ugly" she admitted, sitting back in her spot.

I smiled at her, shaking my head. Of course she would just take matter into her hand without asking things like "Do you have enough portion to feed one more person?" to Alex.

I was happy to be with my friends right now, in Alex's kitchen, the smell of the food making everything almost comforting. I was almost actually getting hungry this time! Maybe my appetite was finally coming back!

The three of us sat, looking at Alex finishing cooking, while Daphnee was inquiring Travis about what outcomes a call to the flea market guy would bring.

She still hadn't called him, and it didn't seem like she would, even though she kept speaking about him.

And then I thought about the fact that I really shouldn't be talking... I mean I wasn't speaking about Blake all the time, but I sure as all was thinking about him a lot!

I wondered what he was doing tonight...

Alright snap out of it Lexi!

And then Nana started to bark, meaning a car she didn't know was coming into the driveway and we all got up to greet the new addition to our night.

I mean Travis did deserve to have a friend by his side. I know I'd probably be traumatized by Daph if I was use to her.

Daphnee was the one to open the door, which maybe wasn't the smartest move "You have ten seconds to name the members of the Beatles, and if you fail you can't come in!"

"Don't listen to her, her mom just dropped her too many times on the head when she was a baby!" Alex said behind shaking his head.

But Travis's friend still answered "Paul McCartney, John Lennon, George Harrison, Ringo Starr"

"Alright, you can come in, and Travis, you can keep her as your friend!" Daph said and then looked back at the browned haired girl closing the door behind her "Oh and you get extra points for naming Paul first, but just so you know, he's mine, the 1965 version that is!"

"Is it because of the haircut?" she asked, laughing a little.

Daph nodded "Mainly yes!"

"Alright you girl can chitchat in the kitchen!" Alex ordered us around, smiling "My food will burn!"

"A guy that cooks?! Travis, you really hit the jackpot! And he's cute!" she smirked a little.

Travis just laughed while we walked back to the kitchen, a new addition to our night.

Chapter 60

I Sold Myself to the Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (56)

So today I woke up and... I didn't really plan on writing to say the least... but I did..

This chapter goes to C.

Because you're one of the first to have encouraged my writing, to have actually read and listened to my crazy ideas, for nagging me to write more, for that time you actually dressed up as the bear for the play I wrote, for letting yourself being attacked by the bugs while we tried to shoot the movie I wrote in Sec1.. you died first in that too.. for the race in the school halls with your wheelchair and around the art class..

Remember I said there was actually some good from being sick when you got to meet Patrick Kane at the All-Star game... but you know what? I take it back...

I miss you..

* *

"Seriously Travis, you really hit the jackpot!" Ashley, his friend, was saying again while she took another bite of Alex's chocolate cake "You really sure you're gay? Wouldn't want to dump Travis, come live with me and cook all the time" she asked Alex, making us all laugh.

At this point the dirty dishes from the chicken were on the counter, with all the dirty pans waiting to get wash.

Daph had easily made Travis blur his life story before he even had time to ask for a second serving.

We now knew that his parents had divorced when he was eight, he was an only child, he had always kinda knew he was gay and had dated the one publicly known guy in his school that was, but he wasn't really his type and "unnecessarily loud and

obnoxious" as Ashley had put it so it hadn't last long. He accepted his orientation easily but he wasn't the kind to like scream it on roofs. He didn't mind but his life didn't center around that.

His acceptance of being gay, I think that's one of the things that Alex liked about him. I mean Alex, I'm sure he would have liked for people to know, to have this "weight" off his shoulder... but he was scared of how the guys would take it. I mean Travis wasn't the quarterback in a team full of machos. Maybe that wasn't a good excuse, but it was still true...

"Sorry Ashley, the second he changes his mind, he's ALL mine" Daphnee smirked at her.

"Oh and what about that flea market guy?" Alex asked, laughing, and then his eyes fell back on Travis, and gave him a look that made me want to turn my head and stare away.

I mean it's wasn't a dirty look, it was a loving look. The kind of way that made you feel like you were infiltrating something private you shouldn't see.

For one tiny fraction of a second I thought about the fact that he had never looked at me that way. Just long enough to realize I didn't mind.

"Who's the flea market guy?" Ashley asked, chuckling a little.

That's right she had missed the talk about him earlier.

"Just THE hotness guy on Earth. He's been torturing me, basically ignoring my attempts at dragging him into a dark alley! But he gave me his phone number the other day... well I kinda almost choked it out of him, anyway, not the point! So I have the phone number but I'm planning on not calling... to torture him too, though I doubt he will mind, so I'll stop minding, like soon, otherwise I'll become obsessed like Silly-Lexi here!" Daph rambled, giving me a mischievous smile at the end.

"I am NOT obsessed!" I scowled at her.

But I was...

"Please!" she rolled her eyes.

"Now that sounds interesting" Ashley interfered, smirking a little too.

The two boys were having a discussion of their own, and I kinda freaked as I realized I was the new center of attention.

"Trust me, it's not" I answered her, and took a huge bite of chocolate cake, effectively preventing me from speaking and having to say more.

"Oh it is! And it's a little sad at the same time, I mean it's almost written on her forehead when she stares at him drooling like a moron "Please take me sexy running back, take me NOW!"" Daphnee went on and I realized shoving food in my mouth and stopping me from being able to defend myself hadn't been the smartness move on my behalf.

"Really?" Ash asked and then looked at my head "I don't see anything" she laughed.

I swallowed the cake hurriedly, which, important to mention was like heaven in my mouth, and then spoke, so that Daph would shut up "Seriously I don't wanna "take him" and I mean I have to right to stare

sometimes, like you said once everyone thinks he's hot!"

Just saying this I knew it was a lame excuse. Why? Because Blake had obviously been hot all his life, and more importantly ever since I had known him. Now, why was I staring at him NOW? Why didn't I start that earlier, before really speaking with him? If I had I could have said it was because of his hotness, but now... I couldn't. Because the truth was if it hadn't been for him, for his personality, for everything that made Blake, Blake, I wouldn,t be staring. If it hadn't been for who he was I would have giving a care. But now I did, and I... I cared... Because it wasn't just staring, it was caring too...

Oh crap.

"Correction, I said everyone wanted a piece of him!" Daph intervened.

"That sexy?" Ashley asked.

"He could compete with my flea market guy!" she nodded.

"Please your flea market guy is probably a bum!" I laughed.

"Oh sorry! He. Is. NOT!"

"Does he wear shoes?" I asked her, thinking back at that freaky guy she had thought was THE sexiest thing on Earth a little while ago.

I mentally shuddered. I mean Daphnee could have the worst and the best taste with guys.

"As a matter of fact he does! And you know what, I'm now going to say he'd kick your running-back ass with his hotness!"

I didn't want to say this but I did "Please that would be almost impossible!"

My running back was the definition of hotness...

And he wasn't MY running back!!

Oh god...

"The running back sounds hot" Ashley said, chuckling.

"He is, and that's the only reason why I stare, seriously! If you saw him you'd understand"

Why did I need to explain myself?

"Hey Alex!" Daph suddenly said, looking over at him, interfering in his nice little chat "You still have that picture of the football team?"

"Sure, it's in my room" he shrugged.

"Well then, Lexi go get it and show our friend here how sexy your running back is" Daph smirked.

"It's not MY running back!" I told her, trying again to get that through my head, and I mean I knew that, of course I did!

"Whatever, just go get it!" she laughed at me.

I narrowed my eyes at her, but got up never the less and then ran upstairs to Alex's room, and quickly saw what I was looking for, hanging on the wall. I looked at the picture for a second. At all the players. And then at Blake, of course. He was smiling, but it wasn't the dimple smile or the smirk, it was almost a sad smile, and there was something almost

heartbreaking about his eyes. He looked so unhappy... My fingers stroked the glass, like I could actually take the sadness away, but then shook my head collecting my thoughts and ran back downstairs.

The voice now came from the living room so I headed there.

"Hey! Sorry we took the party here!" Alex told me.

He was sitting on one of the two white couches with Travis, while Daphnee was on the other one with Ashley, but she got up on her feet when I walked in.

"Now show her your object of infatuation" she smirked at me and I narrowed my eyes again while she sat in a chair beside the couch.

I sat beside Ashley and gave her the picture.

But before I could point anyone or say anything she almost squealed "Whoa! Okay who are the double-yummies?" Ashley asked pointing the twins.

I chuckled, but I mean she was right the twins were definitely yummy!

"That's Cameron and Trevor!" I told her.

"I could stare at them. All. Day. LONG!" she said and then sighed and kept staring. I restrained myself from giggling. "Can I get one please? Please?"

"Sorry I don't own the rights on them!" I laughed.

"Shame..." Ashley trailed shaking her head, still staring intently at the picture in front of her "Hey! I know that guy!" she suddenly exclaimed, pointing Blake.

Oh crap... oh crap crap crap...

I didn't like that. This had bad story written ALL over it...

"Really?" I asked like I didn't have a care in the world, but Daph had suddenly appeared behind my shoulder.

"Well ain't that fun! That's precisely Lexi's boy toy!"

"Shut up Daphnee!"

But I mean I was kinda showing him off to her wasn't I? That was completely ridiculous. Why had I needed

to show her he was hot to explain my staring? Wasn't my words enough?

Seriously what was wrong with me lately? My brains felt messed up!

"Easy Tiger!" Daph chuckled to me and then looked at Ashley "How'd you know him?"

I didn't want to know...

"Well there's a girl at school who basically ran around the halls, a picture of her and him in her hands, showing it to everyone. And I know there are a few other girls that pranced around the fact that they had been with him. He's like the hot material at our school. If you've been with him, you got social status" she explained simply, shrugging.

"Well isn't that nice..." Daph laughed.

Wow... Blake's got a reputation even in other schools.

Perfect, just freaking perfect...

"Should have said his name was Blake Eaton" Ashley laughed and then looked like she was going to give

me the picture back but stopped and stared again, at the twins.

I wanted to laugh but at the same time didn't.

"Couldn't have known he was so popular..." I trailed.

"Anyway gotta give it to you, he is nice to look at... You like him?" she asked me.

"No, like you said, he's just nice to look at" I answered, nodding to myself, trying to get this in my head.

But I WAS friend with him though...

"Oh please! You ain't fooling anyone!" Daphnee whined. "Back me up here Alex! Those two, Blake and Lexi I mean, there's something there, right?"

"I'd say yes, but I that guy is mystery on his self..." Alex trailed "I mean just the other day at practice, coach wouldn't even let him do the plays, made him sit on the bench all the time and he kept saying he wouldn't be in the game on Friday but coach called me tonight an apparently Blake gonna be playing now..."

Okay, lot of info right there, but before I could ask further more or defend myself and tell everyone that nothing was there between me and Blake Daph exclaimed "You guys will be coming to the game right? And you could meet the twins!" she said, looking at Ashley.

"Ouu, tempting!" Ash smirked a little.

"Only if Alex doesn't mind..." Travis trailed.

"Well I don't mind!" Alex answered but then looked like he was thinking about it thoroughly.

"You know it's fine if you do mind, but I would appreciate looking at you in those spandex pants" Travis smiled.

Stupid Alex, hurting his boyfriend! And I mean, it's not like he needed to scream that the guy over there enjoying his butt in the spandex uniform was his boyfriend!

But then, there was a sound coming from the kitchen that interrupted the conversation.

My phone ringing.

"Me this time!" I said guilty and got up from the couch.

"Now now, you'd be calling you, we're all here!" Daph said, shaking her head.

"Might be Vanessa..." I trailed.

"Well I could answer then!" Daph exclaimed, getting up on her feet too.

"Just let me get this please! Could also be dad or Ty..." I told her.

Or Blake...

"If it's Vanessa tell her she just missed an awesome night! Rub it in a little!" and then when she saw Ashley confused face "She our friend. Goldilocks in the flesh, and he's Papa Bear and she's Baby Bear and I'm Mama Bear. We're like a cute fairy tale just waiting to happen!" Daph said in a fake cute voice.

"Bring out the rainbow and bunnies!" Ashley laughed.

I stopped listening to them and turned around, walking to my cell and then when I got it sure thing, the caller ID said Blake.

I leaned against the wall in the entry of the kitchen and brought the phone to my ear.

"Hey" I answered, smiling a little, almost jumpy at the thought of the fact I would hear his voice now. His deep sexy voice.

"Hey... what are you doing right now? Can I-" Blake started to say, his voice sounding... off? But then Alex screamed from the living room "IS IT YNA?" loud enough for Blake to hear I guess because he stopped speaking.

Crap.

"I don't fancy being mistaken for a girl. That's like a first in my book" Blake told me.

"Sorry about that, I'm over at Alex's..." I trailed, biting my bottom lip worriedly.

I don't know why, I just was for a second.

"Kinda figured that out for myself..." Blake just said and then was silent.

"So you were saying?" I asked, trying to get him speaking again.

"Nothing, forget about it" he simply said.

"No no! Go ahead!" I urged.

"Really Lexi it was nothing, just go have fun, I'll see you tomorrow, try not to forget your script or anything and if you have stage fright remember to picture everyone naked, except me, cause then you'll just be speechless and we need you to be able to make coherent sentence and not drool on sight alright?" Blake said, his voice teasing but there was still something off about it, and how he kinda blurred it all in one breath almost...

"Seriously Blake what's wrong?" I asked, though in a way it was better to not drag this conversation right? I mean I was over at Alex's to meet his boyfriend, not on another of my many late calls with Blake...

"Nothing, really. Just wanted to annoy you a bit as always! We'll talk another time alright. Bye Lexi" he simply told me, his tone making this final.

I barely had time to say goodbye as he hung up on me.

Alright that was weird...

I just stood there and stared at my cellphone...

I didn't like this, I really didn't...

Chapter 61

I Sold Myself to the Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (57)

So.. I hope you guys will cool down now! ;P

I said about one hour! No one hour exactly!

LOL

Anyway this is long so no complaining! ;P

Alright it's 3h30 in the morning here, I have to finish reading Brave New World for my test on it at 8h30! LOL

Alright I had all sort of things to say but you guys are getting impatient and I need to sleep at one point right? ;P

Read, enjoy, vote and comment! :DD

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I was still staring intently at my cellphone, almost waiting for it to tell me what was wrong, what had just happened, but then Alex yelled again "Lexi what's up?"

For one second I was a little pissed.

Couldn't he have waited before screaming and interrupting Blake! He was actually going to tell me something! I mean I was finally slowly beginning to understand him and this time Alex had screw it up!

And for a second I also thought about the fact that maybe... maybe Blake was... unhappy about the fact that I was with Alex, maybe thinking I was alone with him... I didn't want get into dangerous territory but could that be true?

Maybe...

"Kitty!!?" Alex yelled again, and I sighed heavily and walked back to the living room.

"What?" I asked, my voice a little sharper than I had intended.

I mean this wasn't his fault, it was mine. I shouldn't be mad at him.

"What happened? What's wrong?" he asked me concerned deep in his features.

"It's..." I was going to say nothing, because it always felt kinda wrong to share what happened between Blake and me, as insignificant as it was, but this time, it just felt like I had to say it, because I had to do something... "It's Blake; he's the one who called. He sounded... off..." I frowned.

I had to call him back, or something. I couldn't let things like that!

But I felt guilty for thinking like that; I mean I basically spent almost all my time with Blake lately. The least I could do was spend ONE night with my friends, one entire night without worrying about him, right?

"Off, I'm going to jump off a cliff, or off, I need to take off my clothes and bang you right now?" Daph asked, smirking just a little.

I glared at her and mumbled "Shut up Daph, not even funny..."

She looked like she was going to say something but Alex stopped her and looked at me "Call him back"

I wanted to answer that that was exactly what I had been telling myself ever since I had hung up but let him finish what he had to say.

"Call him, and tell him to come over here or something... or you can always leave..." he told me frowning a bit, like he was thinking about this deeply.

I felt guilty for actually wanting to just grab my things and run out of the house, speeding over to Blake's ...

Like I actually had a huge impact one Blake Eaton's life...

But a tiny tiny voice in my head, said that... maybe I did... not a huge impact, but still a little one.

I mean, after all, the guy had kinda shared his life story with me! And as much as he was probably still

not telling me, he had trusted me with a whole lot! And that meant something. And I shouldn't take it for granted! And I should definitely do something right now.

"Just... just please everyone shush this time alright?" I said and without waiting for the answer walked towards the kitchen again and called him back.

It seemed like the seconds between each rings were endless.

I was really making everything into such a big deal! When had I become such a drama sucker?

And then he finally picked up his first words were "I thought I had just hung up hadn't I?"

That was the exact kind of remark that made me want to call him a little bitch.

But I restrained myself.

I was actually getting quite good at that...

"Well someone sounds like he's in a fantastic mood!"

"I thought this conversation was over? We'll see each other tomorrow for the play, go have fun, I need my

sleep now. I'm actually going to sleep; you know what you've been telling me to do?"

"You sound piss..." I couldn't help myself from saying this time.

"I sound tired" he reply automatically

In a small voice, I asked "Come over..."

"What?"

"Well it's me Daphnee, Alex and two of his friends. We could always use more company..."

Blake was silent on the other line of the phone for a few seconds and then he sighed "You don't need to do this you know that right?"

"Do what?"

"Try to fix things that don't need fixing..."

I frowned again "What do you mean?"

"Just because you think you did something wrong doesn't mean you have to make everything alright Pumpkin"

"What are you implying" I said this time my eyes narrowing.

Why did it felt like he was slowly beginning to have a smirk in his face? That arrogant bastard!

"Thanks for the invite Pumpkin, next time maybe, but you know what? I'm actually going to sleep tonight and be all fresh and radiating for our play tomorrow"

"Ya you do that..."

Little bitch.

"Bye Pumpkin, and remember to put the right amount of emotion when you say how big I am alright?" Blake said and this time the smirk was completely evident.

How in hell could he go from feeling like he was going to shoot himself and then back to being an annoying smirking jerk?

"Get lost Blake!" I sighed.

"Anytime with you Pumpkin" he laughed and then hung up.

Again, I found myself staring at my cellphone in amazement.

Okay, what had just happened?

Was Blake bi-polar? That could be a good answer for his weird behavior sometimes.

"Is the sexy running-back coming? Will I have the right to dissect him?!" Daphnee yelled from the living room.

I rolled my eyes and walked back to it.

"He's not coming over" I simply answered.

"So you're leaving?" Alex asked.

"No, I' staying right here!" I said with a fake full grin and then let myself fall back on the white couch beside Ashley, careful not to sit on Nana's tail since she had kinda followed Ashley on it. For some reason the dog at found a particular liking to Travis best friend and was now following her everywhere.

She was lucky, Nana didn't like everyone.

"So..." I trailed, wanting to have a conversation back on track "You guys are coming to the game on Friday or not?"

And then the talking started again.

The rest of the night went pretty much uneventfully, if you called Daph crazy outburst uneventful. It seemed that Ashley did a pretty good job at containing the outburst.

Alex and Travis were cute together and I was pretty grateful for the fact that they didn't do some heavy make-out sessions in our faces. I mean it was kind of a one step at the time deal...

"So, not that I would love to develop more on the atrocity that is Cassie's half shaved hair right now but I have to get home before Kevin does so I don't need to see that piece of garbage we call his face!" Daph said, at one point, getting up from her chair.

I smirked "Still not found of your half-brother?"

"After ten years it's a done deal." she scowled.

Kevin was the demon in Daphnee's life.

Daph had never known her father. He mother had never even told her what is name was. No one knew.

That was something Daph had wondered during all her life. There was a period she actually thought her father must have been someone famous, and that was why her mother wouldn't tell her. Let's just say she had prayed real hard it wasn't Paul McCartney.

And then after a few years, her mom had met Kevin's father, and they had gotten married and moved in together. Daphnee had never liked her new older sibling, but in her defense the thing was kinda obnoxious and stupid most of the time, but not fun stupid, annoying stupid.

"Didn't he have his apartment now?" Alex asked, getting up too.

We all followed their lead.

"His roommate kicked him out... he's THAT annoying... and guess what? Kevin, the guy with the LEAST compassion is going to go back to school to study to be... drum roll... a freaking nurse!" she scowled.

I could be teasing her right now, but I restrained myself.

"How awful is this, trying to help people..." Alex said, in a nagging voice, smiling mischievously.

Guess he didn't restrain himself.

"I'll make you endure him, you'll see!" she scowled.

I couldn't help but laugh at that one.

"What's so funny?" she asked raising a perfect arched eyebrow.

"You're not enduring him, you're complaining about him all the time!" I kept laughing.

"I'll let this pass because I'm always annoying you, but ya... beware..." she trailed, pointing her finger at me.

I quickly controlled the laugh but kept the grin.

"We should go too... we have a biology exam tomorrow" Ashley said, frowning, patting absentmindedly Nana on the head, keeping her on her feet and not jumping in her hands.

Travis didn't look like he enjoyed that either.

"Go on, school's the priority" Alex said with a little smirk.

"I'll go as long as I get to see you with those spandex pants before the game I'll survive" Travis said with a smirk of his own and that was my cue to run to the girls.

Alright!! Too much!! Had enough, thank you!!

"Alright, bye bye my Day Trippers! See ya later!" Daph yelled, waving at us and then she walked out.

We all said bye in unison.

"So I guess we'll see you again on Friday" I smiled at Ashley.

"Looks like it" she smiled too.

"Good luck on that biology exam"

"Good luck with that running back hottie" she grinned at me.

I rolled my eyes "Ya, thanks!"

"And for what it's worth I'm sure he cares a lot about you too" she told me and then Travis was yelling bye and dragging her outside, holding her by the waist and pushing her, smiling, and kissing the top of her hair.

I wanted to say something like "When did I imply I cared about him" but there was really no point right?

So I just yelled bye like they did and then the door closed behind them and I turned around to face a grinning from ear to ear Alex.

"You're happy?" I laughed.

"I'm happy" he nodded enthusiastically.

It was when we walked back into the kitchen that we realized they had leave us the dishes duty.

Good thing Alex had a dishwasher, though that thing couldn't have any pieces of food stuck on the plates left, like nothing, so we had to rinse the plates on by one, and then of course the pans.

If it hadn't been for the fact that I was a little scared to go back home, all alone in the big house I probably would have abandoned him too...

"You like the fact that's he so open about it right?" I smiled at Alex at one point giving him a plate.

"Yes, I'd like to be able to be honest like him..." Alex answered and put the plate in the dishwasher.

We were done with the big pans already.

"Well then do it!" I told him, rinsing the plate in my hands.

"I can't..." Alex trailed shaking his head.

"Of course you can! Okay the guys might freak but I'm sure they'll survive! You'll still be Alex, you'll still be their quarterback, their leader! They can't deny that!"

"And what about you?" he asked, while I gave him the plate.

"What about me?" I frowned and turned around, facing the sink.

"How are people going to... act with you? Do you really want people to start saying that the only guy you dated was gay? Isn't it going to... to be... humiliating for you? I don't want to put you in a weird spot Kitty..."

He kinda had a point here... that could definitely be humiliating...

"You know, one of the first thing my mom said when I told her I was gay wasn't something about what my grandparents were going to think or any blah blah like that, she asked "And what about Lexi, did you know when you were going out with her?" She was freaking out for you actually, saying how wrong I had been with you... and you know, she was so right... I've... I've done all wrong... and if I could I'd change things... but I can't..." Alex said his voice almost a whisper at the end, not seeing the plate I was handing him.

I put it in the dishwasher for him, and then closed it, since it was the last one, before taking a step to stand right in front of him.

"Alright, listen because I'm saying this for the last time alright?" I told him and he nodded "Yes, you hurt me when you told me the truth, it was sort of a given; but now, now I'm fine with it, completely fine! I don't mind, and I want you to stop thinking about me and then impact on ME, and think about you and the impact on YOU, and think about your boyfriend in this too alright? You don't want to lose him for something stupid! You two are too cute together; I don't want to be the reason for anything bad between you two alright?"

Alex just started into my eyes and then gave me a real Papa Bear hug "I love you Kitty"

I laughed "Love you too Papa Bear!"

I drove home slowly in the dark streets. I had a weird feeling in my stomach and felt overly exhausted. I just wanted to get home, take a shower and go to bed.

When I finally reached my parking spot in the driveway I all but ran to the door, not wanting to get caught by killers or rapist or something, and unlocked the door quickly before running up my stairs, right to my room.

I pondered for a while about the pros and cons of calling Blake, or something, just to feel less alone, maybe ask him for a late night visit at my window, but actually laughed at my idiocy before slapping my palm to my forehead.

And I had to let him sleep, and I HAD to stop obsessing!

I mean... maybe he was just making me think he cared, or something, maybe I was getting mixed signals or whatever... I had it all wrong. He didn't care about me like that.

He just found amusement in teasing me... but at the same time he trusted me...

Arrg!

All that over thinking was giving me headaches and stomachaches!

I restrained myself from calling Blake, but did call dad to see if everything was going well, but talked quickly with him, because him and Ty were busy.

I finally crawled under my sheets and repeated over and over again "Stop thinking about Blake Eaton" and feel asleep to that thought.

"Stop thinking about Blake Eaton..."

When I woke up the morning I knew I was going to be in big trouble. And it had nothing to do with our presentation...

Because it was my lucky time of the month, and I was going to be sick as hell!!

Mother Nature thought it would be funnier to make me suffer more. I had lazy ovaries to say the least and every time I was sick, but half the time was worst than the other, and now I had gotten "the worst time"

I had a hard time get out of my bed and into the bathroom.

I was down to my last tampon and when I opened my cabinet, just my luck there wasn't any painkiller left.

I wanted to cry.

And now dad and Ty weren't home, there was no way in hell I could drive myself... For a millisecond I wished for my mother...

I crawled back to my bed and curled into a ball, holding my legs tightly. But the pain wasn't going anywhere. I wanted to rip my freaking uterus out!! It felt like there was no position where I could feel just comfortable.

I just wished I could fall asleep, and the pain would be gone when I woke up but it was so uncomfortable and painful that there was no way I could sleep.

I wanted to go take a warm bath but I knew I could never ever reach it, at the end of the hall, without crawling on the ground.

Tears of pain slid on my face.

God sometimes being a girl was such a bitch...

I held my tummy as tightly as I could and cried in my bed. My jaws were tight and I held my breath, thinking that maybe it could help... and sometimes it did... for like one second.

I was rocking in my bed, biting my sheets to take the pain away but nothing seemed to work.

Perfect just freaking perfect!

About one hour later, still rocking in my bed crying, that's when I heard the door downstairs open and someone scream.

"LEXI!! I swear to god if you just decided to sleep in I'm going to strangle you!!!"

God dammit!

Like I needed this right now? Like a needed a guy to show up here? Like I needed BLAKE to show up here!!

This was going to be SO embarrassing! He was the LAST person I wanted to see right now!

Please please god make him leave!!

And how in hell had he gotten in?

"LEAVE!!" I screamed and held my belly tighter.

God it hurt.

"Lexi?!" Blake screamed back and then I heard him run up the stairs, two by two.

I snuggled my sheets to my face, trying to hide when the door opened.

This was the perfect time for my invisibility skills to just pop out!

"What's wrong Pumpkin?" Blake pressed and he was walking towards my bed, standing right beside me, and then bended to my level.

I didn't answer and bit my lips.

This was SOOOO embarrassing!!

"Are you alright? You've been crying??" Blake kept on going, and then pressed his palm to my forehead, to check temperature probably.

I groaned and covered my face.

"Lexi!!"

The tears came back and I curled tighter.

Go away, please please go away, I begged mentally.

Maybe if I ignored him he would leave...

Oh god... this was like, the worst scenario possible!

And then Blake looked at my position and frowned. And then something seemed to click in his head.

"You need painkiller or something"

Crap! Okay I was officially humiliated at a level that was... well HIGH!

"I don't have any!!" I groaned, mad.

Leave leave leave leave, I chanted in my head.

"Wait two seconds!!" Blake said and then he ran out.

Okay, what was going on now?

Prayer answered? He was leaving?

But Blake came back in less than a minute later and then walked in my bathroom, took a glass of water, came back to my side and gave me the glass and a pills from a little plastic bottle of medicine, hospital kind of things.

"Are these really painkillers or some drug to rape me afterwards" I frowned.

"Pumpkin, please just take the damn pills!" Blake said rolling his eyes, frowning.

Well either way I didn't care, I wouldn't feel anything anymore both ways.

So I gulped down without more questioning.

This was me being REALLY stupid...

Blame the damn lazy ovaries!

Why did I even trust him?

Because I was obsess with the guy...

And then Blake got up and took the sheets off of me, his hands sliding under my body.

Oh crap!

Rape drug! RAPE DRUG!!!

"What the hell??" I shrieked, but not that loud cause well, I was still in freaking PAIN!

"I'm not stupid Pumpkin; I know what's going on. I have four cousins. I practically grew up with girls! You'll feel better in a warm bath"

This was weird, extremely weird... But the pain was too much to bear for me to argue with him.

And of course I was extremely aware of my SpongeBob SquarePants green tank top and black short/boxers that was the only thing covering me.

When I was going to dress up again I would put sweat pants and a huge shirt or something... Oh god this was so embarrassing!

I felt like burring my head in a pillow or something...

Blake lifted me up from my bed and then carried me in his arms to the bathroom with the bath in it. If it hadn't been for the fact that I was in freaking pain I would have enjoyed that. I mean I was being carried in his freaking arms! And he smelled nice... But then he sat me on the toilet, and started to run the bath.

"Did you eat? Do you need anything?" he asked me as the water poured into the bath.

God... This was SO humiliating.

Need I say that again?

Oh god... not in a HUNDRED years would I have asked that, but... I was kinda in a desperate situation here...

Crap crap CRAP!!

"Didn't eat... low on tampons..." I whispered.

"I'll be back in like twenty minutes! I'll get you something to eat then, oh and I put bubbles!" Blake said and then he left me there.

Alright, this was officially the most humiliating and weirdest thing EVER!

But it was also... well one of the nicest thing... sorta...

I didn't think too much about it though and then slid in the scorching bathtub.

When my toes and fingers started to wrinkle, I slowly got out of the tub, trying not to move to fast and bring the pain back or something. The bath had helped of course, but I could also feel whatever painkiller Blake had given me making me a little sleepy.

How stupid was I to have taken pills from Blake? Really? Wasn't that the first "not to do" thing?

I walked slowly back to my room, wrapped in a big towel and then as I had previously decided, got my hands on my big black sweatpants and took on of Ty's old t-shirt in my drawer.

After I was fully clothed, I crawled back under my sheet and closed my eyes, feeling a hell of a lot better...

Few minutes later, the door downstairs opened and the footsteps were heard in the stairs and Blake appeared at my door again.

"Feeling better?" he asked and walked up to me, bag of grocery in his hand.

"Ya" I simply answered and smiled.

"Here I brought you M&Ms!" he said smirking a little, and then sat on the floor beside my bed, eyes on level with mine "Apparently, chocolate is good for you!"

"You didn't need to do any of this you know..." I whispered, looking straight back into grey pools, turning a little bit blue.

"Ya... and I bought the same that you had under your sink" he said and I wanted to hide my head under the pillow again when I saw the box of tampons.

"Thanks" I whispered.

I mean for god sakes, I was living with two boys! One of my best friends was a guy! You'd think I wouldn't be THAT embarrass by it! I WAS a girl!

But it was because this was Blake...

"You're welcome Pumpkin. You know you could have just called me, I would have come right away." he said, resting his arm on my bed and his chin on his arm, still staring straight into my eyes.

"Ya right! That's what every girl thinks about when they get their period "Oh I'm going to call the hot jock at school so he can buy me tampons!!" Anyway I had hard time breathing" I blurred a little to fast.

I had just called him hot...

Oh CRAP!

"I saw that... You know you should see a doctor or something about that" Blake frowned.

Ouf! No comments about my slip... Thank god...

"Alright I think that's enough talking about my period, let's change subject... Did you have to do the presentation on your own?" I asked in a hurry, desperate to not hear about the hot comment and change subject.

Blake smirked at me "Traded sexual favors for an extension"

"Good boy!" I said and patted his cheek. And then I frowned "Did you just like, leave in the middle of the class?"

"No, after"

"Aren't you going to get into trouble?" I frowned again.

Blake smirked even more "Please, I never get into trouble!"

"And how do you do that?" I asked, snuggling more in my bed.

My bed was comfortable, and I was sleepier and sleepier but I wanted to keep talking with Blake.

"What do you mean?"

I tried to think about everything I had asked myself about...

"Well for one thing, that time with the principal... how'd you get Ty out of trouble?"

"Okay, don't be mad... but my parents sort of make a lot of donations for the sport center of our school and to the library and basically everything else, and I might have mentioned that if he suspended Tyler, my parents might be less generous... oh and I also mentioned the fact that Tyler was always a good student and a great player in the school soccer team, oh and also the fact that the kid he had punch was known for verbal assault" Blake explained, face a little guilty.

"And you said I'D make a good lawyer?" I snorted "And thanks... for getting him out of trouble... but you don't need to do it again..."

"I'll do it, if I want to. And you're welcome..." he smiled at me, the dimple smile and I wanted to stroke his face...

And it didn't help that our faces were pretty close. Close enough that I could smell his minty breath...

"What about the coach?" I frowned.

That one still bothered me A LOT!

"Well... that one was just because I didn't do the test, but now I did it, and I pass thanks very much for your encouraging words" he smirked a little, teasingly "Really it was nothing, people over react way too much... No need to worry Pumpkin"

I guessed I was done, but then thought about one last thing "What about that ovary deal, with Tyler I mean. That was you right?" I asked and he nodded, laughing a little, making my bed shaky so very slightly "How'd you do it?"

"Offered the receptionist a signed book from my mom" he still laughed.

"That easy?" I chuckled.

"That easy!"

"And may you explain again why you did it?"

"I think he called me douchebag or something..." Blake said thoughtfully "Wow fells like a WHILE back..." he snorted.

"Times goes by fast" I laughed a little at his frowning face.

"We're getting old!" Blake chuckled.

"Indeed we are" I agreed and then we just looked into each others eyes...

And I wanted to stare in them for as long as I could, but at the same time I was getting pretty self conscious and actually felt like blushing, something I basically never did so I turned my gaze away.

"Well! I'm gonna go cook you some soup now!" Blake said enthusiastically, getting up on his feet.

"Oh cause you can cook too?" I snorted.

When would he ever not be able to do something?

"Of course! I rock cooking, I'm almost a master chief. You should see the things I can bake! Anita gets jealous!" Blake started to rant, nodding to himself.

I laughed "You bought soup in can?"

"I bought soup in can..." Blake agreed.

"Can't cook?"

"Nope... but I'm good with the microwave... though Josh would probably argue on that one too but it really wasn't my fault! How was I supposed to know you couldn't put metal in it?" he said, trying to defend himself, his eyes narrowing a little in the distance.

I laughed at him.

Blake smiled "What?"

"I shook my head, and smiled too "Nothing"

I dragged my feet to the living room, wrapped into an old afghan, still feeling not dizzy, but kinda like in a haze?

That's when I realized I had something to ask.

"Hey! What the hell were those pills you gave me?" I asked, loud enough for Blake to hear me in the kitchen.

He was making the soup.

Rice and chicken. My favourite. He got extra point for knowing that... I mean, how in hell did he know that?

"Painkillers for big headaches" he answered, walking into the room.

I sat on the couch "And why do you have those?"

"Do you ever get those headaches when you like haven't slept in a while, it's like nagging and painful" Blake frowned, pointing to his head, and eyebrows.

"Well I got a solution for you! Sleep!"

Blake sighed "I just don't always like sleeping..."

Today felt like a good "make Blake spill stuff" day.

"Why?"

"I get the dream..."

I felt bad for him, and sad "You always have it?"

"Not always... but I never really know when I do, I can't predict it you know... and then... and then I feel even worst than if I had a headache..."

"I'm sorry..." I told him, looking straight into his eyes again.

Blake shrugged "It's not your fault..." and then went back into the kitchen to check my soup.

After eating the soup which had been good, I mean he would have needed to really suck to ruin it, I sat back on the couch, Blake at the other extremity.

I wanted to watch "Princess Bride" and there was no way in hell I was doing anything else.

I was still feeling a lot like crap after all...

But then, when the film started, I don't know why, maybe it was the painkiller driving my actions but I grabbed a cushion like he had the other day and then put it on his lap and rested my head on it.

"Make yourself at home" Blake chuckled.

"I am home, and no sexual innuendos!" I warned, my eyes narrowing, pointing my finger at him.

"Fine" Blake laughed.

Westley didn't even have to leave Buttercup and Blake was already playing with my hair, twisting strands. I don't know why but it gave me chills to have him play with my hair like that. I never wanted him to stop, but my big mouth couldn't keep shut.

"Do I need a haircut?" I asked mischievously.

"No, your hair is perfect, it's nice long..." Blake answered his eyes on the screen like he wasn't even paying attention to what he was saying.

I twisted in my place, to look up at him "Well thanks..." I said and then his eyes stopped staring at the screen and looked down at me.

He smirked a little and took a strand of hair ion his arm, raising it to his face, right under his noise and over his mouth and asked "Would I look good with a mustache?"

Idiot!

I laughed "Oh you would be absolutely stunning!"

"What about long hair?" he asked.

"Hey Blake! No pulling!" I hissed. And he let the strand fall back.

"Sorry..." he answered smiling and then pushed a strand of hair away from my forehead and over the top of my head, staring intently into my eyes.

My breath caught up in my throat.

Stop staring, stop staring, stop staring!

He's soo cute...

LOOK AWAY!

Alright.... This was awkward!

I was just NOT good with intense moments like that and my head was all blurry and how would his lips feel against mine?

Alrigth! No!

Stop thinking like that! I thought to myself.

Okay, I was under the painkillers haze! No sane decision had the right to be made under painkillers haze!

I pulled my gaze away from his and looked back at the screen. Buttercup was riding on her horse, in her red dress.

And like that we kept watching the movie, Blake playing with my hair, and my trying really hard to concentrate on the screen and not the way it felt when he touched me.

At one point though, after Prince Humperdinck said to Westley "You truly love each other, and so you might have been truly happy. Not one couple in a century has that chance, no matter what the storybooks say. And so I think no man in a century will suffer as greatly as you will." I turned again and looked at Blake, getting sleepier than ever.

"You know you're not normal right?" I said and yawned.

"What'd you mean?" Blake smiled, his hand brushing my forehead.

I closed my eyes and rested my head back to it's previous position, looking at the screen "Well no guy would have done what you did..."

"What do you want me to say, I'm just better than most guys" Blake answered.

"Ya you are..." I whispered so faintly, and then I fell asleep.

A dream

I didn't know if it was a good one or a nightmare...

Words I knew...

"I told you I would always come for you."

"Why didn't you wait for me?"

"Well, you were dead"

"But death cannot stop true love... All it can do is delay it for a while."

I didn't remember anything though...

When I woke up, I was pretty confused and then realized I had fallen asleep on the couch. I sat up,

looking for Blake, which I couldn't see anymmore but then heard voices coming from the kitchen.

Crap.

I wrapped the big afghan around my shoulders and then dragged my feet to the next room.

When I walked in I saw Blake, sitting at the counter, my brother beside him, their back to me, and my father standing up in front of them, facing me, and obviously preparing the dinner.

And then he looked up at me.

"So... I guess I should have been calling every hour?"

Chapter 62

I Sold Myself to the Devil For Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (58)

Hey guys! So this is a super-duper short one, sorry, but I wanted to give you something! And I didn't want to have stayed up for nothing! lol

I'll try to upload fast the next one! But the thing is this morning I woke up and I had the "cold" feeling and now I've been dealing with a runny nose all night! And I have no freaking clue how I got it... the only guess I have is it's from running outside without a coat just a t-shirt but I really don't think it qualifies here... -_- and I'm pissed because I really don't need a cold right now! Bleh!

Oh and a little clarification! The dream in the last chapter, it was actually a scene in Princess Bride! So ya... Sorry for the confusion... lol

So anyway if there's anything just ask, I'll try to get around answering you... :P

Oh and while I'm here, thanks guys for all the support! It REALLY means a lot!! And thanks for your comments! I appreciated every single one of them and I do read them! All of them! :D I might not be able to answer every one of them, because it would be a lot, but I just wanted you guys to know I appreciate it!! :DDD

So... next chapter is going to be... more fun... mouhahaha!

We're getting to the good stuff soon guys, don't worry! LOL

Oh and haven't re-read this, might be crap, forgive my five thirty in the morning brain! lol

Well, only one last thing to say now! Read, enjoy vote and comment!! :DDD

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I didn't know if it was the fact that I was still in the painkiller haze, or because I was feeling like crap, or because Blake was there and he pretty much made me analyze everything I did or said, or everything he did or say, taking up all the mental capacity away in the process but I had no witty answer to that last question.

So I just stared at my dad, almost dumbstruck and frozen by the arch at the entry of the kitchen.

My father seemed to find amusement in this.

"I think she already had another daddy with her, dad, she was all good" Tyler said, his voice mischievous, and my eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

That stinking asshole of a little brother!!

"Blake you're closer, mind hitting him for me?" I scowled, my tone angry.

Blake laughed but slapped Ty behind the head faster than my brother could have dodged.

Tyler yelled in protest but dad intervened "Come on kid, no fighting in the kitchen, wouldn't want me to use that big meat knife now would you?"

Tyler whined "Aww, come on dad" and Blake just laughed more.

I rolled my eyes at all of them, and then sighed and lazily made my way to the empty stool beside Blake.

"You feeling better kid?" my father asked while cutting carrots and putting them in the big pot on the oven.

I didn't even have to ask to know he was making his vegetable soup, the one he always did when one of us was sick.

"Ya..." I trailed and then yawned.

I still felt tired even though I had slept almost all day. It was annoying.

"Blake here filled us up on your nice little day!" Tyler said, leaning on the counter to look at me and show the big annoying grin in his face.

I narrowed my eyes at him.

"I'd like for you to live one day as a girl! Seriously! And I would be having so much fun nagging your pain" I groaned, and leaned my elbow on the counter, resting my cheek on my palm, making sure not to drop the warm afghan.

"Please! I'm betting my PS3 you'd pull a nurse stunt like Blake."

I rolled my eyes and saw Blake scowl a little.

Ha ha!

"And that's one of the nice things about your sister, kid!" my father said, pointing him with the knife he was using to cut more vegetables.

"Ya because she's useless everywhere else!" Ty answered.

"Look who's talking!" I snorted and took one of the piece of celery dad had just cut.

"Please! You can't even lock the doors! That's how useless you are!" Tyler said, with the mean grin again.

I frowned, confused a little "What?"

"That's how I got in, you forgot to lock your door" Blake explained.

Oh crap!

I didn't... ya I did... I remembered now. I was in such a rush last night to just run to the comfort of my room and not be all alone on the big first floor that in my hurry I had forgot to lock the door.

Now seriously, out of it really didn't begin to cover it here...

"Next time you might not be as lucky and have this big wuss barging in!" Ty still grinned.

If it hadn't been for the fact that I was woozy I would have punched him.

Was he always that annoying or was it just today? Maybe it was a period-related thing...

"Remind me why I stay here and don't try fist reconstruction of your face?" Blake frowned at Tyler and I smiled a little.

Tyler just laughed "Because my dad wouldn't let you!"

"Your dad can turn his back and become deaf for a few seconds" my father answered and I laughed at Ty's frustrated pout.

I mean he was kinda looking for it, wasn't he?

I yawned again but then asked, to change the subject "So how was the game?"

"You seriously missed something! That dunk was EPIC!" Ty suddenly beamed and next thing we knew he was up on his stool trying to SHOW us the dunk.

That idiot...

At one point, right after Ty had fallen on the floor but was making gestured on the floor to reassure us of his well-being, physically that is, because mentally I don't think he was all there... and for a second I thought he might have a little something something to do with the fact that Vanessa was coming next week... well I don't know, I guess I was getting comfortable around Blake, too much maybe and I was still pretty tired so I leaned my head on his shoulder and next thing I knew he was wrapping his

arm around my waist, without even looking at me, just laughing at Tyler actually.

This... well however it was called, friendship maybe, well it was getting... weird? No not weird, because it was actually almost eerie to be so at ease with Blake and I mean I kept learning more and more things about him, and spending time with him... it almost made me a little smug for a second. I mean this was Blake, the guy every girl wanted to be with, the guy every guy wanted to be.

And I was now leaning my head on his shoulder, smelling his nice smell, smiling, and at ease, like this was the most normal thing in the world.

I didn't even care about my father who was checking his chicken inside the oven and then stirring the soup.

My smiled turned into a little smirk and I raised my head slightly from the shoulder "See Blake, that's how you make soup!"

Blake backed away from me to look into my eyes "Hey! Are you... are you complaining about the

soup?" he said, sounding fakely offended, his face set into a shock expression

I laughed "Not complaining, just stating that this..." I said, gesturing to the soup and dad "This is how you do a soup, something you should learn"

Tyler was still trying to re-do the dunk but no one was listening to him anymore.

Blake snorted "Why would I need to learn how to cook?"

I shook my head "Anita won't always be there to cook for you Blake!"

"I'll heat up crap!" Blake snorted again and shrugged.

"That's a lovely way to put things!"

My father turned around and look over at Blake laughing "Learn how to cook kid, the ladies love it!"

Tyler suddenly joined the conversation too "I don't think the ladies need to love him more dad!"

I nodded "I second that statement"

"Jealousy!" Blake simply said, smirking and shaking his head

I slapped his arm and chuckled, "Shut up!"

When the food was finally ready and we were all eating, me just the vegetable soup, and the guys chicken, I realized that dad hadn't even asked Blake to stay for dinner or anything, it was just like he almost a part of the family, which was again, weird but nice moreover...

When I thought about someone being part of the family that's when I realized I hadn't ask dad about something.

"Hey dad, since Vanessa's coming next week, you won't mind if she sleeps over right?"

It always had been a normal thing for Vanessa to always be staying here when she was still living in town. She was practically always at our house, so it wasn't un-normal, but things could always have changed over the months...

"Won't she stay at her grandparents?" dad asked, before drinking.

"Maybe for one night but you know how they are..." I trailed.

Her family was pretty loud to say the least.

"Well we can always set her up in Anna's room" my father smiled.

"If we do that we'll have to change the bed sheets" Tyler interrupted.

"What'd you do?" I sighed.

The grin was almost freaky this time when Ty answered "Well it was sort of a warranty if Anna ever came back... I knew at least I could have something to laugh about..."

Eww...

"You're gross!" I simply stated.

Blake was laughing beside me.

"Hey! You don't even know what I did!" Tyler defended himself.

I snorted "Oh I'm pretty sure I can guess..."

"Well trust me, you don't want to guess... and dad we're going to have to like... burn the sheets or something" Tyler frowned.

Dad put the glass back on the counter "I hope you know this is getting out of your allowance"

I had to laugh at that one...

After dinner, Blake had to leave, because well... the guy did spend all day taking care of me after all, so I dragged my feet beside him to the door, the afghan still wrapped around my shoulders.

When we reached the door Blake stopped and turned to face me.

"Thanks Blake... for everything" I told him.

"You're welcome Pumpkin... well I'm not going to say "anytime" because let's face it there's an amount of awkward people have to stop at, but ya..."

I laughed, shaking my head

"Awkward again?" Blake laughed with me.

I just nodded.

Blake had an amused smiled and shook his head "Night Pumpkin, try to rest"

"You too" I smiled with him and then closed the door behind him.

This was official... this had been the most awkward day ever... but still... one of the nicest in its weirdness...

Chapter 63

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (59)

I'm effing tired, this is all you're getting, yes it' s full of mistakes, deal with it.

I had a nice speech about parties but I'm going to do it for the next chapter!

Enjoy guys because the writer is DOWN!!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I spent the next morning sleeping.

I wasn't feeling so much like crap anymore. I mean I was usually really sick, but just the first day, and then I was better. But I was still worn out.

Dad told me I could have stayed all day but because I was a good student, well at least that's what I was telling myself, I didn't want to miss too much in a row and went to school in the afternoon.

Missing the morning and going to school in the afternoon is a weird feeling. It's like you missed a bunch of jokes and you're in an outside crowd or something. It was weird to explain, but it was a strange feeling.

Daph and Alex quickly spotted me, since I had texted them to tell them I would be coming to school in the afternoon.

For some reason, the way Daphnee was looking at me, I was worried for a second. Did she know about Blake? I hadn't told her, but I mean... she was much more observant than me. She had probably notice the fact that Blake wasn't at school for the rest of the day yesterday... I'm sure she guessed!!

And why the hell was I freaking over this? Because I mean who care if she knew I had spent all afternoon yesterday sleeping on Blake's lap?

Okay that sounded... not good? Well that actually sounded pretty nice... but not in the "everyone knows about it" type of thing.

The truth was, Daph was bound to make more little comments. I mean the girl basically had no censure what so ever when it came to those things! And I loved her and hated her for that...

"You feeling better?" she asked me.

"Ya sure..." I shrugged.

I mean I was feeling okay, still kinda woozy, but okay.

"When you'll finally finish that time machine, I hope you'll go in the future and bring that "Joy of being a girl" antidote! And then I want you to go in the past and tell Old-Me to just abandon the idea of working at the library cause Miss Pumpinjizzem is really becoming a huge pain in the ass!"

I burst laughing at that one, but then my eyes caught sight of Blake, at his locker speaking with Mark and Catherine... and that track team girl again! The one who had been laughing and touching his arm and all the other day!

Blake turned his head and saw me looking at him, and smiled the nice dimple smile, that made strange things to my stomach but I couldn't brush the thought away of the girl beside. Why the hell were they speaking together!?

"Emily and Blake make such a nice couple together, don't they?" Daph grinned beside me.

"Hmm?" I asked, confused a little.

Does she really mean that? Are they... are they really a couple?

No, no, of course they're not! I would have known right? He would have told me!!

"My god Lex, just breathe, I was just joking! You look like you're going to faint" Daph said mischievously.

"Just leave Kitty alone!" Alex interfered, looking up from his cellphone, texting as always "She's still feeling sick alright, give her a break" he sighed.

"I was just joking..." Daph mumbled and then the bell rang and we all headed towards our class.

Alex was walking in front, heading to Mrs. Muffin's class when a hand caught my arm.

"Hey, no hello? I'm hurt!" Blake said, and I turned around to look into his grey eyes who where playful. He had his gym bag beside him, strap on his shoulder, obviously heading to P.E. which was the complete other direction.

"You were having a conversation" I simply answered.

Don't ask question, don't ask question, I kept repeating in my head. The last thing I needed right now was to sound jealous or something! I was already obsessing enough, he didn't need to know the extends...

"You feeling alright?" he then ask, looking straight into my eyes, almost too intently, so much that I wanted to turn my gaze away.

Awkward all over again.

"Ya I'm fine!" I nodded for his benefit. "And we're going to be late now, and the last thing we need is to get more into trouble" I added.

Blake smirked a little, chuckling, but nodded too. "Fine. Bye" he said and turned around, heading to his class just as I did. But I heard his voice a second later "Hey, are you going to come to the game tonight?"

I shouted back "Ya!"

"Alright see you tonight!" Blake answered and then I walked straight to my class, a smile I couldn't control playing on the edge of my lips.

This was getting completely ridiculous!

The rest of the afternoon went down pretty smoothly and then school was over, we were Friday and the weekend was starting.

Tyler was staying over at Landon's so I didn't have to worry about him.

The game started at seven so I had the rest of the afternoon free to do as I pleased. For some reason my drawing table felt pretty inviting.

I got some of Blake's vinyls out and then started to draw. For no reason really, the landscape I was drawing oddly looked like a cemetery.

Aww, there was no point in arguing with my brain. As the music played around I kept drawing it, kept drawing the cemetery and then there was a figure in the darkness lying on the grass.

I was obsessed, I was dealing with it... I agreed with myself.

After a while, I went downstairs to fix myself something to eat. Spaghetti with left over sauce was the grand prize winner.

Dad was working late and I was still alone. I contemplated calling Daph to come over earlier but then decided against it. That was plans to have her try to make me spill things that needed no spilling.

I rather have my relation with Blake in the dark, as in, me being confused just like everyone instead of not having it at all.

And then it was six thirty and Daph yellow New Beetle was honking in my driveway.

I checked myself one last time. Jeans on. Baggy green shirt on. High tops shoes on. Grey hoodie in my hands. I was all good.

I didn't forget about locking the door this time, wanting to punch myself in the face for the previews incident and then rushed over to my favourite hippie's car.

"Sooo... you didn't bring a big "Marry Me Blake" poster? Or did you draw "Blake's number one fan" on your chest and are planning on flashing whenever he'll do a touchdown?" Daph asked the second I stepped in.

I rolled my eyes.

Great just great.

"Flashing is your department Daph..." I simply answered shaking my head slightly, smirking a little.

There was no point in denying or arguing with her, I knew I'd lose!

"Aww, no fun anymore" Daph simply said shaking her head and turned up the volume.

I frowned "Bohemian Rhapsody? Really?"

"Freddie, rest in peace!" Daph just said, making a double tap on her heart and raising her hand up.

I shook my head, chuckling.

"Travis and Ashley will be waiting for us in the parking lot..." she suddenly while we were waiting at a red light.

"Good!" I smiled "I like Travis, him and Alex are so cute together..."

"Ya... but that stupid Bear just needs to get through his head that he has to admit to everyone he's not attracted to vagina already! Otherwise he's going to scare that pretty boy away!"

I laughed "That's a nice way to put things!"

"That's me, Miss Putting-Things-Nicely!"

When we reached school and parked, Daph immediately spotted Alex's boyfriend so we walked over to them.

"So, ready for three hours of masculine men tackling each others to the ground in a real manly way?" Daph asked smirking.

"Three hours?" Ashley asked, shocked a little.

Daph simply nodded "Yope!"

"Thought football in High school was shorter!" Ashley freaked a little.

"The quarters are twelve minutes but I mean they stop the clock between plays and penalties and you have half time and such! So well it could be three hours, but it's most likely to be around two hour and a half..." I started to explain but I had obviously lost them.

I shrugged. Oh well.

We walked inside the stadium, and then spotted a good empty place to sit.

"So are you ready to see Alex getting tackled on the ground?" Daphnee asked Travis smirking a little.

"Isn't he supposed NOT to?"

"Well that's what we want but it usually happens" I laughed.

When it was finally time for the players to run out, Daph had succeeded in freaking out Travis completely.

But I stopped paying attention to her.

Because usually I didn't really take notice of our school players, because well... I wanted to spot hot guys on the other team, but this time... I knew exactly who I wanted to stare at.

And I wanted to punch myself in the face for that.

I quickly spotted Blake's Jersey with the eleven on it.

Alright... a guy in uniform, hot. Blake in his football uniform... oh god... wow, just wow. All coherent thoughts were pretty much impossible for a good minute.

How the hell had I stayed oblivious to him all these years? This was really starting to nag me! How the hell could I have NOT been obsess with him sooner?

The blue uniform with white strip on the side looked good on him... heck good was the understatement of the year. And there was just something about him running on there, with the big shoulders and the tight spandex pants... oh god I was ashamed of myself and I wasn't even sharing the thoughts out loud...

This look so natural for him, I couldn't NOT find him hot on that field!

I wasn't even paying attention to the other team, and didn't even notice to toss of the coin to know who had the kickoff. But then the red and yellow uniforms were the ones running in line after the ball, the ones kicking it.

Our team was good in both offense and defense and as the guys had mentioned the other day, we hadn't lost a game against them for a long time now, so I wasn't that worried about the outcome of it. Alex could show off to his boyfriend on his manly qualities, and I could enjoy staring at Blake.

Again, I was ashamed! I mean I had always been the kind of girl that would watch the game more for the game than the players. Blake was making me into some pathetic girl... and for some reason, I didn't even mind...

And then it was time for the first play. The guys took their spots and then Alex called the play and Clark threw him the ball.

He was going to give it to Blake, he wasn't looking at Peter enough, I could see it, but when Blake ran in front of him to get the ball, the other guys doing a

good job in their blocking, for some reason, and I don't know whose fault it was, the ball dropped.

What the hell!!

Was it Blake who hadn't caught the ball or Alex who hadn't gave it to him right?

"What just happened?" Travis frowned.

"A bad move, that's what just happened!" Daph laughed "You won't be flashing soon Lexi if they play that way!"

I scowled a little.

And then I could see that Alex and Blake looked like they were arguing a little on the field, but settled it or something because then they were taking positions again and the ref was placing the ball.

And then Alex called the play.

After that little incident, everything seemed to get bad into motion and they seemed to catch their usual pace though there was something obviously wrong with Alex. He seemed stiff or something.

And Travis seemed to wince everytime someone so much as touched Alex. And I think he didn't enjoy the slap on the butt either. I repressed a chuckled when that happened. His face was hilarious.

Daphnee proceeded to give a full report on every guy in the team to Ashley, sure to give every detail she had about all of them, asking me to pitch in now and then, even though I was pretty focused on Blake cute ass when he ran. Whatever he was hot. I could admit that much to myself. I liked to stare at him when he was waiting by the sidelines while the defense was playing, without his helmet on. Really hot too!

The game ended 24-14 which wasn't that bad, but I'm pretty sure it wasn't what the guys had wanted. But they won.

After the game, we walked over to Travis car, waiting for Alex to come meet us.

I saw Peter and Justin get out first, laughing, but like a lot and they headed our way.

I wondered what was funny, but they spoke before I could ask.

"Hey, you coming to eat at with us?" Peter asked. "We all agreed for Casa di Mama"

"Ya" I answered smiling.

And then the boys were looking at the two strangers to them.

"Peter, Justin, this is Travis and Ashley" I introduced them.

There was shaking of the hands and then Alex was running outside towards us.

"And here's our quarterback!" Justin laughed. There seemed to be something funny there. I mean I probably wasn't the only one to have noticed there was something wrong about Alex's way of playing today. But it was like... there was something else funny here.

"Hey guys!" Alex smiled, but he looked a little nervous.

Idiot!

"Hey!" Travis smiled at him too.

The parking lot was slowly being emptied of all the cars, people from the winning team cheering, from the losing one scowling.

I saw Simon walking out. He was in the team and used to hang with us before starting to date Patricia, one of the cheerleaders and now, they both didn't spend times with anyone anymore, just themselves. It was kinda sad and pathetic in a way. He used to be nice.

"So I guess we'll see you there, we're going to drive right away to be sure to have a table for everyone alright?" Peter told Alex.

"Perfect, see you in a few!" Alex nodded and then when they were both out of hearing range he looked at Travis "So... okay, ya usually I'm better alright..." he trailed looking worrier than ever.

I repressed my laugh.

"Well look at the bright side, the pants looked good on you" Travis shrugged and then laughed at him.

And then I heard Stacey's piercing voice shout Blake's name over the door where they walked out.

I turned to look and wasn't sure if I should settle on swooning out loud at his sexiness or scowling at Stacey's presence.

Why the hell was she coming to charge again? Hadn't the message been clear enough yet?

God she was dumb...

I don't know what Blake told her, but he really didn't seem to give a crap about her, which made me happier than I should, and walked over us too. Though he looked... kinda pissed?

"Hey so what's going on now? Are we going to eat first?" Blake asked Alex.

"Ya, Peter and Justin are already heading. Italian won. And Tiffany's party afterwards."

"Good." Blake nodded and then looked at Travis and Ashley "I don't think I've ever seen you guys before..." he frowned.

"We don't come to school here" Ashley explained and then presented herself.

"Well as long as you guys weren't cheering for the other team, we don't mind supporters" Blake smiled and then looked at Travis and there was something weird about the way he was looking at him.

What the hell was he thinking right now? I mean the guy was observant. Was he already guessing about Alex? Knowing him he probably was...

"Alright well, I'm starving I'm leaving!" Blake explained and swung his bag over his shoulder, walking over his car.

Little bitch.

He didn't even say hello!

Why was he always doing little stunts like that!?

Infuriating prick!

Urrgg!!

Daphnee had a smug little grin on her face when Blake's car drove away "Don't want to hear about it! Let's just go eat!"

"Fine with me!" she laughed and then we headed to her car, leaving Alex and Travis to talk with each other, Ashley deciding to stay with them.

We drove over to the Italian restaurant, and we weren't surprise to see there wasn't that much car in the parking. I mean it was nine thirty after all.

But there was no way in hell that we'd go to the party at Tiffany's house, who was one of the cheerleaders, because well, who the hell goes to a party at nine thirty? No epic party starts at nine thirty. Nine thirty is way too freaking early. Ten was even pushing your luck. But then you didn't want to get there too late. And you didn't want to arrive at a perfect time either, like you know eleven, or eleven thirty or twelve. Daphnee's rule was that you needed to get to a party at eleven thirty seven. Earlier you'd get bored and leave the party before he became good and later you'd miss too much of the beginning of the fun.

So that's why we always ate after the game.

Daph and I waited for Travis and Alex's car to arrive before walking in. Peter, Justin, Davis, Jimmy, Mark,

Catherine, Dwayne, Janna and Blake were already there.

"Shot gun Lexi!!" Blake yelled when we headed towards the huge table, well actually the many tables joined together.

"What the hell?" I frowned at Blake, while Daph was snickering beside me.

"I called dibbs on you. Now you sit on my lap!" he smirked.

He's being weird right now...

"I'm not sitting on your lap!" I told him, rolling my eyes.

"You are!"

"Are not!"

"Are too!"

"Okay right now, you're annoying the schnitzel out of me Blake"

Blake just gave me a big huge grin.

What the hell was he trying to do? He takes care of me when I'm feeling like crap, but then he ignores me, and then he's annoying!

It was time like these I'd like to have some "Blake for dummies" manual or something...

"Just sit beside the guy so he can finally shut up! He's had a moody day!" Davis laughed and all the guys joined.

I rolled my eyes for their benefit and sat beside Blake.

"Why are you acting like an idiot?" I asked Blake while looking through the menu, but not really seeing the words.

"I'm not acting, why would you say that?" Blake asked, eating more garlic bread.

"I don't know you're like... putting the "Blake's a jerk" mask..." I trailed, frowning to myself but realizing it was exactly how this felt.

"I'm just normally annoying, haven't you figured that out by now?" Blake smirked.

I scowled a little "It's hard to keep up with you, I hope you know that!"

"Well, good thing you got that new boyfriend of yours in order to not have to spend time with me. Tell me where was he yesterday when you were crying-" Blake started to say but I stopped him by hitting the top of his head with the menu.

"What the hell?" Was that the problem? Was he assuming that I was going out with Travis? Was he... jealous? "You little bitch! I'm practically stalking you so don't you go on and imply I don't like spending time with you, and trust me, there's NOTHING going on between me and Travis"

Good thing everyone was having loud conversation around...

Blake looked at me, and then started to laugh "Did you just call me little bitch?!"

"Hell ya I did!"

Blake just laughed more. "Sorry..." he finally trailed.

"For what?"

"For... jumping to conclusion... I don't know, being a little bitch?"

I shook my head, laughing a little and then everyone started to cheer around the table, the waitress finally coming to take our orders.

After all being well fed, we all took our cars and drove over Tiffany's house. She had a big house, with a huge backyard that opened to the forest and apparently she had practically kicked her parents out in order to have the party. She was that kind of girl.

Daphnee, Travis, Ashley and I drove back to Alex's place to just take one car to the party and Daphnee was the grand prized designated drive winner. But she didn't mind. She was going to play "You're not drunk, you've had one drink, so stop pretending" which was well... to walk around people and call them out like that. She enjoyed it a lot. Making fun of people was one of her many favourite activities. Might have something to do with the fact that girl had no pride, what so ever.

When we parked in front, in Alex's Jeep Wrangler which Daph was happy to be the one ridding it back, we could see the party already raging.

There were cars parked everywhere and we could see the big fire in the backyard.

Good thing I had brought my hoodie. This wasn't a dress and high heels kind of thing.

Kid Cudi, "Memories" was fully blasting while we made our way to the fire.

"So now, the objective is to get you one of the twins right?" Daphnee was asking Ashley.

"Well... that Jimmy guy was cute too..." she trailed and I laughed.

Ya, there were a lot of cute guys that was a sure thing...

But I, on the other hand knew exactly which cute guy I wanted to see right now.

I looked around, but I mean, it was dark so it was kinda hard to see who was were. I walked towards

the fire, and then tried to use the light to look around but it really wasn't working.

Oh well...

"Looking for me Pumpkin?" the deep sexy voice I wanted to hear ask behind me.

"Get over yourself" I smirked at him after turning around.

"It's an old one Pumpkin, I'm sure you can come up with something better" he laughed.

"I have more taste than that?"

"Please, nothing is better than that!" Blake smirked too, and was making motions towards his body.

Ya... that was kinda true.

"Stop feeding that big ego of yours!" I snorted, shaking my head as the song changed and another one with beat started, one I didn't know because frankly all that teeny pop crap wasn't really my style.

Blake laughed a little but before he could answer anything back Alex was coming over and handing me a big red glass with Smirnoff Ice in it.

"So Blake, was it Alex's fault that bad move in the beginning, or was it yours?" I asked, since the two guys were there.

I mean the sporty side of me was kinda curious.

"We don't talk about the game plays with outsiders!" Alex laughed.

"Meaning you dropped it?"

"Meaning it's both our fault" Blake answered.

"Now now, if you two suck then we're not going to win games, I hope you know that?" I said and then drank.

"We'll practice" Blake simply answered and then Clark was yelling at him to get his butt over there, so Blake rolled his eyes, said a quick bye and walked over there before the perv came and dragged him away.

"It was my fault... I was stress to have Travis there... I didn't want to look like a fool... Nice move right?" Alex sighed.

"Aww, come on! You're WAY too stress about everything! And speaking of him, where is he?"

"He's with Ashley and Daph" Alex answered, looking at the fire in front of him.

"Well, go to him! Go on!! Now!!" I ordered him and pushed him away.

Again, idiot.

But then I was alone. I spotted Katy, sitting on a bench by the fire and walked over to her.

"Hey, how are you doing!?" I asked her, smiling.

"Good!" she smiled too.

For the next minutes she proceeded on telling me what was up with her.

"Oh and Felicia, her freaking vision or whatever, she keeps getting more and more, and truthfully it's getting freaky!" she said at one point, and I had to laugh at that one.

And I hadn't seen the Dark Priestess Felicity for a while now...

At one point though I think she spotted a cute guy cause she got up and away, after excusing herself of course and I was alone again.

I settle on going inside the house to see if I couldn't find new companions. And more to drink maybe. My Smirnoff Ice was long dead now.

The second I stepped in there was this couple, which I really couldn't and didn't want to recognized who were practically eating each others face. I wanted to tell them to get a room, but I don't think they would have even noticed me.

For one second I worried though...

Where was Blake? Did Clark set him up with some girl? Was he making out like that in another room?

The thought made me angry... but more sad actually...

"Lexi!! Get over here!!" I heard Dwayne yelled and was happy with the distraction.

Connor, Trevor, Peter, Davis and him where gathered around the counter in the kitchen, shooter glasses in front of them. Flashy shooter. Blue. Orange. Red.

"What are those?" I frowned.

"Vodka and Gatorade powder!" Dwayne beemed.

I laughed.

"Hey Trevor, where's you brother?" I frowned. I mean those two where practically always together.

"Speaking with that girl you brought" he shrugged and I smiled.

You go Ashley!

"So? Want one?" Dwayne asked.

I laughed "Should I trust you?"

"Completely!"

"Alright one, but just one!!"

I was granted a blue one and then Dwayne made a count down, an absolutely pathetic game if you asked me, and then we all downed at the same time.

I mean aside from the usual sharp and almost bitter taste strong alcohol left in your mouth, almost like you had swallowed in the wrong hole, it was actually good.

But my plan tonight wasn't to get trashed so I wasn't going to start to make more shots.

I left the guys, even though they clearly would have enjoyed making me drink more and get me drunk because apparently I was a funny drunk, and walked out, but by the front door.

I was happily surprise.

There was a swing on the porch, and Blake was sitting there, alone, glass in his hand.

"Drinking alone is boring" I said, and Blake turned his head, smiling at me.

"Good thing I finished my glass!"

I walked to the swing and sat beside him.

Would he be the jerk or the nice Blake?

"Having a fun night?" I asked.

"Not remotely. You?"

"The guys wanted to get me drunk..." I frowned.

"Good girl, resist temptation" he smiled a little, looking at his glass.

Not the jerk...

"So... I've been meaning to ask someone... what seemed to be so funny, after the game I mean, everyone where laughing!" I suddenly asked, as I was clearing my mind.

"Your brother's a dick" Blake frowned.

"What?"

"Let's just say he got his revenge for the "ovary deal"..." Blake trailed.

I chuckled "Come on! You gotta give me more than that!!"

The music was still playing in the back ground but the house was almost cutting the sound, so it was a little calmer over here, though there was still a lot of noise coming from inside the house.

I don't know why but I wanted to be in the cemetery again, with the peace and the quiet, just me and him.

"You know, it's weird to think I use to see this as an awful thing, you know having to spent time with you, and now I practically beg for it!" I snorted.

Oh god! Why the hell had I just said that!!?

"Aww, glad you finally admit your required feelings!" Blake smirked a little.

"That's sooo not what I'm doing right now but nice try Blakey-Boy..." I said and tried to get out of this "I mean truthfully I was kinda worried when you said I owned you. I didn't want to have to change school like Audrey because you posted our sex-tape on the Internet or something!"

Oh crap! Crap crap crap!

Ya go ahead Lexi! Talk about a sex tape with you and him in it! Way to go!!

"Audrey? The girl that left school in the middle of ninth grade?" Blake snorted.

"Ya"

Crap crap crap!

"Your sources are wrong Pumpkin. Trust me, there's no chance in hell there's a video that exist of me having sex in ninth grade!" Blake laughed.

I frowned.

Hmm?

"The girl with the whip cream?" I asked.

"Rumor"

"The panties on fire incident in the labs?"

"It was a shirt, and I had nothing to do with it"

"Any other stories like that that I would like to know?"

"Dozens" Blake smirked wider.

Chapter 64

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (60)

Hey guys! Sorry for the long wait!

Hope you aren't dead! ;P

So before you read on I have a few things to say. First thanks to all my fans! We reached the 1500 y'all!!! YAYYY!! :DDDD

I honestly can't believe it! I'm still waiting for everyone to send me a message going like "Pouhaha, we're joking, we don't really like your story, your story sucks!"

I have brain farts like that... I'm random today! lol

Oh and ya, another thing. So, for those of you who are feeling like this story is going nowhere... well ya... sorry about that... but honestly I have a lot of things planned... I mean all the story until the end is planned in my head right now. But the thing is, when I started to write this story, what I wanted to do was build up a relationship. A strong relationship. And that's what I'm doing. I'm trying to build a strong believable relationship with jokes and sad things in between. So don't wait for a grand "everyone is a vampire/teen spy/mafia gangster/prince/serial killer". I'm trying to make this believable. And entertain you all by doing so. I mean, you gotta admit, if I had them kissed that time before Josh interrupted, things wouldn't be as fun right? You hate the wait, but you like it at the same time! Come on! Admit it! ;P

Okay, so I'm going to let you read on... and sorry again for the long wait, but I'm honestly swamped. I mean I wish I could tell you guys I've just been sprawled in my bed doing nothing but I honestly haven't. I am a busy busy girl! ;P

Oh one last thing...

"Eleven... plus my English teacher"

I'm still laughing. Proud of you! ;P HIGH FIVE! Oh and "Chu en manque!" So? You coming over? ;P

Read, enjoy, vote and comment!! :DDD

* *

"Well then, care to enlighten me Blakey-Boy?" I asked, looking at him with my eyebrows raised.

Was everything a rumour?

Could that even be possible?

No it couldn't.

"Well... what do you want to know?" Blake chuckled.

Why DID I want to know? I mean, it was a weird situation here. Did I want to know about what he really did with all those girls?

No I didn't.

But did I want to know what he DIDN'T do with all those girls?

That, I did.

Okay, I was confusing my own self right now and I had the weird cotton wool feeling in my ears again and this time it wasn't from the painkillers but from the alcohol. I guess the whole being weak from being sick yesterday made it a little easier to get me tipsy.

And I was starting to feel like skipping around the lawn and doing cartwheels.

Ya I was a definitely getting tipsy...

"I don't know... did you really lock a girl in the furnace room because you wanted her to stay put until you came back with another girl?" I asked shrugging.

Blake burst laughing.

But the pathetic thing was that this was really a rumour.

"So?" I asked, because he was just too busy laughing and wasn't answering.

"No definitely not!" he chuckled, shaking his head, his palm over his mouth to try to stop the laughing.

"Alright how about that girl the guys said you had ditched with only her under wears on in a dirt road?"

"Okay, that one was partially true, I did ditch her in a dirt road with only her under wear on but it's because she had hid in the back of my car, you know back cliché teen movie type of thing? Waiting for me... Ya I didn't find it that funny at the time... so I kinda dumped her the second I saw her, and well... we were kind of in a dirt road..."

"That's mean!" I chuckled because well... yes it was mean but I enjoyed that outcome much more than anything else...

Ya... I really had serious problems...

"Please, if had been you, you would have literally kicked the guy out and took picture of him to post them everywhere and destroy his reputation!" Blake snorted.

I punched his shoulder "Hey! Are you implying I'm a bitch here?"

Blake hit his shoulder on mine playfully, laughing a little "No, I'm just implying it's better not to mess with you"

I smiled faintly.

"So... are you like saying that everything about you isn't true? You don't misuse the seminars on a daily bases?" I frowned.

"Well I guess not "everything" but most of it, ya. And no I don't misuse the seminars on a daily base!" Blake laughed.

"So what? You just bring Stacey in there" I just blurred like that and then regretted it...

I sounded jealous when I said that. I almost sounded mad...

I shouldn't sound mad or jealous. I should just be laughing. And I shouldn't enjoy it that much, that most of the things were rumours.

But I was mad. And I was enjoying it... more then enjoying it!

"Well... Stacey was a mistake, one I won't do again..." Blake frowned too.

I don't know, but it didn't sound like enough. I wanted him to say he had been studying in the seminar with Stacey, he had punched her in the face, played card, anything that wouldn't imply him having sexy physical contacts...

I wanted him to say he hadn't done anything with her.

But he had and... and I was jealous...

"But I just don't get it!" I started to speak, my voice a little edgy "Why do you let people spread rumours like that? Why do you let everyone believe so firmly that you're a jerk?!"

I mean, WHY?

Blake was silent for a little while, the only sound coming from the house again, and people shouting things, laughing, having fun. People that felt miles away right now. I didn't even care about the fact that the air had gotten pretty chilly and that my grey sweater was too light to protect me fully. I didn't even

raise my eyes to the shining stars that lighted the night sky in all their glory. We probably couldn't even see them clearly here, with the street lights and the fire behind and the house lights...

"Because people don't miss jerks..." Blake trailed his voice low.

What the...?

"What do you mean? Are you planning on leaving or something?" I snorted a little, though I was much more on the verge of panicking than laughing.

"I... No I'm not planning on leaving right now, but I mean after school... we'll all go our separate ways and no one will remember the jerk. Well they might remember but they won't miss." he explained, his voice getting closer to its normal tone with every added words.

I unstressed a bit.

"Come on Blake! That's not a good reason enough! You should tell the truth, you know truth is a good thing!"

"Not always, it isn't..." Blake whispered.

What did he mean? Why was he feeling this way? I mean if we had been talking about his brother I would have understood the sad tone... but right now... Why did he sound sad? What was it about truth that made him sad?

For one second my mind went "Oh shit, he's hiding he's gay like Alex!"

No, no, no! That wasn't, that couldn't...

Oh god!

"Blake, please tell me you're not gay!" I gasped and then slapped my forehead, like really hit it with my palm.

Wow, way to go Lexi!

Well at least that seemed to make Blake laugh...REALLY laugh.

"Oh don't worry Pumpkin! Trust me, I'm not" he laughed a bit more, looking at me, shaking his head, before raising his eyes to the sky, still laughing.

Well, he was less gloomy.

But there was still a little sadness there...

"Come on! Get up!" I ordered Blake, as I did, getting up from the little porch swing chair.

"What? Are you planning on taking advantage of me or something?" Blake chuckled, standing on his feet too.

Yes...

"No!" I smiled widely and then took his hand in mine and dragged him towards the street.

"Lexi" Blake asked, dragging the "i", his voice sounding a little worried "What are we doing?"

"We're going to go play "Ring-Run"" I told him, walking away from the house and to the sidewalk.

"What?" Blake burst laughing.

"Mrs. Pumpernickel lives close from here. I want to play Ring-Run. And you Mister are coming with me!" I told him and grabbed his vest, dragging him with me.

Blake stopped moving, making me stop too "We don't have fire... or dog poop for that matter!"

"We'll make do without it" I nodded to myself

"So what? We'll just ring and run?" he snorted.

I frowned a little "Ya.... but we'll ring A LOT!"

Blake burst laughing "Are you drunk!?"

"Please! I'm not drunk! I'm perfectly in control of my actions! Look!" I beamed and then started to do an arabesque in the middle of the sidewalk.

Okay, yes, tipsy... whatever.

And then I don't know why, maybe because my mind had set all the stupid worries away and was just enjoying the fact I was with Blake right now. Maybe I was just thoroughly happy to be here and getting a little stupid, but I started to spin on my leg and then began to sing "Doo dloo doo doo doo... I'm SINGIN' in the rain! Just singing in the rain!" full Gene Kelly mood on, while Blake kept laughed at me and I ran towards a street light determined to nail my little show here!

"It's not even raining Pumpkin!" Blake laughed more.

"Well thank you Mister Party Pooper!" I said rolling my eyes but then went on loudly, with big hands move "What a glorious feeling and I'm happy again!"

Blake shook his head, a full smile spreading on his lips.

"I'm laughing at clouds, so dark up above." I kept singing and then I had reached a street light and went all Gene Kelly, making a big hand move, an imaginary hat in my hands, turning around it.

Blake then continued singing with me, making a fake serious voice "The sun's in my heart and I'm ready to love"

Ya... hadn't thought about that part...

Was he going to think I started singing this because I'm "ready to love"?

I should definitely stop analysing everything...

As I thought about that, I lost my balance and my grip on the street light and stumbled a little, though I managed to not fall miserably on my ass.

"Ya! Definitely drunk..." Blake laughed, smiling mischievously.

"SO NOT!" I objected and punched his shoulder.

"Are too!" Blake smirked and pushed my shoulder, running away from me, but not too fast so I caught up with him.

We were getting closer to Mrs Pumpernickel's house by then, since she was only like a few blocks away.

"So... how do you want to do this Pumpkin?" Blake smirked.

I frowned, tapping my chin with my forefinger "Why does this sound like an innuendo?"

"Because you're spending too much time with me" Blake explained laughing.

No, not too much... actually never enough...

"Anyway, I mean, the name explains it all. We ring... and we run."

"I expected you to be more creative!" Blake laughed and then we had reached our destination, which was on the other side of the street. The big white house,

with the white fences and the perfectly cut green grass and the garden gnomes and everything about it screaming "Boring old person living here!"

"I'm in a spur of the moment thing here, work with me dude!" I shushed him and looked around.

Okay so ya... the street was kinda open and we would be easily spotted, like two people running away laughing wouldn't be inconspicuous.

Would Mrs. Pumpernickel be the kind to get out of her house and run after us? With a shot gun like Principal Strickland in "Back to the Future"?

Probably...

She had the freaky face that would fit with that...

Though, on this side of the street there was like a tiny "can't barely be consider as a beginning of forest" thingy between two houses. It wasn't that dense but considering the old prick degenerating age, and vision, she probably wouldn't spot us in the dark.

Right?

Well my tipsy mind was completely agreeing with me.

"We ring, we run back here to the threes and we hide alright?"

Blake chuckled "And tell me, when did it become Ring-Run-Hide?"

"It's always been "hide", try to keep up dude!" I rolled my eyes and then looked back straight at the house.

Why was I doing this again?

Oh ya right, I was stupid!

I think Blake was sorta thinking the same thing, but he looked like he was actually enjoying himself so I didn't ask him if he agreed on this whole thing.

Had he even agreed yet?

I didn't think he had...

Oh well!

We crossed the street, sprinting, and then sorta crouched. Why? I don't know, I mean it's not like we were really being inconspicuous here!

We finally walked up the porch and stood in front of the door, but we both stood there like morons.

"There's no bell..."

Blake closed his eyes, shaking his head "There's no bell..."

"Wow..."

But before I could turn around, Blake started to knock on the door loudly and hard.

"MRS PUMPERNIPPLE!" Blake started to shout.

Oh crap.

"Blake!" I hissed, grabbing his sleeve, trying to drag him away from here as fast as we freaking could.

Yes I was chickening out!

This just felt like a REALLY bad idea now that I thought about it.

"Please, she's not even waking up yet" Blake told me and then banged on the door again with his fist clenched "MRS PUMPERNICKEL! OPEN THE DOOR!"

he kept screaming, trying to make his voice high pitch.

Idiot, idiot, idiot!

Crap, crap, crap, CRAP!

"Blake, okay I had a bad idea! Now come on!!" I hissed again, trying to tug him away, but he wouldn't bend.

And he kept knocking and seemed to find a lot of amusement in this.

But then, I didn't have to convince him because there was definite sound inside the house, like close incoming sound.

"Oh shit! Run!" Blake ordered me laughing and then we were both running away, and towards the threes.

Bad idea, bad idea, bad idea!!

We duck behind the threes just in time to see the door burst open with the house front lights, illuminating Mrs. Pumpernickel's figure.

"Does she have a shot gun in her hands?" I almost gasped.

"I think it's a baseball bat" Blake whispered, crouching beside me.

The grass around us was kinda damp and making my already freezing hands colder. I was shivering with the cold, but there was no way in hell I was moving from this spot, not with the scary lady there... if she could be consider as a lady.

Why had I done this again?

Oh ya, stupid...

"She looks scary..." Blake trailed.

"One, shut up. Two, she IS scary. Three, shut up!" I hissed and smacked his arm.

Blake smirked in the dark "Look at you all worried" and then he laughed a soundless laugh "Would have been a hell of a lot funnier if we had thrown eggs at her screen door in the summer. Have you ever done that? Funny as hell!"

I rolled my eyes "Wow, keep up with the good influence!"

"Hey! You're the one who wanted to play Ring-Run! You're the bad person in this"

"Well, YOU knocked like a maniac!"

"She's leaving, come on! Run!"

Okay, maybe too much running for Tipsy-Lexi for the night.

Though, ya I was having fun... but it was always funnier to argue with Blake... that idiot!

We waited for a few seconds, and then, still in a sort of crouched position ran out of the woods and into the streets. And then Blake sprinted away

"Hey!!!" I screamed after him, and automatically covered my mouth with both hands but then just shrugged it off and tried to catch up with him, though I wasn't at my fastest.

Big meany, abandoning me behind!

But once we were far away enough from the house, Blake turned around, making my job pretty easy though I hadn't planned on him to turn so fast so I bumped into his arms.

"You should see yourself Pumpkin, you were all but wobbling to get to me! Drunky-Lexi!" he laughed.

Annoying prick

Sexy sexy annoying prick...

And then, too fast for me to even notice it he was swigging me in his arms, bridal style.

OH CRAP!

"Put me DOWN!" I hissed, pushing his chest and kicking the air with my feet but I don't think I was putting that much effort into having him do that.

"Oh so that's what I get for being a gentleman!?" Blake still laughed.

Mister Knocking-on-the-door-like-a-maniac, a gentleman? Ya RIGHT!

"Please you aren't being a gentleman, you're being an ass!" I snorted as he set me back on my feet, beside the glass wall of a bus stop. At first I thought it was so I could lean against it, because well he had been implying that I couldn't stand straight on my feet, but then my brain made the connection one second later

and then, my back was pressing against it and Blake was leaning over me, both hands on each side of my face, closer than appropriate etiquette distance.

Oh crap... crap crap crap...

"So, I'm being an ass?" Blake asked, his face bending to me level, his voice almost low, his eyes looking at me... oh god... I didn't like the way he was looking at me.

Okay that was a lie. I liked the way he looked at me, liked it A LOT... it just scared me. Why the hell was he looking at me like this? Would he look at me like this again? Was this a one time thing?

Oh god, was I a one time thing? Was this what ALL this was about? So I could be a new one time thing rumour of his he could plaster everywhere?

I couldn't be a one time thing right?

After everything he had done I couldn't be a one time thing?!

And what was with the constant changing of moods? He was just so hard to keep up. One minute playing Ring-Run, the other... oh crap...

Blake was still standing a few inches from my face, inches that felt like too far away but too close at the same time. Why was everything so confusing with him?

I was freaking out!

What the hell was going on now?

Air, air, I NEEDED air...

Oh dang how the hell am I supposed to breath again?

Inspire, expire... no no that's like rotten food the last one right...

Oh crap. I'm choking.

But I realized that I wanted to kiss him right now. I REALLY wanted to...

Fuck breathing!!

I slowly closed my eyes cutting access to his own, his grey eyes that I could barely see in the dark anyway.

I was going to kiss him...

"GUYS!" someone yelled and I all but shrieked in surprise, my eyes bulging open.

Blake backed away from me, almost jumping, and then he had the same expression, the one he always had, like he had just realized what he had been about to do and was freaking out, and I wanted to punch him for that! When would he STOP making that face!?

I was freaking out again!

I had almost KISSED him!

AGAIN!

Oh god...

Inhale, exhale. Ya that was it!

"There you are! We've been looking everywhere" Mark said, to me actually.

"What's wrong?" I asked, walking away from the bus stop, and Blake.

"Alex's... well trashed and asking for you and ya... he's NOT a funny drunk..." Mark explained

Oh crap...

"Let's go!" I said, walking fast beside him.

Okay, honestly I loved Alex but he was getting on my nerves now!

Blake walked with us, in silence, like he was thinking intently about something and I wanted to punch him for that.

Why? I mean why would I want to punch him? For not kissing me? For not making the right face? The truth was I wanted to punch myself actually...

When we got back to Tiffany's house, Alex's was on the front lawn, sitting crossed legged.

"Look, just GoooooOOOoo! You can allllll leave to McPoo and goooOOoo eat! I'm waiitiinggg forrrr Kittyyyy" Alex was whining to Dwayne, Connor and the twins who were standing beside him, along with Daph.

Travis was standing on the porch with Ashley.

Oh crap.

"LeXiiiiiii!" Alex screamed when he saw me and got on his feet, well tried to get on his feet "I'M soooooooo Sorrryyy!"

Not this again!

"I shouldn't have let you kiss me at the end of ninth grade! Would have spared EVERYONE trouble! I'm a BAAAD person!! I'm SoooooOOoooooOOooo sorry!"

Again, I wanted to slap him or something.

Would he EVER stop apologizing?

"Would have been MUCH easier if you hadn't and we hadn't dated!" he kept whining, trying to push himself up, while the guy made fun of him.

Just shut up, shut up, shut up!

Okay he was drunk and all, but he was getting on my nerves... and annoying. And I mean, even though it would be a good thing for Alex to come out of the closet, I couldn't let spill more things... I would hate myself if I didn't stop him.

"Alex, just shush alright? You know this, I know you're sorry and I forgive you okay? Now let's just go home alright?"

Alex was still trying to get on his feet, one hand on the grass, the rest of his body in a standing position.

"Fine! But DON'T leave alright? Wait. Travis! WHERE'S TRAVIS!?"

Alrigth time to go!

"Thanks guys, I'll take it from here" I said.

The boys nodded and then walked back to the house, while Travis and Ashley walked towards us and Daph helped me getting Alex up on his feet.

But that was kinda hard considering I was, well tipsy!

"Need help Pumpkin?" Blake asked, still standing here.

Before I could answer he was taking my place and helping Daph drag Alex to his car as I opened the door for them.

"He smells nice Lexi" Alex said, looking my direction and then straight at Blake "You smell nice!" and then he looked back at me "I get why you'd hang out with him, he smells nice"

"Alright man, time to get home!" Blake chuckled.

"Travis! I NEED to see Travis!!" Alex whined.

Blake laughed a little.

"I'm here!" Travis said, walking to the car, and then he got him, sitting beside him and closed the door behind him, luckily before Blake could see them make out or something.

I took a few steps away from the car, Blake following.

"Well I think that's my cue leaving..."

"Ya I-"

"MCDO TIME!!" someone yelled beside the house, interrupting him.

I smiled a little "Go on lucky bastard, go eat cheeseburgers"

"Well there's anti-pucking crap in their pop. Might be good for Alex." Blake chuckled.

"I'm not going to drag his drunken butt into a restaurant" I laughed and then I heard the car starting, and I didn't want to make everyone wait for too long.

"Well, have fun"

Blake smirked "You too!"

I rolled my eyes, but then waved and ran to the car.

When I got the car, I was stuck with sitting in the back with drunk-Alex and most-probably-pissed-Travis.

I SO didn't want to be stuck in the middle of them making out either...

The ride home was painful.

I tried to just look out the window and ignore Alex's drunken ramble but Daph was having too much fun, laughing at him, so I just couldn't miss anything.

And I kept looking at my cellphone I had left in the car and that was now in my hands.

Maybe I could go back. Or just call him.

Maybe text.

No Lexi, no drunken texting, as tempting as a "I want to have you in my bed right now!" text sounded.

Okay, I wasn't drunk, but I was still kinda tipsy...

Daph dropped me at my house, and then after saying bye to everyone I walked to my house, suddenly feeling completely drained out of energy.

I closed the door behind me, and then leaned my back against it.

And I just kept repeating in my head "I almost kissed him..."

And I didn't want to smack my head at my stupidity.... I just wanted another chance...

Oh crap.

Chapter 65

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (61)

Hey guys! So, made you wait for a little while again! Sorry! lol

Oh and ya, I wanted this chapter to be longer, but I liked where this one ended and well that's going to prevent me from going to bed at 2 in the morning... Plus I need to read "Le loud des steppes"! So I'm going to get to that! lol

Anyway, I still have two weeks of school now, it's my finals by the way so that's why the uploads are coming slower than usual, but then I'm out of school for three months and I think I'm not going to be

working that much this summer! The flowers won't need me too much this time! lol

Sooo.. with that said, thanks guys for all the nice comments, they really mean a lot! And sorry if I can't reply to all of them but trust me, they really do mean a lot!

Oh and the song I put there... well I've been having a Annette Hanshaw phase lately and I think it's kinda fitting for our lovely "couple" ;P

So anyway! I'm not going to keep you away from reading any longer! ;P

Read, enjoy. Comment and vote! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I spent the night tossing and turning in my bed. I couldn't sleep, I kept checking my phone, waiting for a call, and then arguing with myself on whether I should call him myself. I mean if I wanted to talk to him I shouldn't wait for him to call first. I could do it myself. I was a big girl. But I didn't want to sound obsess, even though it was pretty freaking obvious I was! Surely he must have been noticing it by now!

My mind was bleh! I skipped from one idea to the other; I honestly believed for a second that I was having fever or something.

"Call him, don't call him. Would you just stop thinking about him! He's hot... I almost kissed him. Crap crap crap! What would have happened? If I had kissed him. Did he want to kiss me? WHY would he want to kiss me? I feel like throwing up..."

I mean what would have happened if I had kissed him? Would he have said something like "You were drunk, I didn't take it seriously. Oh cause it meant something for you? Because it didn't for me."

Ya that had to be it.

I mean why the HELL would he want to kiss me other then a one time thing? I had nothing particular to offer, no super-making-out skills, there were hundreds of girls more beautiful then me, smarter than me, funnier than me, just basically better. Why would he want ME? He couldn't want me. Because truthfully, no one really wanted me.

Wow, this was getting into a self-questioning crap-whatever. What bizarre thing alcohol did to my system...

But like honestly, the only boyfriend I had ever had was freaking gay! That's how awesome I was!

Ugh! I hated this, hated to question myself over such pathetic thing! I should just kiss the freaking crap outta him and just get it over with! And then he would be like "Okaaaay..." and we would stop speaking and I would get over it at one point.

Ya that sounded like a reasonable plan.

Not!

Sleep sleep sleep! That's what I needed right now! To freaking sleep!

UGH!

Okay, honestly, if I wasn't going to do anything, I might as well just stop questioning myself. I was not going to just kiss him like that, so I should just stop THINKING about it. It was pathetic and I deserved a slap in the face for it!

When I finally fell asleep, the sun had begun to rise.

I woke up in the afternoon, kinda bump about the fact that I had missed almost an entire day. That's what happened when you went to bed late... or early, sort of...

I got out of bed and downstairs, but no one was there. I grabbed a muffin on the counter and went back upstairs, to find dad in his study.

"Hey, where's Tyler?" I asked my father who was standing behind his desk, typing on his computer.

Was he still at Landon's? I wanted to talk to him about the whole "getting back at Blake" thing. I mean if Blake didn't want to talk about it, I'd force it out of Ty. And I'm sure he would be happy to brag about it, whatever it was!

"Hmmm.... Oh he's shooting hoops outside" my father trailed eyes fixed on his screen.

"Thanks" I smiled and was about to get out and close the door but dad called my name before I could.

"You got home late last night kid..." he trailed, looking up from his work.

"Ya, after game party, I had told you hadn't I?" I frowned.

"Yes you had... but can't a father ask questions?"

Not again!

I rolled my eyes.

"What is this about this time?"

"Nothing, I'm just making sure you're behaving. I don't want you to think that because we had that little talk the other night means I'm going to drop my job as a dad. It's not because you told me not to worry that I'm going to stop worrying." He started to rant, that amuse smile still playing on the edge of his lips.

Why was everyone having fun at my expense?

I rolled my eyes again "I know dad, I wasn't expecting you to!"

"Good, because I'm watching, don't forget that! I'm always watching. Like a shark!" he grinned.

"Okay, one, bad comparison, and two, you sound freaky when you say thing like that dad!" I told him snorting.

He started to laugh "I'm really not good with parental authority aren't I? I don't get why you guys don't take me seriously!"

I smiled at him "We take you seriously, you're just the least strict person there is out there"

"That's not true, if I was the least strict person out there... well I don't even want to imagine how things would be going on here... I don't know if you've notice this yet, but your brother has weird tendencies..." he grinned again and I burst laughing.

"Ya I noticed!" I said, still laughing faintly.

My father laughed too and then took a breath you know the "well I think our job is done here" kind of breath and said "Anyway... you can go do whatever you wanted to do just remember-"

I stopped him "You're watching... like a shark!"

Dad smiled "Like a shark!"

I shook my head, chuckling and got out, closing the door behind me, my dad going back to his work.

I skipped down the stairs and then walked out the door, and toward the side of the house following the drumming sound of the basket ball on the asphalt, to get to Ty.

"Ten bucks you can't shoot five three points in a row!"

"That's a lot of numbers in one sentence" Tyler laughed, still dribbling.

"Don't think you can do it?" I smirked a little.

"Is there a point for you coming here or you just wanted to be a pain in my ass?"

"Language, Tyler Grayson!" I laughed and then stole the ball away from him.

I stood in front of the basket and then shot the ball, using the strength in my legs more than the one in my arms, my right hand following the trajectory, until the ball got in.

I smiled to myself. I hadn't lost my touch.

Tyler went to pick up the ball and dribbled a little.

It was a nice day. The sky was clear, not a cloud stopping the sun from shining. It was still a little windy but it wasn't the cold fall weather yet. If it hadn't been for the leaves losing their bright greenness it would have been exactly like a cool summer day.

"So, you had fun last night?" he asked me, rolling the ball in his hands to place it right and then raised it and shot.

"Ya... YOU had fun last night"

Tyler had an evident smirk in his face when he got back with the ball.

"He told you?"

"Well he said you were a dick but he didn't get into specifics" I answered.

"And you want to know what I did?" Tyler grinned even wider.

Tyler passed me the ball and I answered, dribbling "I'm curious!"

"You're going to be mad"

"If I were you I wouldn't worry about me, and worry about Blake come back..." I trailed, snorting but went on "Come on! Just tell me!"

Tyler still grinning, finally answered "Filled his locker with tampons and left a nice little note"

Damn it! That idiot!

"You're a dick!" I told him, pocking him on the chest with my forefinger.

"Aww please! You'd have laughed!"

"What the hell did you wrote on the note"

I was worried now!

"Well it went like "So apparently you buy a lot of those and it looks like your "time of the month" is close and we wouldn't want you to bleed all over the field, now would we Blakina? Don't worry, it's fine, we won't judge you and your vagina""

Okay now I was pissed.

"You idiot! You did that cause he bought me tampons? Because he took care of me and was nice? You think that's going to encourage him to be nice again!?" I started to tell him, mad.

"Don't worry; I doubt he'll stop stalking you!" Tyler laughed.

I almost answered "How can you be sure?"

I mean who knew, maybe we would just stop speaking unexpectedly, like so many people did, or when this year would be over, when High School would be over we'd never see each other again...

Whatever he wanted to believe I'd miss the jerk.

Well, truthfully he wasn't a jerk... he was just Blake.

And I didn't want for anything stupid my brother did to put my friendship with Blake in jeopardy, and shorten it.

Alright bad thoughts away!

I didn't want to think about the time ahead right now, about a future without High School and seeing Blake everyday.

A future without Blake sounded oddly unappealing.

How pathetic was I becoming?

I sighed heavily and then slapped my brother on the back of the head "You better not pull a stunt like that again!"

"Hey! I was just getting revenge!"

"You started it!!"

"Whatever!" Tyler still laughed.

I narrowed my eyes at him.

That little punkass! He better not do anything again or he would get in trou-A-ble!

"Calm down big sis, I won't piss your boyfriend again as long as he doesn't try anything funny again"

"He's not my boyfriend" I informed him, rolling my eyes and shot the ball but it rebounded on the ring of the net.

"Sure sure" Tyler still laughed.

"Alright let's change subject shall we!" I frowned "What are you doing today?"

"Dad's going to bring me to the stores so I can buy new bed sheets" Tyler snorted picked up the ball.

"Well, don't try to do any voodoo freaky thing with them alright? Last thing we need is for you to bring back some serial killer from the dead or something!"

"Don't worry, I'm just going to roll naked in them"

I chuckled "Isn't that what you did with the last ones?"

"Among many things yes, but I think Vanessa would mind the dead bird smell if I let those other sheets... and the poo smell too..." Tyler trailed thoughtfully.

"Oh my god! You put dog poop in Anna's bed sheets!!?" I exclaimed, my eyes bulging.

Eww!

Ty smirked "Who talked about dog poop?"

My eyes almost popped out of their sockets "Oh god!"

That earned me one of Ty's machiavellian laugh.

"You're sick!"

"You love me!" Ty still laughed.

"Sick!" I just said, pointing him.

I didn't want to hear more about it, though I knew that I'd probably laugh about it tomorrow, so I started to head back inside the house

"Hey Lex!?" Ty called after me before I could go too far, so I turned around, worried about what was the next thing he'd share with me "Is... is Vanessa's favourite color still purple?"

Aww...

I smiled at him "Ya, but dark purple not that pale baby purple"

"Ya I remembered that..." Ty half smiled.

Still smiling I turned around and went back inside.

I should call Alex and see what had happened with him. I took the phone in the kitchen and dialed his number.

His mom answered. And he was out for a walk, with Travis.

I didn't ask her to tell him I had called.

Alex needed to deal with whatever was happening with him and he needed to deal with this without me.

I pondered for a second, my back against the counter and then called Daph.

"No!" she answered.

"What?"

"I will NOT help you put on that leather suit, if we can even consider it a suit"

"Are you high?" I snorted.

"Yes, I'm high on Bob Marley!"

"Well dose off a little!" I laughed.

"Party pooper! So what's up?"

"Well, want to do something?"

"Sure, but I'm going out in a few... but I mean you could always come..."

"You called the flea market guy!?" I beamed.

"Nope! I'm going to Jeff's, we're doing an "Oh my god I'd rather be eaten by those zombies then keep on watching this shit" marathon!"

"Bad zombie movies?"

"Ya, we're starting with "Redneck Zombies" want to come?"

"And be the third wheel, no thanks! And what about your flea market guy, already forgot about him?"

"Please me and Jeff is NOT happening, we just enjoy common things. Oh and the flea market guy is out of my mind. I move on... unlike other people!" she laughed mischievously.

"Go to hell"

"Well technically I'm going to watch the high way of hell, you know Route 666, so does that count?"

"Sure!" I laughed "Well, have fun!"

"What? You're not coming?"

"I think I'll pass..."

"Your loss!" she laughed again, and hung up.

I sighed heavily, hanging up too and then thought about what I should be doing.

I walked to the living room and opened the Tv, trying to find something interesting to watch but I just zapped through every channel.

I tried to call Vanessa to get some news but I got her send to vocal message.

Tyler and dad left few minutes later, and I was all alone.

It was four o'clock and I had pretty much waste a day and done nothing with my last butt.

And a little voice in my head kept repeating "Call Blake, call Blake, call Blake" over and over again.

And it was getting annoying.

Because I really wanted to call him... and there was really no reason why I couldn't right?

I should stop torturing myself like this and just call him.

There wasn't anything wrong with calling him!

And now that I thought about what I had realize while talking with Ty outside earlier... that at one point I could stop seeing him, if we went to college far away or he just got bored with me... I wanted to spend time with him, to make sure that that wouldn't happen!

So I stopped fighting with myself for nothing and called him.

He picked up after a few rings

"Ya?"

Okay bad idea, bad idea.

What do I say?

"Hey Blake. What's up?"

"Ouu I know that voice! You're missing me, aren't you?"

Oh crap! Am I that easy to figure out... crap crap crap!

"Stop thinking! Answer! You'll look dumb if you don't fast enough!" I shouted in my head

"Get over yourself Blake, I'm just thoroughly bored! Everyone abandoned me!" I said, trying to sound convincing, and well bored

"Is that your hooker?!" I heard a voice scream in the background.

"No Josh it's not a hooker..." Blake sighed, his voice a little away from the phone but I could still hear it.

"Are you gonna CALL a hooker!?" Josh screamed again.

I had to laugh at that...

I mean after spending very little time with Josh I had already realized that you couldn't take his words too seriously.

"No Josh I'm not gonna call a hooker!" Blake said, his tone still discouraged.

"Why? Are you implying you have problems with hookers? You now they're normal human beings just like you and me!!"

"I'm not calling a hooker Josh!" Blake answered and now he really sounded annoyed.

Laughing, I told him "You know what? Why don't I let you two go back to whatever you were doing..."

I mean okay I would have enjoyed seeing Blake, but at least I knew he wasn't out with some bimbo so I was still a little happy about that.

"What? Wait no, just let me... Josh! What the hell! Get away! No! Shit! You idiot! Wait no!" Blake started to ramble, and it sounded like he was fighting or something.

"Hello hooker!" Josh said on the other end of the line.

"I'm not a hooker Josh!" I answered shaking my head.

"Really? Cause I'm totally okay with it if you are!"

"Well glad to hear that but I'm not"

"Shame... oh well... you coming over?

"What?"

"Are you coming over? Est-ce que tu t'en viens? Yo-"

I stopped him before he started to confuse me too much because I had no freaking clue what the last

part of his speech had just meant "No I mean, what do you mean am I coming over?"

"I'm inviting you in a way that won't make you feel like you aren't part of the horde"

"I don't even know where you live!" I snorted but truthfully, I kinda like really wanted to go...

I mean Blake was there... and Josh was funny!

And then before I even knew it Josh was ordering me to take a sheet and a pen and write the direction to his loft.

I tried not to skip around while doing so.

I mean this was ridiculous; it was like I had never gone out before!

But this was different! I was getting included in a part of Blake's life barely a few, if not any one had access...

The new obsessive Lexi really enjoyed that!

"You need me to repeat?" Josh asked when he was done

"Nope, I'm good."

"Alright... oh and if you see a guy that introduce himself as Gigglypop in front of the building... don't make eye contact alright?"

"Okay should I be scared?"

"Very! See you in a few! Oh and bring clothes you don't mind dirtying up!" Josh said and hung up, before I could argue or ask question or even speak with Blake again or anything.

Alright... what the hell was I getting myself into again?

Chapter 66

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (62)

Hey guys! Sorry long wait, I'm killing you blah blah blah! ;P I've REALLY been busy! Final exams guys! FINALS!! And there was the proof reading deal and I don't know... it just didn't feel good enough... still doesn't... oh well...

So first thing first, no I didn't come up with EVERYTHING Josh says, I'm stupid but my brain as limits alright so if you've heard some of his remarks before well go get yourself a cookie! ;P

Now also... I'm putting a warning here, what Josh says is not what I think alright? So if you get offended

by what he says don't start a rant on how a bad person I am!

Also, this time we have German guys! lol Might be crap though, È's family's from Kassel, my other friend who speaks it is from Switzerland so ya... different German... so if I completely screwed it up, feel free to laugh at my expense! ;P German is hard alright! lol

And THANKS to bhouchen for the AWESOME song "I Gotcha" by Joe Tex which you will see in this chapter! :P Again THANKS!!!

Also, THANKS È!! You are fucking awesome! Happy? ;P Mouhahaha

And also, got check out The Black Ryders if you don't know who they are, personal culture and all! lol

Oh and a little side note, please, please, PLEASE, don't advertise your story here! I get that you'd want to use the fact that there's a lot of people reading this to get more readers, but this is just not the place alright? I never advertise my story anywhere and still managed to have reads, so please, don't do this to me... I like to have real genuine comments... not fake

copy/paste things to get yourself on the What's Hot List!

Anyway, hope you enjoy this chapter...

Will this be the long awaited kiss? MOUHAHAHA!! Me and È are actually making bets on how many comments I'll get for THE kiss... Anyone want to join that pool? Or maybe it'll be too late after this chapter.. MOUHAHAHAHAHA. Who knows? Well I do but that's just a detail.. mouhahaha

Read, enjoy, vote and comment! :P

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I was sitting in my car, the engine still running, wearing my old jeans with plenty of holes and a baggy yellow t-shirt, asking myself for the hundredth time if this was a joke or I had gotten the address wrong or Josh really lived here.

Because frankly, the building I was parked in front looked... oh god it looked like Tyler's house in Fight Club...

Was he seriously living here? Didn't the guy have money? I mean he didn't have to be loaded to not live in a shithole like this, sorry the language but that was just what it is was!

Or maybe he had given me a wrong address. I mean that something that guy could do, I'm pretty sure of it... with the stories he told about Blake's childhood...

And then I thought "Oh god! They're going to make me do graffiti on that building aren't they?"

That sounded just like them, oddly JUST like them...

I was still gripping my steering wheel tightly when I started to hear sound... like shouting outside...

I opened my window and looked out, towards the building and to my deep disappointment Josh's head was sticking out a window.

"YOU PLAYING SPY!?" he was shouting.

"I'm really at the right place!?" I screamed back, still a little shocked.

"No shit Sherlock! Come on! Are you going to wait in your car or come in!" he screamed back.

I sighed heavily, closed my eyes for a second and then stopped the engine and got out of my car, triple checking the door locks.

I walked up to the front door, Josh's head still sticking out, an annoying grin on his lips.

"What kind of dump do you live in?!" I shouted at him, raising my head.

He was like on the third floor up or something.

For one second I was a little worried. Where was Blake? Why wasn't it his head sticking out the building and him nagging me?

Because as funny as Josh could probably be, I wasn't here for him.

Wow... nice realisation...

How pathetic...

Josh laughed "Hey! Don't hate the building! It has cachet!"

I rolled my eyes for his benefit though he probably didn't notice and was about to pull the door open, it

was a big wood kind of thing, that went with the whole almost-falling-apart rectangular building.

I mean it could be nice... in a horror movie or something.

Anyway I was about to open the door when Josh stopped me "Oh wait! Use the buzzer first! I gotta buzz you in, don't touch the handle it starts the alarm, use the buzzer!"

I sighed again, and pressed the button beside the intercom thingy but then I heard static and there was blue flash and I moved my hand just in time before I actually freaking got electrocuted!

What the HELL?!

Josh was laughing uncontrollably and his head disappear back inside while I aligned a bunch of insanities.

Holly fucking shit!! I almost got freaking ELECTROCUTED!!!

What the hell was wrong with him!?

"OH MY GOD! What's wrong with you!? I could have been electrocuted to death!" I shouted at him even though I couldn't see his face anymore.

That dumb bastard! Seriously! What the hell was I doing here again?

Josh head reappeared, still laughing, "Aww don't worry, it's barely a 200 volt shock, I would just have just frizz you up a bit"

"You're sick!" I screamed again and crossed my arms over my chest.

I wasn't touching that door, or anything from that building again! Actually, I should just go back home. I was just making a fool of myself right now!

But before I could turn around and well, leave, I heard Blake's voice, angry voice I might add, yelling at Josh.

I couldn't really help the small smile appearing on my lips.

I'm not sure what he was telling him, because the shouting was happening inside but then Blake's face appeared.

And just like that I felt like the little hyper kid on Christmas Eve all over again, restraining myself from jumping up and down.

Pathetic and quite sad, really.

"Josh is sick!" I shouted, before he could say anything.

"Tell me about it!" Blake snorted, shouting back.

Was he smiling? Did this whole thing entertained him, me almost getting electrocuted I mean.

That little bitch better not be enjoying this!

"Shut up! Josh is awesome!" Josh yelled, trying to stick his head out beside Blake's.

"No, Josh is sick!" I screamed again, for his benefit.

"Hey! You want to come in or you want to stay outside and wait for Gigglypop to try to wiggle his pickle-crop at you, Iggy Pop style!? He just needs two seconds to drop the brown coat you know!" Josh

yelled and I had a good two seconds of mental black-out.

A big "Wait, what?" moment, right there. That was a lot of ig and op in a same sentence!

"Just come in!" Blake yelled, pushing Josh's head inside.

"Can I TOUCH the door?"

"Yes! Don't worry, just don't ever listen to Josh! Like ever!" Blake laughed.

"So if I told her to play with your seeding-hose you wouldn't agree?" I heard Josh yell inside and then Blake's head was disappearing and there was crashing sound and yelling and cursing, while I stood there, yet frozen again, but laughing this time.

Oh god... why was I here again?

Why was I even asking myself this question? I knew exactly why I was here.

So I just opened the door, not without a good second of hesitation though and then walked in.

Well, the inside wasn't as crappy as the outside. It was actually... nice?

There was a big set of stairs, all in wood, right in front of me, normal apartment stairs, not some grandiose thing, but the inside was actually clean, something I wasn't expecting after seeing the outside and there was just a corridor, with doors, other apartments probably, the walls all a warm beige.

It all looked like it had been renovated not so long ago.

I decided to head to up the stairs since the guys had been... well not on the first one. But then when I got on the second level, that I hadn't seen when I was downstairs, there was like a big metal gate kind of thing, with bars typish, and a lock.

I sighed heavily.

Josh arrived running a few seconds later, coming out form big double metal doors, the kind you saw in front of warehouse almost, Blake running after him, trying to knock him down actually.

"Secret password!" Josh yelled, crashing into the metal gate, his face trying to stick between the bars, his hands gripping them.

I rolled my eyes at him "You sound just like my brother!"

Blake was trying to push him away while Josh yelled "Just answer!"

I laughed at the two of them, while Blake threw him on the floor "I don't know... go to hell?"

Josh, on the floor style managed to shout "WRONG!"

I should have said hooker or something...

I sighed, "Just let me in!"

Josh managed to push Blake on the floor too, and away from him, so he rushed to the gate, sticking his face out again, pouting his lips. "Maybe a kiss for passage?"

"Damn it Josh, get out of the way!" Blake said, his voice annoyed and made the combination to open the lock, pushing a whiny Josh at the same time, while I laughed.

"Sorry about Josh, he doesn't get a lot of company!" Blake informed me as he opened the gates, smiling a little again.

"Shut up man, I have a social life!" Josh felt the need to share while straightening up "And just a little side note, this is my place, I'm the one who sets the "open the gate" rules, and you Saskia, need to pay me" he continued on, wiggling his eyebrows.

I sighed and asked him "Why do you always screw up my name?"

We were walking towards the big metal doors, and Blake punched Josh in the stomach.

Oooookay...

What was THAT for?

"Again, don't listen to anything Josh says, he's a crack baby!" Blake warned, almost taking a protective stand between me and the said crack-baby.

Something was telling me I was in for a weird evening!

"You know, I think it's beneficial for her personal culture to know about Saskia, man! Want to hear a nice story about an obsessive Rembrandt?" Josh asked me, grinning.

Okay, I knew Rembrandt, and all his auto portrait and his way to play with clarity and obscurity, yay me, but Saskia... ya I didn't know that one!

For some reason, I was worried for a second and looked at Blake's angry expression.

"I don't want to know?" I asked him.

He shook his head "You don't want to know, trust me"

Truth is, I kinda wanted to... but I wasn't going to argue with him.

And I was a little too busy with staring at him because let's face it; he was nice to look at. I think I had made that point clear with myself. Anyway, what caught my eyes first was the fact that there were paint stains on his light V-neck green t-shirt, which fitted him perfectly, of course, and also on his fade blue jeans. Oh and on his hands and arms too.

Alrigth, maybe I really was going to do graffiti on the building walls after all...

"Blake is a party pooper, pooper pooper, crapper, crapper crapper!" Josh started to say in a sing-song voice.

I muffled a laugh.

Blake glared at him "We're playing that game?"

"You know you'll lose if we do Nancy boy, so don't get your panties in a notch alright!" Josh laughed while opening the doors, lifting the metal bar blocking them in the middle.

Okay, were we going into some secret hide out full of dead bodies? Why would he need a door with a metal bar to close it like that?

Weirdo!

"Oh you might want to take your shoes off, if you don't want to ruin them that is" Josh said and then opened the door.

The first thing that hit me about his loft was that almost half of it was covered with plastic sheets. The big mural, on the left wall was probably the cause.

On my right there was a staircase, open kind of thing, just like wooden planes on medal rack, going up to a high second floor that we could completely see from where I stood, just a metal ramp around it and that looked like a library.

There was also a little corridor on my right, and I think you could get to a kitchen because I could see something like a stove from where I stood.

There was another corridor on my left, right beside the big mural that I didn't know where it leaded.

As I was assessing my surrounding, I started to walk towards the mural, my feet making the plastic crease under them.

The mural looked like a landscape; and there was a relief feeling to it, trees sort of popping out of the wall, Blake had mentioned plaster once, I remembered, and it was obviously in the process of being painted.

"That's what you're working on?" I asked to no one in particular, getting closer, trying not to walk into one of the many fresh stains of paint on the plastic.

"Yope, at first it was just supposed to cover the hole Blake had made when he'd punched into my wall but now it's getting into a nice little project of ours, and apparently my dad wants to expose it now. Go figure!" Josh snorted.

Woah woah woah! Back up the horse right there!

"You punched into his wall?" I asked Blake incredulous.

"Ya whatever" Blake rolled his eyes.

Nah ha! Not good enough!

I shook my head "I want details!"

Blake snorted this time "Well you ain't getting any!"

"Not fair!" I pouted.

"Never said I was" Blake smirked.

I used my whiny voice "Blake!"

"Not gonna work. We're changing the subject now!" Blake smirked even wider and I glared a little at him, but just a little.

I mean I'd get all the details at one point right? Even if that meant torturing him to get them.

"I hate you!" I told him, my eyes still narrowing and Blake laughed "Love you too!"

When he said that, even though I mean he had already said that, it was sort of a comeback of his, I couldn't help but feel a little twitching in my chest.

Okay this was bad, real bad now... Was that what I wanted to hear? Oh god, I shouldn't even think about that idea.

Change subject, like now!

There was a song playing in the background, quite nice actually so I settled on that, to stop thinking about the weird feeling I was slowly getting, trying to stop staring at Blake.

"What's that song?" I asked, frowning.

Josh was picking up a brush in one of the painting cans "It's Gone Without Feeling"

"Hmm, don't know it..." I shrugged.

Josh dropped the brush "The Black Ryder? You don't know them? If you say you don't know them I will slap you!" he warned, pointing me severely.

I chuckled "Are you serious?" and then looked at Blake who was nodding his head with him.

"I'm with him on that one... but I'm leaning more towards spanking, but hey, what can I say I'm kinky that way" Blake smirked again.

I glared again.

"Alright, none of that in my living room!" Josh interrupted "Lexi, get a new brush, there's probably one in the black bag over there" he said pointing to it.

I did has he said and took one.

"Okay so what do I do?" I asked, almost happily now.

Wow, bipolar much?

"I trust Blake judgement when he said you would actually know what you're doing, and you can take the old margarine pot over there, with "brown" written on it and start painting the tree trunk... that's if you know what you're doing? You know what you're doing right?" Josh asked, looking a little worried.

"Hmm... define "know what you're doing" maybe?" I smirked a little.

He looked even more worried.

I laughed "Don't worry, I'll managed not to screw up all your hard work!"

"You better, it's hard to do brown, and if you screw up I'm putting it all on Blake and he'll suffer the consequence and you wouldn't want the poor block to suffer the consequences!"

"Again, it depends... what ARE the consequences?"

Before Josh could answer, Blake walked behind me, heading to the little ladder I think and slapped my butt with his brush.

"HEY!" I shouted, and slapped his right back.

That just made him laugh "I had paint on mine"

My eyes bulged.

"No!" I gasped and started to turn on myself, looking at my butt.

I glared at him, and then punched him on the chest "NOT funny, you liar!"

Blake just smirked and climbed up the ladder, to paint the sky.

Idiot asshole!

Maybe I could make him fall from the ladder...

As I started at him, plotting on how to get back at him, my eyes fixed on the sky he was painting.

It was all blue but now Blake was painting over it, making it look more like a sunset, with orange and red and pink, with clouds.

"Didn't like it blue?" I asked him.

Josh answered for him "We changed plans... we do that a lot... it didn't look right, or real enough before"

Well, for sure right now it looked eerily real... and beautiful, and oddly familiar...

I'd seen a drawing like that once... the sky like that, and the clouds. It was really the clouds.

"Where have I seen this drawing?" I asked frowning.

I tried to remember maybe something in Blake's room, but couldn't find anything.

Blake turned around to look at me, a little smirk playing on the edge of his lips "You remember that drawing?"

"I don't know if I remember, but it looks familiar..."

"End of fifth grade, the teacher had asked to draw the place we'd want to be if we could be anywhere" Blake said, smirking wider.

Oh NOW I remembered "That was YOUR drawing?"

"Yope!"

"I got a detention because of you, I hope you're happy!" I informed him.

In fifth grade, the art teacher had asked us to draw the one place we would pick to be if we could be anywhere. I had drawn a beach, and the ocean, because it was always there that I had the nicest memories with my family. But then the teacher had hung all the drawing on the wall, we didn't know which belonged to whom, it was a homework. And the teacher had started to pick on the most beautiful drawing of the bunch, because it was just a sky and he had said that a sky wasn't really a place and that it didn't work and that some people just liked to be smart ass and not follow orders and blah blah blah, so since my stupid mouth couldn't stay shut I had started to argue with the teacher.

"Hey, you didn't have to tell the teacher he was picking on my drawing because I had more skills than him" Blake told me, his smirk mischievous.

"Well it WAS a nice drawing..." I trailed, shrugging.

"Enough to have the art teacher hate you till the end of the year?"

"Well, it was just one month, nothing really!" I said chuckling a little, but ya... the teacher had really hated me after that...

Ooops...

But now, knowing that it was Blake's drawing, I'd do it again, without hesitation. To think... I didn't even know it was his... I mean I don't think I even knew he was in my class then.

Sad, really!

"So what? You decided to do the mural based on your drawing?"

Was the sky still the place where he wanted to be... well moreover WHY was the sky the place where he had wanted to be?

I thought about his brother... dead... I didn't like the reason why it might have been it.

"No, it's supposed to be my mom's favourite park, the one she always took pictures of, but ya, Blake sky just fitted with it" Josh explained.

"And we're going to plaster Miss Puss in the middle, looking at the sunset longingly" Blake smirked and then turned and continued to paint.

"Don't you DARE say shit like that!" Josh hissed and I laughed.

"Oh please, you don't really like her that much, where is she now? Huh?" Blake asked his voice mischievous while getting down from the ladder after putting his brush and paint down on it.

"Oh she just hid because she doesn't know Lexi, that's all!" Josh snorted.

Blake shook his head "She doesn't like you anymore!"

"Like hell she does!" Josh snorted too and the looked up towards the second floor and called "Miss Puss! Come to Papa"

"Usually this would apply to a whole different context..." Blake whispered to me, standing closer, chuckling.

"You know that? Go play with your broom stick Blake!" Josh glared and Blake laughed more.

I would have like to laugh but having Blake close like that didn't really help my brain capacities and such...

This was ridiculous, it was like the more time I spent with him, the stupider and uneasy I felt around him... shouldn't it be the opposite?

"Aww, is that all you got?" Blake smirked.

He was smirking a lot today, but then again, when wasn't he?

"I got "Talk to the hand" too" Josh grinned but then there was a mewing coming from the library and a black cat's head appearing between the black metal bars that surrounded it, and then the cat was walking towards the stairs and down.

"THAT'S Miss Puss?" I snorted.

Josh stared straight at me with severe eyes "What? You don't like her?"

Ooops.

"No, it's just I expected some huge fluffy gray thing or something" I explained and chuckled a little again.

"Her name's not Old-Miss-Full-Bush, you know? And let me tell you a thing or two about cats" Josh said pointing me.

"Here we go again..." Blake sighed, shaking his head, and he turned and walked back to the ladder.

"What?" I asked looking around, worried but Josh came to stand right in front of me.

"You know those weak white "fluffy" cats; they were always kept into the house, and breaded in between each other, cousin cousin action screaming right there, so they get genetic disease and they're weaker! The black cats, they lived in the streets, they had it tough, and they didn't frolic in the meadows with their siblings! So put one of those white fluffy toilet roll thing outside with a black cat and the black cat is gonna crush it!"

"You wanna start talking about your cat issues Josh?" I asked smirking a little, and that earned me a laugh from Blake.

"I love cats, cats are awesome!"

"Ya I figured that part for myself" I grinned.

"I don't like this, you two ganging against me..." Josh frowned and then walked over to his cat, ignoring my laugh and Blake's.

"Poor little cat lover" Blake was chuckling, still painting, his eyes fixed on the wall.

It was one thing to know Blake painted and draw, but it was a whole other thing to see him do it.

It made him even hotter... like he needed it! Like I needed that!

I looked down at the trees I was supposed to paint now, worried for a second that I would actually screw it up, I mean there was a lot of trees and painting had never really been my department, but with the plaster all the limits and relief details were already there so it would be hard to actually screw it up really.

After tying my hair in a messy bun, I opened the old margarine pot, that contained the brown paint now, placing the top on the plastic covered floor, as far away as I could so I wouldn't step on it or anything and then after stirring it a little with a one of the

many wooden stick to do that, I dipped my brush in the paint and slowly started to color the trees.

"So how was the ride back home yesterday night?" Blake asked without looking at me, his voice playful.

He was still up on the ladder, doing the sky, on my left.

I rolled my eyes "Oh just marvellous!"

Blake laughed but then was silent, the only sound coming from our painting and Josh playing with Miss Puss.

How weird was that guy?

"I've never seen your two new friends... who are they? You know them well?" Blake finally asked.

I smiled to myself and dipped my brush again, holding the pot in my hands "Now now Blake, do you need to know everyone I know?"

"Well, they could be serial killers or something, I gotta keep an eye open for you. You know, so you don't get kill or anything"

"If I learn they're serial killers you're the first one I'll inform" I told him, rolling my eyes yet again.

"So you're telling me you don't know yet if they are, right?"

I just shook my head at him, chuckling.

Idiot!

Josh was still busy with his cat, which was quite amusing if you asked me.

"Does Josh have an obsession with his cat?" I asked Blake.

"Like unhealthy, zoophilia kind of thing?" he smirked.

"I don't know about zoophilia, but there's definitely something wrong about his relation with Miss Puss. Maybe they should go see a shrink together or something" I laughed but Josh came back at the same time making "tut tut tut" sounds.

Again, ooops.

"That hurts Lex, that hurts right there" Josh said, patting his chest where his heart was.

"That's for almost electrocuting me!" I fakely smiled.

"Holding grudges is not good for a person" Josh started to rant "you get all bitter and shit and next thing you know you're sitting on your front porch on your rocking chair, smoking and screaming at the kids to get off of your god damn lawn... am I the only one who's getting hungry here?"

I burst laughing. Wow, random much?

"Definitely starving" Blake answered, and jumped off the ladder "What time is it?"

"Six thirty" Josh answered.

"I don't know I don't feel really productive" I snorted.

I mean I had almost just got here. I hadn't even finished my first tree!

"Don't worry, we've been working on this thing for almost four weeks and we aren't even half way done, it's not a race, it's just an excuse to tell Catherine I'm doing something so she'll stop bringing me job offers!" Josh explained.

I laughed. Alright, if he didn't mind, I shouldn't right?

Josh started to walk towards the corridor on the right, which really was the kitchen, yay me, so I followed, Blake beside me.

"What are we eating?" Blake asked, stretching his arm far out, making his joints pop.

"I could make Fusilli alla Puttanesca" Josh offered, turning around to look at him.

"We ate pasta last night" Blake answered.

"Oh ya?" Josh look at us, weirdly.

Okay what was that for?

"You know, it's fine, I love pasta" I shrugged.

"No no, don't worry I'll make Panini instead" Josh said but there was still something about the way he looked at us, almost amused.

I wanted to glare at him for some reason.

Josh's kitchen looked a lot like Alex's. There was a long counter in the middle, and everything was chromed. Also, everything was in super order. Blake had mentioned once that Josh was a cleaning freak.

Josh headed towards the fridge and Blake walked to the cupboards and opened one.

"Dude, I don't even want you to TOUCH the Panini maker!" Josh warned, head still in the fridge and I chuckled in response.

"Hey hey! Don't laugh" Blake warned but smirked a little.

"Of course, there's not reason to laugh at your culinary incompetency, especially when my microwave goes down in flames" Josh said grimly with a bunch of food in his hands that he set on the counter.

He went back to the fridge and came back with a beer in his hands "Beer, helping ugly people have sex since 1881" Josh felt the need to share and then opened it downed almost half of it.

I shook my head, chuckling a little.

"Oh and since your still not major I'm not giving you one" Josh grinned at Blake.

"Less than one month man!" Blake answered rolling his eyes.

"Well while you wait for that one month, care for a nice glass of water?" Josh grinned even more, while I sat on one of the stool.

"I think I can fetch a drink for myself" Blake sighed and walked to the fridge.

"Who knows with him" Josh mumbled "You want something? That glass of water offer is still up, though it's tab water, I don't do that bottle water crap. I mean who pays two bucks for a little bottle of Evian water"

"A lot of people" I informed him, laughing.

"Ya, well try spelling Evian backwards." Josh said smugly.

I thought about it for a second.

Oh wow, how clever!

Mental roll of the eyes.

"Wow! Thought a lot about that one?" I snorted and Blake came back with two cans of Pepsi and gave me one.

"Ya I did... I have like a bank of witty lines like that all happily waiting for me to use!"

"And don't laugh, it's true" Blake warned.

I muffled my laugh behind my pop.

"Alright kids, stop making fun of the adult here!"

That made me think about something.

"I should call my dad" I frowned.

"Phone's beside the front door" Josh told me, getting the Panini maker out.

"Thanks" I smiled and got up, walking towards the said-phone

"Oh and tell him you're getting home late!" Blake said loud enough for me to hear.

The smile got bigger.

When I got to the phone I quickly dialed home, and Tyler picked up after the third ring.

"Hello?"

"Hey Ty, can I talk to dad?"

"You need to be bailed out of prison?" Tyler answered, his voice annoying.

"Just let me talk to dad"

"Fine!" Ty said and then I could hear him call for our father.

While I waited, I felt something on my leg and looked down to see Miss Puss giving little paws kick on my grey socks with robots on them. I chuckled a little and bended to pat the cat.

She didn't try to bite my hand or anything so that was nice, she just kept brushing her face on my knee.

"Lexi?"

"Hey dad, I'm over at a friend's and I'm going to eat here, is it okay?" I asked.

"Sure!"

"Curfew?" I asked.

I mean he could put one, after all I had gotten home late last night... like early late.

"No, I trust you, just be reasonable. Who's the friend?"

"Catherine's step-brother, Josh."

"Hmm... I don't really know that kid" dad trailed.

"Blake's here too" I told him.

Normally I think a parent would have been worried but this seemed to actually please my dad "Oh that's good. Alright then, have fun"

"Have a nice evening too"

How weird was my dad?

After hanging up the phone, I walked back to the kitchen. First thing I heard when I walked in was Josh saying "Eco friendly sex products. When you score with these items, Mother Nature does too" in a sales lady voice.

"Alright what did I miss?" I chuckled.

"The human stupidity... it never ceases to amaze me, really!" Josh explained.

"Because of all the eco stuff?" I asked, sitting on the stool beside Blake who was almost attacking the vegetable plate in front of him.

He wasn't joking when he had said he was hungry.

"Among many things. I mean please, it's just because being "green" is cool right now, but half of the people crusade about something but then buy shit that isn't even really green because they don't even inform themselves."

"And you are informed?" I asked, taking a carrot before Blake ate them all.

He kicked my chair when I did and I pushed his shoulder.

"Of course I'm well informed! For instance I know that if you stop eating meat you'll get all weak and faint for no reason, get low iron in your blood, become easy!"

"Talking from experience" I smirked.

"Oh ya totally! I was vegan for a while until a bunch of people started being vegans too... now I exist on just air, and my own smug self-importance!" he smirked too.

"You're an idiot" I simply stated.

Josh rolled his eyes and cut tomatoes "Come on, they're animal, not humans!"

"What about animal testing then?" I told him, smugly.

I mean the guy WAS obsessed with his cat...

"Please animal testing is awful! They get all nervous and they give you bad answers!" Josh said, grinning proudly.

Wow...

Stubbornly stupid much?

"How do you sleep at night?" I asked him shaking my head in disbelief.

He grinned at me "On top of some hot chick!"

"Easy answer" Blake and I both said at the same time and then smiled at each other.

He was doing that looking straight into my eyes thing...

Was it just me or was the room getting warmer?

"You finished attacking my vegetables now?" Josh asked him, making Blake break eye contact with me.

"Ya, you can eat your broccolis, I don't want any of it, when it's raw it gets stuck in your teeth! Bad feeling!" Blake smirked.

"Ya Josh, eat the broccoli, they're high on iron and you don't want to become easy now do you?" I smirked too.

"Again, two against one, it's unfair! Josh said, putting ham slices in the Panini breads, with salad and tomatoes slices and cheese.

"You don't deserve back up, you're a despicable person" I told him jokingly.

"Aww come on, I'm a good person! Like sometimes I see a cripple hobo and go make him a sandwich or something... And if he takes the food it's because he's a true starving hobo. Because if he asks for money

he's just going to use it to buy crack or some other shit. So ya, I'm a good person! I feed starving hobos! You should follow my lead. But oh! Don't tell them it's peanut butter sandwiches, because anaphylactic shock can be hilarious, and nobody gives a shit about another dead hobo anyway." Josh ranted.

I think my jaw literally dropped...

"OH. MY. GOD!! What is WRONG with you!?" I gasped.

"Don't take him seriously; his parents dropped him a lot when he was a baby..." Blake said, patting my hand resting on the counter "and my brother put ammonia in his milk when he was a kid... he thought he was a bat..."

"Hey! I just liked to dress up with the garbage bag, so what! I wanted to be Batman alright?" Josh whined.

"Batman? Really? Like BAT-man? Like bat? Do you like bat Josh? Is that why you don't go out with any girl for too long? Because you like bat better?" Blake smirked, the widest one he had made all night.

I don't know why, it felt like Blake was kinda quieter tonight...

Was there something wrong?

"Cheap shot, CHEAP SHOT!!" Josh yelled, pointing at him, and I laughed, but the thought still stuck in my head.

WAS there something wrong with Blake?

"You looked for it, dude, it's like you want to be hated. Is it like your big goal in life?" I smirked, yet again.

"No, my big life goal is to live forever. So far, so good!" Josh grinned back.

Blake frowned beside me "Wasn't your big life goal to keep all your blood in your body and have as much orgasm as possible in one day?"

Josh grin almost became scary "No that's the goal I live by everyday!"

"Josh is weird" I whispered to Blake.

"Tell me about it" Blake smirked.

"Hey! Josh is AWESOME. AWE-SOME!"

The Panini were great, of course, as Josh mentioned many MANY times, it was because Blake had nothing to do with them.

I had two, Blake and Josh four. Usually I'm sure I could have eaten more, but I was still having a hard time eating. I hoped that not eating deal was all a period related thing and that everything would go back to normal soon.

After we had finished eating, we went on the second floor, Josh wanted to check something on his computer and I wanted to see his immense CDs and vinyls and book collection.

He didn't have as much books as Blake but he had a LOT of CDs!

"How come Josh has so many CDs and everything is like renovated in here but the building looks like shit?" I asked Blake.

Josh was out of hearing range, since his computer was on the other side of the library while Blake and I sat on the floor looking up at the books and CDs.

"The building was cheap... Josh wanted to rebuild it so anyone could come and stay in the rooms downstairs, you know like homeless and people who are having money trouble and such... but he thought a too classy building would make people want to steal things. He's already driving an Audi TT Coupé, he doesn't need to attract more attention."

"That's why he has the metal fence thingy and the big metal doors?"

"Ya"

"So he's like... actually a nice guy?"

"He has his moments" Blake chuckled.

My gaze didn't tear away from his after he had spoken and then it's like I completely forgot what we were talking about or even where I was. His gaze was almost smoldering me. It was such a weird feeling. And I didn't want to look away from his grey eyes.

Freaking hell! Why was I feeling this way around him? What made things so different with him? I

mean Josh was probably equally has hot as him... why was I sticking so much on Blake?

I wanted to keep looking into his eyes forever. I wanted to stroke his face, to touch him. I wanted... I wanted to know how it would feel to kiss him...

"And we officially ROCK!" Josh suddenly shouted, jumping right on front of us, almost making me squeal in surprise.

"What do you mean?" Blake asked.

Was it just me or was his voice kinda shaking?

"Web Underground Reviews. Our work of art ROCKS! We're kicking everyone else's"

"Good for us!" Blake chuckled.

"Jeezaloo! A little more enthusiastic maybe?" Josh sighed, rolling his eyes at us.

"Sorry" Blake shrugged, laughing.

"Oh I know EXACTLY what we need!" Josh exclaimed and then walked to his vinyls and took the record layer from a corner, down beside us.

He placed the record on the player and then it a man started to sing right away "I gotcha, uh-huh, huh" Josh singing along "You thought I didn't see ya now"

The beat was undeniably funny and Josh impression just made it worse, especially since he started to do little dance move, "All the single Ladies" type of leg and hand moves.

I burst laughing when he did the same little laugh as the singer, Blake along with me.

"Now now, listen this is for you guys!" Josh said and continued to do weird enthusiastic hand moves, in between the singed parts, smiling like a moron.

And then Blake started to do fake trumpet moves whenever there was one in the song and I just completely cracked up. The face he was making was priceless.

I was laughing so much I couldn't even heard the lyrics properly, and I almost lost it when Josh started to wiggle his butt.

I was leaning on Blake, who was laughing too, trying not to just roll on the floor laughing.

When the song finally ended, I had a hard time catching my breath.

"Someone give the poor girl mouth-to-mouth she's going to die!" Josh smirked at me.

I managed to tell him, between laughs "Well if I need mouth-to-mouth, you definitely need new dance moves!"

"My dance move rock! You have to be punished now!" Josh said, in a fakely severe voice, pointing at me and sticking his chest out.

I chuckled a little more.

"Yes, payment indeed!" Blake agreed and then he took me in his arms and swung me over his shoulder, while I laughed and crashed in his arm, trying to wiggle off of him.

"Now now, behave you don't want me to drop you!" Blake warned, his voice playful as he headed towards the stairs.

"I swear to god Blake, you drop me, I KILL you!" I informed him, hitting his back with my fist.

Hmm... nice ass from this angle...

Alright snap out of it Lexi!

"Please, he drops you, you die, you can't kill him" Josh said, and I tried to raised my head to glare at him but I couldn't see him and oh crap Blake better not drop me or slip or something!

What if Miss Puss jumped in front of him!

I didn't want to die squished in Josh's stairs!

I sighed happily when we finally reached the first floor.

"Alright, put me down Blake! Come ON!"

As much as I liked to look at his ass, I didn't want to puke my Panini or something!

"Miss Lexi Grayson, you are sentence to scrape off the plaster on the doomed corner, until dead do you part!" Josh announced ceremonially, holding his hands up like he had an imaginary parchment in his hands.

"Sentence seconded!" Blake said and slapped my butt.

"Hey! Leave my butt alone!" I yelled and slapped his again.

Blake just laughed and set me back on my feet.

"Enjoy your punishment" Josh said and gave something like a spatula and pointed to the far corner.

"I'm not doing this" I smirked, crossing my arms over my chest.

"I fed you, now you gotta earn that food!" Josh said and placed the tool in my hands and turned me around, pushing me towards the corner.

I sighed, but in a way it was true, plus if I did that I wouldn't ruin my clothes with paint, so that was that.

I really hadn't needed clothes that could be dirty, obviously.

A minute hadn't even past, after that thought crossed my mind, that I felt something cold run down my back and then I yelped and turned around to face a smirking Blake, a can of paint in his hands... empty now.

Oh! My! GOD!

"YOU IDIOT!" I yelled at him, while he burst laughing in front of me and I tackled him on the plastic covered ground.

My back was COMPLETELY covered with paint and so was my neck and the paint was running down beside it and in front of me, inside my shirt.

Oh god this was SO awful!

Some paint was falling on the hysterically laughing Blake under me, while I punched him in the stomach. Blake grabbed both my hands in one of his, and then started to tickle me on the sides, and I burst laughing so he used the upper hand to roll us around, him on top now, and tickle me more.

I couldn't stop laughing even though I was pissed off, and I tried to get him off, by squishing from side to side and kicking him in the back, but finally splashed some of the paint from my back in his face, spreading it everywhere from his chin to his hair.

He was blinded for a second, so I managed to roll us again and get on top but then, Blake was laughing too

much and begging for me to let him catch his breath and that's when I realized the position that we were in.

Oh god.

And then I think Blake realized it too because it was like we both froze and stared straight into each others eyes and I don't know, it was like there was something that clicked, like a courant or something and my mind was screaming "KISS THE CRAP OUTTA HIM"

And it was like for a second I lost complete control over everything, hormone maybe, because that was all I wanted. I wanted to kiss him, tear off his clothes and oh god... Blake grabbed the back of my head and our faces were inching closer and closer.

But before I could put to action any of my plans, Josh threw another full can of paint on us and grabbed me around the waist, tearing me off of Blake, and I think I kicked him in the face, doing so.

And it was hell break loose at this point, paint splashing everywhere, the three of us fighting like

mad men kicking and punching and laughing, the plastic rolling around us.

The three of us sat in the middle of the plastic, completely covered with paint, and completely silent except for Miss Puss mewing every now and then.

"We splashed paint on the wall..." I trailed.

"Ya I know..." Josh answered.

"I'm completely covered with paint..." I stated.

"I could hose you up in the tub?" Blake offered, wiggling his eyebrow.

Yes please please!

"Ya I think I'll pass!" I snorted instead.

"I think I have some in my mouth... ya I definitely swallowed paint... wait a second..." Blake trailed and got up on his feet walking towards the corridor on the left, to the bathroom probably.

"My clothes are completely ruined aren't they?"

"Yope" Josh nodded.

We kept silent again.

It was like an after apocalypse setting here... and let's say the mural had taken a big punch...

Josh, Cleaning-Freak, was probably freaking out right now...

How the hell was I going to drive back in my car, with my clothes like this?

After a little while, Blake still hadn't came back from the bathroom.

"What's taken him so long" I frowned, speaking to myself almost.

"I'll got see" Josh said and got up on his feet.

I just stood there, thinking about what had almost happened, what would have happened if it hadn't been for Josh... in a way I was a little mad, but in the other I wasn't... I mean, I think I could have quite literally taken him in the floor just then.

What was WRONG with me?

And then I heard Josh voice "Alles in Ordnung Blake?"

Say what again?

"Moment!" Blake voice answered.

Stupid foreign language speaking!

Hadn't I stated I hated when he did that?

Josh answered "Was ist?"

And I scowled a bit more

It was already angering that I was completely unobservant; did they have to confuse me more with talking gibberish?

"Mein Kopf" Blake said.

"Mach auf verdammt!" Josh shouted and started to bang on the door.

Oh oh... what was wrong?

I got up on my feet.

"Nein!" Blake answered and Josh banged on the door again.

"Blake!" he yelled.

"Warte!" Blake shouted in the bathroom as I got in the corridor and Josh turned his head and looked at

me, his expression completely frightened. But then Blake opened the door and walked out, his hand rubbing under his nose, sniffing "Nasenbluten. Nichts Bedenkliches." he said.

"Hey what did I miss? What's wrong?" I asked, worried, REALLY worried.

"Don't worry Pumpkin, I just fell in the toilet" Blake smirked a little.

"Blake!" I hissed, following close behind him back to the main room.

"Would you stop worrying please, it's nothing!"

"Josh didn't look like he thought it was nothing!" I informed him.

"I just don't enjoy people jacking off in my bathroom" Josh snorted.

I rolled my eyes "Please!"

"Oh it's true I'm not washing after him!"

"Josh!" I scowled but he just grinned so I grabbed Blake by the arm, and made him face me "What's wrong Blake?"

"Nothing, I just swallowed paint alright and I thought I was poisoned or something! But I'm fine so stop worrying!"

"Don't lie, you were jacking off!" Josh said and Blake and I said "Shut up Josh" at the same time.

"You're telling the truth?" I asked Blake, looking straight into his eyes, his face still covered with paint.

Blake just nodded and I sighed.

When would I feel like Blake was completely honest with me?

"OH MY GOD! NO! Miss Puss! Do NOT roll in the paint! Oh my god NO NO NO!" Josh yelled, almost in a high pitch voice and I burst laughing, my worries pushed away, yet again...

But not too far...

Chapter 67

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (63)

Alright here it is! Sorry for the long wait! But ya... I'll be working a lot, it's the flower season, I'm needed! lol

Well, little rant before (more like BIG rant but whatever)

So I just love how yall jumped to the "he's dying" conclusion! lol

Not saying he isn't or he won't (cause technically we'll all die, well expect me cause I'm an alien and I regenerate and shit, it's nice really, minus the gooey thing but don't mind my self-rambling)

So ya... I'm all about details guys! And a kick in the face.. doesn't that hurt usually? lol

But hey I could be leading you guys into a wrong track all-together. You never know with me! MOUHAHAHA

Now to all my impatient little fans! I just love how so many of you are pleading for the kiss. Some of you are getting a little too impatient though. But see that thing is I have this theory where I believe that if you can't wait for anything you don't deserve it... and it might have rubbed off a little on my characters! But honestly not everybody just hooks up with the guy they think they like the second they can! I actually know people that it was just freaking obvious that they liked each other but even if they had a shot (this also applies to you È and that 15 minutes on Papa Bear's lap! MOUHAHA) never acted upon it! Why? Fear of rejection is a bitch! ;P And that brings us to another one of my theories (I have QUITE a lot of those) and that's : fear and desire are irrevocably related. Now I could ramble for a while but I'm going to spare you! lol

But hey! Who's to say this one isn't it? Could totally be it! I mean why would I make you wait longer, that would just be mean of me, and when have I been mean with you guys? ;P MOUHAHAHAHA

Anyway, enjoy this I don't know when I'll upload again and I'd like to upload my other stories first cause I feel kinda cheap so ya... happy reading, sorry if it's short but I'm getting tired and I worked my butt off today! lol

Read, enjoy, comment and vote! :P

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I sat at my desk, my feet taping on the floor, controlling the urge to bite my nails.

"Don't forget to make hand gesture when you say I'm big, you know, about like this" Blake whispered beside me, making a space almost two feet long between his two hands, smirking.

I glared at him.

We were Monday afternoon, last period and were about to finally do the play in front of everyone.

Normally this wouldn't have affected me that much but for some reason I was scared shitless. I mean I was going in front of the class with Blake! Who's to say he wouldn't do something completely idiotic... and I was freaking going to have to say he's big in front of the whole goddamn class!

Okay maybe I was overreacting a bit?

But I was still analyzing and turning everything that had happened on Saturday night, trying to figured out what the hell was wrong with Blake, because there HAD to be something wrong with him right?

He hadn't gone in there just because he had swallowed paint right? He was hiding something. He had to be hiding something. Wasn't Blake always hiding something! That boy was so cryptic sometimes...

So if it wasn't just a "swallowing paint" deal what could it be? Was he REALLY freaking jacking off in the bathroom? Because that would be just wrong on so many levels! And I mean he wouldn't have been doing that right? RIGHT? Okay Blake was sick and deranged sometimes but he wasn't Clark or Shawn... I

doubted he had been doing that... I mean could I really trust what Josh said?

So if he hadn't been jacking off than what? There were SO many possibilities! Possibilities I had been thinking about all Sunday long while trying to read my script again. That attempt was pretty much useless though.

Now since I was never observant with Blake I tried to analyze everything. He had pretty much attacked the food and I mean he was slim... well sexy actually but that wasn't the point... the point was maybe he had an eating disorder or something and went to puke in the bathroom or something... But if he had wouldn't he had gone right after eating?

Another possibility, one I didn't enjoy that I had though because of the sort of sniffing thing he had done was maybe he was on drugs. After everything he had gone through in his life I would kinda understand why he would... I was COMPLETELY against it but it WAS a possibility... one I didn't really enjoy...

Well none of those possibilities were good actually!

The worst... the worst had something to do with maybe him being sick or something and I really didn't want to think about that one especially since Blake was all happy and smirking right now.

Wouldn't someone dying be gloomy? Why would Blake be smiling if he was dying?

Blake couldn't be dying, it was as simple as that. If Blake died...

I couldn't even think about it...

"Hey Pumpkin what's wrong?" Blake whispered beside me while the teacher talked more about the trip next week.

And I don't know why I just blurred it out "Are you dying Blake?"

Blake snorted and covered his mouth with his hand, choking a laugh, getting a short narrowing of the eyes from the teacher who still went on with her speech after.

"Is that a no?"

"Where does that come from?" Blake asked, still holding the laugh.

"I don't know, feels like something you could be hiding or something..." I whispered back.

"Well as far as I know I'm not, but thanks for the concern Pumpkin, I'm touched"

"Mister Eaton, Miss Grayson, are we disturbing you?" the teacher asked.

"No M'am, we're all good" Blake smiled, waving his hand.

Dumbass.

But at least he said he wasn't dying... So I could scratch that one off my chart right?

"Well then, why don't you two and Alexander and Daphnee, go on a do your part of the play now?" the teacher said

"Are you actually asking?" Blake smirked.

Idiot!

I restrained myself from punching him.

When I got up from my desk, script in hand that's when I realized the other students had costumes and accessories and stuff.

What the hell?

I grabbed Blake by the sleeve of his gray hoodie that he had pulled back up to his elbow, stopping him.

"What the hell? Why didn't we come with a costume or something? Why didn't you think about that?" I asked him my eyes bulging.

"Aww don't worry, we'll just lose a couple of points no big deal, I was NOT gonna dress up for this, I'm sorry and as long as you're not wearing a French maid uniform I don't need to see you dressed up either" Blake smirked.

This time I punched him

"You asshole!"

"Easy Pooky" Blake whispered and still smirking went to stand in front of the class, Alex and Daph already there.

I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die. I have a bad feeling about ALL of this. We're SO gonna fail! Blake is gonna do something stupid! I'm SURE of it!

But then again, I could be wrong. I've been wrong about Blake before...

I mean from the very beginning I had been wrong about him. I had actually thought helping Blake was a bad idea, when okay yes there were a lot of angering moments, but all in all this was all...

Nice...

Much more than nice...

And as I thought about it... this whole deal, helping Blake and all, agreeing to spend time with him... it would have been so simple to just say no. I could have. Easily. Tell him to butt off. Trust is I was usually stubborn and would never have agreed really. I could be a strong head if I wanted to.

But truthfully, I think I accepted it, because I had needed it. I hadn't realized it when I had say yes, but I had agreed because there was something in me, deep within me, that knew, just knew that I needed

Blake in my life right now, and as pitiful as selling myself for vinyls to him sounded, it had given my life a new breath.

Before Blake, I was sad, and I wasn't my happy self anymore. And now, well I wasn't exactly like my "Old-Self" because let's admit it, I was becoming obsessive about a certain running-back... but I wasn't sad anymore.

I was obsessing and smiling and stressing and happy and over-thinking... so many different things but anything but sad!

Blake's shove of the elbow brought me back to reality as I realized Daph and Alex's part was done and then it was my turn to come in scene.

"Josefa!" I called.

"Madam?" Daphnee read, faking a British accent.

Did she purposely WANT to make me laugh?

Maybe I should have been worrying about her too...

"Oh! I fear some mishap. Hernani should be here. That must be him. Let him in before he knocks." I read.

This was weird; I didn't particularly liked reading this in front of the class... I mean I was okay with presentations but those words just didn't sound normal coming from me.

And then it was finally Blake's turn to speak. I bet every girl would swoon out loud at his reading.

"Dona Sol! Ah, finally, it's you. The voice that speaks to me is yours. Why does fate place my days so far away from yours? I need you desperately to help me forget all the others." Blake said.

"My lord, your clothes dripping. It must have rained hard." I read back, my jaws tight a little, remembering Blake's little comments and trying really hard not to chuckle.

And I mean, Dona Sol sounded so stupid when you compared it to what Hernani had just said!

"If it did, I didn't notice." Blake smirked, obviously noticing my struggle and finding amusement in it.

Asshole!

I kept on reading my lines, struggling between chuckling, and reddening, because for some reason the stuff he said sometimes made me... not uncomfortable but... I didn't know how to put it into words...

And of course I rushed the "How big you are" part, and he couldn't make me say it ten times so that wasn't so bad...

Well it was bad, but it could have been worse.

And then when Blake had gone through his almost-monologue I read "I will follow"

"The old Duke is rich and prosperous. There is no stain on his father's name. He offers you treasures, titles, happiness." Blake said.

Just like when we had practice, the way Blake read it... there was something about it. It sounded eerily real, like he was actually Hernani. As if he was actually living what he was saying.

"We'll leave tomorrow. Please Hernani. Don't blame me for my audacity. Are you my downfall or my savior? It does not matter, I am your slave. Listen. Go where you will, I will follow. Whether you stay or leave, I am yours. Why? I only wish I knew. I need to see you again and again. I need to have you all the time. When you leave, and the sound of your step disappears into the night, my heart stops. When you leave me, I sense something missing. But, when the footsteps I long for ring in my ears, they remind me that I am alive. My soul lives again."

When I read those words... it felt wrong and right at the same time, wrong that I was reading them in front of an audience, right... right why?

But I mean saying them to Blake, sort of, I mean, why did it feel so real? Because yes when he left me it felt like there was something missing, even though he was just a phone call away most of the time... and "my soul lived again" when I was with him... And I wanted to see him again and again and again...I needed to have him all the time...

God... this was getting bad... REALLY bad...

"Angel..." Blake whispered back, when I finished reading my line... and just like when we had practice, he stared me straight in the eyes when he said it, he wasn't reading, he was telling this too me... and it was almost too much to handle!

Breathe Lexi! FREAKING breathe!!

A play! This is just a freaking play!!

Think about all the idiocies you just said! You said he was big in front of the whole goddamn class!

"At midnight, tomorrow, bring your escort. Knock three times beneath my window. Go. I'll stay brave." I read, not looking into his eyes anymore, because it was really getting too much to bear.

This was just ridiculous! A play! A freaking play! Play, as in, not real!

"Now, do you know who I am? Do you realize..." Blake said his voice sounding like the only thing in the world.

In fact it almost was, the class was completely silent, even the flies had taken the time to stop and stare.

Blake's voice was all I heard, and it almost sounded closer to me, but I ignored it and still, my face bended and my eyes fixed on my text I read the next line, biting my lips to try to get some freaking CONTROL over my overreacting hormones!

I wasn't good with too intense moments!

"My lord, what does it matter? I will follow." I read, and then I raised my head, relieved that my part with Blake was over, that now Alex would come and make Blake scowl and stop staring at me that way to make the play believable, because that was what was happening, he was trying to make the play believable so we could have a good grade, but my body completely frozen when I did.

Blake was, much much closer, too close, too close for a school presentation, much too close, but truthfully, right then, the class disappeared, Alex and Daph who were waiting to read their lines too disappeared, the teacher disappeared, so did the students... everything except Blake, Blake's hand cupping the side of my face, right under my jaw, thumb over my cheek, Blake's face inching closer and closer to mine almost

in slow motion but at the same time fast, way too fast.

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my GOD!

That was all my mind kept repeating, all my mind was filled with...

"Oh my god's" and Blake's eyes, his grey eyes, almost dark blue right now, and then the sound of my script dropping on the floor, my hands too weak to keep it in them. And I couldn't see anything anymore because my eyes closed as Blake's lips pressed against mine.

Even in all my pitiful daydreams I never could have guessed the way that would feel.

I had always said that I was a believer in spark, and those sparks were a necessary thing in a couple... well right now... this, his lips against mine, it wasn't spark, it was fireworks, lightning, explosions, the whole thing!

Blake hand still cupped the side of my face, as mine reached to his waist to pull him to me, not thinking about anything, just feeling those warm soft lips,

those perfect lips pressed against mine, slowly brushing them. I don't know what was more maddening. The fact that I wanted to almost attack him with all the electricity running between our already close bodies or the sweet way he was kissing me right now?

It wasn't some crazy all hormonal lick fighting kiss, even though I sure as hell wouldn't have minded because that was EXACTLY where my mind was going, no it was a nice kiss, a gentle kiss, the kind of kiss I had never expected Blake could or would give me, his lips slowly brushing against mine, just a light pressure, but a light pressure that felt a thousand times better than any kiss I had shared with anyone.

OH MY GOD!!!

I was kissing BLAKE!!!

When the reality REALLY sank in, that's when the teacher spoke.

"That's not in the script Mister Eaton" she said clearing her throat.

My eyes budged open, to see Blake's grey ones, shining, the blue standing out probably because of his dark blue t-shirt under his hoodie and then he backed away, my hands dropping from around his waist and I actually thought I would have fallen on my butt if I hadn't collected myself, gripping the side of the board.

"Sorry, I just thought Hernani deserved some sugar" Blake smirked and then the class started to laugh "Consider that our points for the costumes or something!"

But I wasn't listening to his rant right now, my hand hitched to rise to my lips and touch them, to make sure they were still there, to make sure this had really happened...

My cheek was still warm from his touch...

My mind was COMPLETELY confused.

"Just stick with the script alright?" she asked and I didn't get the answer but then Blake bended and was handing me something...

Oh my script... ya right play...

Can I kiss him again?

Shit!! No NO no!!

Oh my god, oh my god, OH MY GOD!!!

What had this meant? Did this MEAN something??

Oh god oh god oh god!!

I had wanted to kiss him, I couldn't deny it, I had wanted to kiss him so many times... and now that I had... this wasn't what I had expected...

Usually shouldn't everything feel CLEAR after a freaking kiss!

"No! Since you wish to follow me, woman, you must know what name, what station in life, what soul, what destiny is hidden in Hernani, the shepherd. Do you really want a criminal? Do you want a marked man?" Blake read, looking straight in my eyes as I looked straight into his.

Yes, anything BUT clear...

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Sooo... hadn't expected THAT right? MOUHAHAHAHA

Love me? Hate me? A little bit of both?

Chapter 68

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (64)

Hello hellooooo [smiles and waves]

Sooo... I've been working like crazy, and been busy, so tonight (this morning actually now, but whatever) that's all your getting.

I've just had a lot of pleas and I figured in the end "Aww what the heck"

So instead of going to bed and torturing you guys more, I uploaded but will probably still torture you guys! ;P

Anyway ya... last chapter wasn't me giving in, that was more like me finally posting a part I had written

down for ages now, because yes it was the plan all along my little addicted! lol

I really like that play, what can I say! ;P

Anyway, thanks to you all who left comments! They made me smile, they made me laugh and they made me happy to have shared this story with you. I got so many all at once that I think it bugged the emails "You've received a comment on your story" thingy! lol

Sorry for not replying but trust me, they really meant a lot! :DDD

So THANKS!!!

Oh and quick side note. Right now in the story it's September 26th. Blake's birthday is October 21st. Just a FYI and both Lexi and Blake are still 17 for those who wonder. And Tyler is 16. And Vanessa 17. And Josh 21. Jayden would have been 23 and Kendal is 22.

Ages are clear now? lol

If you want more info on all the characters, like birthday and such, I have a bunch of list like that,

because yes I do that. I actually make my characters do quiz and stuff to know them better! lol (Yes I'm THAT pathetic! ;P) So if you have any questions just go ahead and ask. Sometimes I'm forgetful! lol Especially at 3 and a half in the morning! lol

So enjoy this. If you don't like the pace or whatever, or feel like I'm not getting anywhere, please don't be a bitch about it, I'm easily pissed lately, blame all the 10 hours shift in a row I've been getting and the pedaling to work under the rain. But hey! Good thing is my legs are simply sublime right now! ;P

Read, enjoy, vote and comment! :P

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"What now?"

I kept repeating this over and over in my head.

What now?

What the hell was I supposed to do now? Was I supposed to talk about this with Blake after the play? Did this mean he liked me? Did this mean anything?

It didn't even HAVE to mean anything. It could mean nothing!

Oh my god...

What if it meant nothing?

What was I supposed to do then? If it meant nothing? What would I do? What should I say? Because I mean, I would still talk with Blake, interact with Blake, be friends with Blake. How could I be the same way as before, after kissing him?

Breathe Lexi! EFFING Breathe!

And I mean what did this mean to me? Why was I SO affected? Okay I probably knew the answer to that. But I wouldn't even as much as think it, because if that kiss didn't mean anything how much of a fool would I look and feel like?

And what do I say to Blake? Do I ask him about what just happened?

Because kissing didn't have to mean anything. It wasn't like in all those Hollywood perfectly ended movies where the two main characters at the end

kissed and then lived happily ever after. In real life, most kiss didn't even mean anything.

But this was Blake... and wasn't Blake not supposed to kiss all his bimbos because he didn't care about them? So if he kissed me that meant he cared about me right? But what if I was just making things up in my mind and it really meant nothing and I was freaking out for nothing and oh god...

I wanted to start crying and felt like hyperventilating right in the middle of our presentation in front of the entire class.

I wasn't really aware of the lines being read and basically struggled to keep up.

What the hell had Blake been thinking kissing me like that in front of the whole goddamn class? Why the HELL did he have to do that? Why couldn't he do anything normal, why couldn't things be clear and easy with him? Why did everything need to be a struggle and constant questioning?

Was it really to much to ask to just KNOW what the hell was going on, what the hell was going through that really sexy head of his?

Because he just freaking kissed me! He kissed me and I probably lost a whole freaking lot of brain capacities after this and... oh my god... I kissed Blake.

No scratch that. Blake kissed ME. Blake freaking Eaton kissed me in front of an entire class.

Again, what now?

What the hell are you supposed to do after that? Normally the answer would be something along the lines of cornering him in the school halls the minute the bell would ring, I mean that was the easy answer but oh no, things couldn't be easy with me, now could they? Because what if I do "corner him" and then he starts laughing or something and say that the kiss didn't mean anything and if I had taken it that seriously maybe we should keep our distance or something, I mean wasn't that what happened normally with really hot guys? They asked their stalker to stay away?

Oh god...

Why did he have to kiss me and screw everything up in my head? And why did we have to have all those almost kiss that made me believe that the sweet nice extraordinary breathtaking one we had just shared really did mean something. I mean why couldn't he really like me and want to kiss me? He could right?

No he couldn't...

This was Blake we were talking about. Nothing was ever obvious and nothing was ever simple. So if a kiss made it obvious that a guy liked a girl, with Blake it wouldn't right?

And why was I questioning myself so much? Because I WAS beginning to hyperventilate now.

But I wanted to kiss Blake again, I did, very much so. This was obvious in my head too. And I... no I wouldn't think that. I wouldn't think about any feeling I thought I was having. Because I already knew what having your heart broken felt like. And I didn't want this right now, didn't need it.

UGH!

"This is surely the end!" I read, my last line, the last line of our part and then felt like just throwing the script in someone face or something. I felt like punching someone actually. Because if this really didn't mean anything, if kissing Blake had just been some set up or something to give us more points for the presentation, it had completely screwed up with my mind and I was now, more confused than ever, something I would never have though possible.

What now?

Really, could someone answer me? WHAT NOW?

What do I do!?

All our classmates started to applause at the end, the way things usually went as the teacher asked us to go back to our seats, after thanking us, and I couldn't help but notice the weird looks I was being given... mostly by girls.

Oh just freaking perfect! Like I needed this right now!

I sulked down on my seat, and Blake sat beside me but I tried to ignore him. I tried not to look at him,

the only thing I wanted to do right now actually. But maybe I should look at him. What if he was looking at me? If he was smiling or something it would mean that the kiss meant something right? Or it could just mean that he was trying to be annoying like he usually was!

Okay, okay, I was being over-dramatic; he wasn't being annoying lately... well a little annoying but not ANNOYING-annoying just teasingly-fun-annoying...

Oh god listen to me... I was admitting I liked Blake's annoyingness...

This was BAD!

And I kissed him, well he kissed me but still, my lips made contact with his, Houston we have a problem! We don't know where the hell we're supposed to go from here! Do you copy? What do we do now? WHAT NOW?

Ugh!

Oh this was just ridiculous. Blake kissed me, it probably meant nothing, just the way he was completely unaffected afterwards, explaining it to

the teacher and being all carefree and joking about it, just showed it could only mean nothing.

Blake had kissed me but it didn't mean anything.

End of it!

I kept my eyes fixed on the front of the class as another team went and did their presentation but all the sound was tuned out as I fought with myself against staring at Blake.

Because if I stared at him I would think about that kiss and if I thought about that kiss I would want to kiss him and then more.

Why, oh WHY did he have to do this to me? Why could he have just NOT kissed me, or if he had, at least made himself clear, stated the reasons, explained his position on everything, what it meant and why he had done it... a whole freaking report or something.

That would have been nice.

The "Blake for Dummies" sounded pretty good again!

My mental gibberish was interrupted by Daphnee's finger poking me on the side, pretty annoyingly actually, so I turned my head to the left to glare at her.

"What the hell dude?" she mouthed to me.

I shrugged, not sure what to answer to this.

True was, I didn't know dude!

She rolled her eyes at me but then opened her binder and took a sheet out, and started to write on it before passing it to me.

Good thing the teacher was sitting completely in front, her back to us, and she seemed pretty engross in the play actually...

"Why the hell wasn't I informed earlier that you and running back were getting it on?" I read on the paper.

I scowled mentally.

"We are not getting anything on. This wasn't anything and PLEASE can we NOT talk about it!" I wrote furiously to her and passed the paper.

I heard her snorted when she read it and then she passed the note to Alex who was sitting in front of her.

Oh perfect, this was getting into a group conversation!

Alex obviously read it and then wrote something and passed it back to me.

"Something is obviously going on! And you are going to spill sister" he had written.

I sighed and then proceeded to scribble all over the sheet so the words you be unreadable and then tore the sheet in hundreds of tiny pieces.

I was NOT making this into a group conversation. I was already having a hard time sorting thing s through my mind; I wasn't going to add more people into the madhouse!

Few minutes later though, Daph was throwing another piece of paper on my desk.

"You know I have a lot of paper. And we need to talk about this. Plus sexy running boy is been staring

intently at you ever since you two went all smooch mode"

The second I read her words, my head snapped to the right, to where Blake was sitting, mentally smacking myself for it.

And of course Blake wasn't looking my way. He was actually writing in his notebook like a really serious student, not giving a care about me.

The kiss meaning nothing, one. The other option, zero.

I repeated the same procedure as with the other sheet and gave another glare to Daph who just smiled angelically.

I started intently at my desk all through the class, while two other teams did their parts, not listening at all and ignoring Daph and Alex's constant stare, because I did allowed myself to look their way.

I didn't look at Blake... but in the end decided that I would at least ask him what the frack had he been thinking. I mean that didn't mean anything asking this right? It wouldn't mean "I would really want it to

have meant something" or "Dude, gross, why did you kiss me you asshole? I didn't and don't ever want to go anywhere near your mouth!"

"What the hell?" was a safe territory right?

When the bell rang, I got up on my feet immediately and finally looked Blake's way.

He looked back at me, not smiling or smirking or frowning or glaring. He looked... just normal, peaceful maybe I didn't know, it wasn't an expression I had ever seen on his face.

What now?

But at least he was looking at me, and not ignoring me, like I thought he could have.

"Listen I'm-" Blake started to say, surprising me by talking first, but was automatically cut by the teacher's voice telling us to come see her. Both of us.

What now?

"I hope you both know that the little stunt earlier will definitely not give you more points, we don't encourage public display like this and it was

completely inappropriate" she started to ramble, sitting at her desk, her eyes on her notes actually, writing something down.

"But Miss, in the play, around that moment Hernani was supposed to hold Dona Sol in his arms, okay they don't kiss until the end of the second act but still!" Blake told her.

Huh?

She raised her eyes to look at Blake "You've made your research, that's a good thing. But I just don't want other students to think that they'll get more points if they make out in front of the class. Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes Miss, don't worry, it was just to make the play more credible and follow through it" Blake answered and I slowly started to sulk down some more.

"As long as it was only for the play..." she said.

"Of course Miss" Blake nodded.

Yes, it meant nothing. Happy now Lexi?

No not happy at all actually. I felt like crying to be truthful.

"Alright you kids can go now" she said and lowered her eyes back to her notes.

We both walked out of the class together while all I wanted was to run, go as far away as I could for him.

Blake had kissed me but it didn't mean anything.

"Hey Lexi wait up I-" Blake yelled after me, while I had rushed to get away.

But of course his voice stopped me and I turned around, because I was getting hopeless that way.

I turned around to see Blake being interrupted by no one else than the track team girl, Emily that was her name, calling for him and skipping over.

This is not happening right now, right?

"Hey, want me to wait for you or I can start running alone?" she asked him when she caught up.

I was just standing there, Blake still looking at me, standing in front of me, but then he turned his head

and I didn't even want to hear his answer I didn't even want to know what he would tell her.

I had known this. Blake didn't like me. Blake was that way, the way he acted with me, with other people. That Emily girl was probably convinced that he liked her or something, and maybe he did. Maybe he liked some girl and just wanted to be friends with me.

Why couldn't I just be friends with him now? When did being friends stopped being enough?

Barely a few weeks ago, I didn't even want to talk to him!

"Lexi wait!" Blake screamed again, and then ran after me, grabbing my arm and turning me around to face me "Look what happened in-"

I stopped him "Don't worry Blake, you don't need to say or explain anything, I completely understand why you did it, you wanted to follow through the play, which is great so ya, seriously don't worry about anything. Don't need to make a big thing out of it, I know I don't"

Lie.

Lie, lie, LIE!

Blake started at me, frowning a little, and then slowly let go of my arm, backing away and I didn't let him say anything more because I couldn't listen to him say that yes of course that kiss meant nothing because that kiss at meant everything to me, that kiss had been so much more then everything and it couldn't mean nothing and I didn't want it to mean nothing and I just rushed to my car and when I finally closed my door and drove away, I burst into tears.

Chapter 69

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (65)

Alright so for now on, please the no sleeping because I'll upload, don't do it or make me feel bad about it alright?

Pressure pissed me off.

And now the fracking bird are singing... and the sun is rising. And I will wake up big boy downstairs when I'll go take my shower! Just great! -_-

Anyway! Here it is.. I don't know how long this will be but I hope you enjoy it. I do believe my quality of writing is going down with my exaustion and I'm pretty exausted lately! So ya... suck it up! lol (Exaustion makes me bitchy too, sorry!)

Anyway.. some of you didn't like Lexi mind rambling and she still does it here, but sorry, that's just the way she IS. Lexi over thinks. And jumps to conclusions. And rather reject before being rejected. She's not perfect. That's what makes her "human"

So.. hope this will be good enough for a little while now..

I personaly don't like it at this moment of time, but bleh!

I'm sure I wanted to say more things but I'm tired and you guys are waiting.

So read, and enjoy I guess! lol

* *

Once I finally reached home, stubbornly not stopping to drive even though I barely saw anything with my tears-filled eyes, I parked and hyperventilated a little more, before wiping my eyes.

Dad's car was in the driveway. Meaning he was home. Meaning he would see my red poufy eyes and hear my running nose and ask questions, question I

couldn't even answer myself. So I hurried inside, holding my bag tightly, hoping he would be in his study and busy with something. But the second I walked in, dad, smiling, stepped out of the kitchen to greet me and saw my face.

Damn it!

"Kid, what's wrong?" he automatically asked, concern deep in his eyes.

"Nothing, everything's fine," I told him, slipping out of my shoes and then hurried to the stairs to lock myself up in my room like some depress teenager.

"Kid, you need to talk about this?" he kept pushing.

"No dad! I'm FINE! Alright? I just want to be alone for a little while and not see anyone alright," I almost shouted at him and then sprang to my room.

After closing the door behind me, I threw myself on my bed and punched it a few times!

Stupid, idiot, STUPID STUPID!

Seriously how freaking dumb was I?

I shouldn't have let myself care so much about Blake!

And why hadn't I let him talk? Because the worst thing he could have said was what I had said to him right? So it wouldn't have been that bad to hear HIM say he didn't want me.

Lie.

It would have been more than awful. But at least now I wouldn't be asking myself what he had tried to tell me! Because that was what was nagging me right now.

What would have Blake said if I had given him the time to finish a sentence?

Dang it!

I should have just shut up! And I should just stop thinking!

Why did I have to think so much? Seriously!

I pushed myself off from my bed in one quick movement, tears still rolling on my cheeks without my control, and walked toward my wardrobe where I had put my record player last.

Listening to music would be good for me. If I could just STOP thinking for two minutes and maybe stop replaying over and over again that kiss in my head! Yes, that would definitely help!

I placed my record player on the floor in front of my bedside table, and after placing one vinyl on I laid on my bed, my head dangling upside-down on the edge, my hair falling, brushing on the floor.

I let the record, Blake's record play over and over again, Doris Day's I'm Confessing That I Love You notes echoing all through my room.

I closed my eyes.

"Maybe the blood rush that I'm getting in my head will make me faint. And maybe everything will be clear afterwards. Or I'll wake up in another dimension. Or pop a vein inside my head and die. Ya that would take care of all my problems..." I thought silently.

This was ridiculous, freaking ridiculous.

This whole situation.

Later, I don't know how long, I just knew that I had gotten tired of having my head upside down by then, someone knocked on my door.

"I don't wanna see anyone!" I screamed and grabbed a pillow, covering my face.

I was still freaking crying!

Now that was why I didn't wear make up!

Seriously, what wouldn't I have given to have a time machine... I could just go back in time and change things... or the ninja skills would have been good too, so I could have kicked myself in the face. I freaking deserved that much.

"Just wanted to say dinner's getting cold!" Tyler screamed on the other side of the door, his voice low compared to the sound of my music.

"I'm not hungry!" I yelled back.

And that was true. I was actually more like nauseous right now.

"Suit yourself!" Tyler screamed back and I was alone with my thoughts again.

A while later again, there was another knock on my door but before I could scream to not come and disturb me, the door burst open revealing Daph.

"Come on, get up, we're going for a walk! Stat!" she said, her eyes narrowing at me, urging me to get on my feet this instant.

"No thank you, I think I'll pass!" I mumbled and rolled in my bed, burying my face in my pillows.

"Nah-ah! None of that! Come on, chop chop! We are going for a walk! You need to talk girly!"

"I don't wanna talk!" I mumbled, my face in my pillow.

"You have no say in this! Come on! GET UP!" she urged and pulled me by the arms.

I groaned, but knew there was no chance of winning against her, so I grabbed one of my hoodies lying on the floor and dragged my feet out the door, Daph leading the way.

Dad and Tyler, who were sitting in the living room, watching TV, didn't even ask anything. They were used to Daph loud behavior.

The minute we stepped out the door though, I knew I REALLY wasn't getting out of talking.

"You have exactly ten minutes to start spilling otherwise I'll hypnotize you and MAKE YOU spill everything!" she warned and I rolled my eyes at her.

"You know you're totally failing at hypnotizing people, right?"

"Oh trust me, I'll hypnotized you and hypnotized you good, young Padawan!"

"Sure, sure, Master Dadaf-Noo." I rolled my eyes again

"Hey! You will show respect to Master Dadaf-Noo!"

I chuckled and shook my head slightly.

We had reached the street by now and turned right, like we usually did. To get to Daph's house we would have needed to turn left and walk barely one block.

The street was quiet; there never were a lot of cars driving here. Truth is, if it wasn't someone living here it was someone lost.

The wind was chillier today, September was almost over after all. The maple trees were definitely slowly turning red or yellow or orange right now. The grass wasn't so green anymore and there was just the earthy autumn smell that seemed to swirl around us, with the wind that twirled my hair in every direction.

There wasn't any street walk here, so we walked by the asphalt or on the grass by the side when a lone car passed us.

"Blake kissed me, you saw it, obviously, and I freaked out, you could guess that one, obviously too. That's all that's happening, nothing more, nothing less and it really isn't that big a deal." I said to Daph after taking a big breath.

"Then why can't you look at me in the eyes when you say that?" she asked and it was true, I was staring at my shoes intensely...

"I'm just... I'm confused myself, so how in hell am I supposed to explain it to you? And saying it out loud makes it... it makes it so... final..." I whispered, my eyes gazing around at the houses around and at the trees and forest around and at everything but my friend beside me.

"And what's wrong with making it final?"

"It makes me sound like a fool?" I said, snorting a little

"No it makes you sound NORMAL!"

"But don't you know this? I don't wanna be "normal"! I don't wanna be like every other girl that has a crush over a guy-" Frak I just said I had a crush over a guy hadn't I? "because I don't want this to..."

How could I admit this?

"I don't want this to be just a crush," I said in a voice barely audible.

Crushes were such a feeble thing, you moved on quickly with those and stopped acknowledging the boy after.

I didn't want this to happen with Blake.

I actually realized that I didn't want our relation to be like everyone else's. Just with our friendship for instance. When I had known Blake's brother had died, I had wanted him to confide in me, not only because I felt bad for him and wanted to make things right, but because I wanted him to trust me and I wanted to be close to him, closer than the others, I wanted to know about a part of Blake's life that other didn't...

"Mind sharing what you're thinking about?" Daph asked, her voice carrying.

"It's just... I care about Blake... a lot... and I don't want our relationship to be total crap now because of what happened, I don't want to have things weird..."

"And because you're scared to lose it?"

I breathed in deeply and nodded.

I knew what it felt like to lose the way things were between two people, to lose a relationship... I had lost it with my mother, sort of...

I hadn't talked to her since the grocery incident which felt light years away. I hadn't gotten any news, nothing.

And I knew that's what I had implied I wanted, and that was what I wanted... but she was my mom and I... missed her.

But trying to make things alright was a step I wasn't ready to make yet.

Still that wasn't the problem here... the problem was... I knew how it was to feel like you could never ever talk with someone the same way again, like with Alex for instance, after we had broken up, I was sure we would never be friends again. And now with my mom...

And now... with Blake?

How could things go back to our playful arguing, his constant teasing and innuendos and everything that made our friendship... how could we go back to that after kissing?

We couldn't right?

And if we couldn't that meant our relationship was changing... but was our relationship ready to change? Was it strong enough to do so?

That's what scared me. Was our friendship strong enough? For everything? If Blake didn't like me that way, could we still be friends? If Blake liked me and I had just pushed him away now, could we still be friends?

"Earth to Lexi? Seriously, I hate when you do that, share the brain fart please?" Daph asked, waving her hand in front of my face.

"Sorry... gotta sort out my brain first, you know?" I said, my eyes trying to be apologetic.

"And I can't help you do that?"

I sighed. "It doesn't always have to be about me. What about you? What's going on with the flea market guy hmm?" I asked her.

Because it WAS the truth, I wasn't the only one confused on this Earth.

Daph shook her head slightly. "Nothing is going on, I'm not calling him, I'm moving on..." she answered, nodding to herself.

"And why is that? Why is it that every time you kinda really like someone you just give up right away and don't try harder? Why is it always just random guys you'd want to corner and then move on to the next one that we talk about?"

Resolving other people problems was always easier than solving your own...

"Because just like you, I'm scared of being attached," she snorted.

I frowned. I WAS scared of being attached wasn't I?

My mom and Alex again...

"And I have daddy issues," she added, grinning a little, and I shook my head, smiling just a bit. "But you know it's not because Alex and you didn't work out that every guy you'll date will end up gay. It's not because Alex didn't love you that no guy can love you."

"I know..." I whispered.

"It's not because Alex didn't love you that Blake can't either..." she added a little lower

I didn't say "I know" to this one. Because yes sure it's not because it hadn't work with Alex that it couldn't work with anyone... but actually thinking that BLAKE could like me was pretty hard to do, love me was near impossible.

Still, Daph looked like she was waiting for an answer, for something from me, but that's when a black Jeep Wrangler drove by us and stopped, Alex sticking his head out the window.

"Don't move!" he said and then drove a little further, and parked.

"I called him before kidnapping you," Daph explained.

"What did I miss?!" Alex yelled, running towards us a minute later.

"I'm a hermaphrodite," I told him, nodding sadly.

"Will she get fired for that or she'll get an augmentation Mister Pimp?" Daph asked him, grinning.

"Depends on what the customers say," Alex shrugged as we started to walk again, Daph on my right and Alex on my left.

"Am I screwing all up the "Get Lexi to spill her guts all over the place" mission? By being here I mean," Alex asked and I closed my eyes for a second shaking my head slightly.

"Is this an intervention?" I asked, snorting.

"Sort of..." they both answered at the same time and made me chuckle.

"Ah. What a mess am I really?" I told them in a fake dramatic voice.

"Yep! And we're here to help you clean it up!" Alex grinned.

"Comforting," I snorted again.

A car drove by and we moved in the grass to let it pass.

"Don't worry, we're pretty much all a big mess" Daph laughed shortly and I sighed at that before going back in the middle of the street to twirl around myself, spinning on one leg and then on the other.

"I'm not a mess," I heard Alex say and stopped my spinning to join them again "It's just a little problem I have to deal with, nothing big really..." he trailed and both Daphnee and I burst laughing.

"Oh you it's not even a problem what you have! Want ME to resolve everything? I'll buy you a shirt with "Sorry girls, I suck dicks" written on it! That ought to take care of it!" she told him and I covered my mouth with my palm to hide the major choking laugh I was doing.

Oh no, she didn't!

For a second I actually thought Alex's eyes would pop out of their sockets.

"Admit it, that would totally take care of it!" she smiled evilly.

"Have I ever told you you're crazy?" Alex asked dumbfounded.

"Numerous times," Daph nodded

"Well I'm saying it again! You're crazy!"

"Why thank you, I like being crazy, crazy people are just THE BEST!" she beamed and I smiled.

"Anyway, we're diverting here! We're supposed to deal with Lexi's mess!"

"When you say it like this I feel like we're plotting a way to hide all the bodies in my basement," I snorted, twisting my hair around in my hand, to not have so many strands that the wind blew in my face blinding me.

"Diverting again?" Daph smirked and I stuck my tongue out at her.

"Anyway who cares? It's a two way thing you know. We can plot and talk about it all we want, still if Blake feels the complete opposite or whatever!" I whined because it was the truth!

"I really don't think the problem is if the guy likes you here. It's more like do YOU like the guy?" Alex said.

"Ya but even if I DID like the guy, if he doesn't like me, it really doesn't matter you know!" I answered him.

"Oh please! You weren't the audience during your little lip-lock thing! I even felt like I was out of place and should be looking elsewhere. Seriously, I was almost hyperventilating for you! So I wouldn't worry too much about how he feels!" Daph pitched in

"But that's just the way Blake is! He makes everything confusing and mind troubling and hyperventilating and he makes you feel like ..." How to explain how Blake made me feel? I couldn't even explain it to myself. "There's just nothing clear with Blake but everything still feels as if it is, when you're with him. If that makes sense?"

That was the thing though; nothing about Blake made sense in a way.

Daph was smirking at me when I looked at her. Alex a little too.

"What?" I asked them, frowning.

They both shook their heads and said "Nothing."

"No no, there's something."

"Lexi, stop worrying. You think too much." Alex smiled at me.

"There's no such thing as thinking too much." I scowled a little even though it really was the truth; I just wasn't going to agree to this.

You had to think things out if you didn't want to have your heart broken.

I hadn't though about it enough when I had kissed Alex in ninth grade before going to my vacation to Hawaii with my family. I hadn't thought it through enough.

Like Alex had said when he was drunk the other day, if we hadn't kissed, we wouldn't have gone out and he wouldn't have broken my heart and I wouldn't be over thinking things right now.

Because even though I knew now that Alex wasn't the love of my life and what I had felt for him might not have been true love like in the movies and in the books, still, when it had happen it had been sharp and painful... and it was something that I would

always carry now. It was healed. But the scar was always there, nagging and reminding me that feelings could be the messiest thing around.

That feelings could be wrong. That you yourself could even be wrong about your own feelings.

And that scared me. What if what I thought I felt for Blake wasn't really true. What if I was making myself like him?

Even though it didn't feel that way at all... even though what I thought I felt for Blake felt like the truest thing in my life right now...

We kept walking for a little while longer, joking and talking about none important things to lighten the mood I think.

We also talked about Vanessa arrival that was just in a few days. The four of us would be united again.

The four screw up minds.

When I finally got home, I felt... not better... but I was okay. My mind still wasn't completely clear but at least... I wasn't freaking out as much.

Oh who was I kidding! I was still freaking out as much!

"So you had a nice walk kid?" dad asked, when I walked by the living room, the boys still at the exact same spot I had left them.

When I said yes to my dad and looked at Tyler that's when something occurred to me.

"Holy frack! I left without you!" I gasped.

I had left Tyler at school earlier today! I had driven back home without him!

Wow, way to be a good sister Lexi!

"Ya, sweet move Lexi, real smooth!" Tyler said, in his know-it-all voice.

I bit the inside of my lips nervously.

Bad bad sister!

"Aww don't sweat it, it's fine, Blake drove me home," Tyler said, and fixed his gaze back to the television.

"What?" I asked, my body completely freezing.

"Blake saw me scowling in the parking lot and offered to drive me. Maybe I should trade him for you. Having a brother I could actually punch and not being scared of hurting could be awesome!"

I ignored that remark "Blake drove you HERE?"

"Yes, nice kid he is. He wanted to talk to you but I said you didn't want to talk with anyone and be left alone," my father said nonchalantly.

"WHAT!?" My shriek surprised them both because they jumped on the spot "You told him not to come and talk to me!? You... shit shit frack frack!" I started to mumble my eyes bulging.

Blake had been here. Blake came her. To talk. To deal with things. And I had missed him.

Crap crap crap CRAP!

Dad frowned at me. "What's going on kids?"

"Lexi kissed Blake," Tyler said, smirking a little, the remote in his hand, zapping away.

"No no! BLAKE kissed ME!" I freaked.

"And?" my father asked, shrugging.

"And, he freaking kissed ME!"

Dad was still frowning, confused "So? Isn't that what couples do?"

I froze again. "I'm not going out with Blake!"

Dad's face lightened with his grin. "You sure?"

"I think I would know!" I scowled at him.

Tyler smirked beside dad and elbowed him. "Told you! I'm SO winning this bet."

Wait, what?

"What did you just say" I asked, my voice flat.

My father waved the matter away with his hand "Nothing kid, your brother's just a lunatic sometimes."

"We're betting on when you two will be a couple, dad's date of expiration is coming soon, real soon." Tyler smirked and dad narrowed his eyes at him a bit.

"You're BETTING?" I gasped again.

"Don't look so shock kid," my father said and I could see he was trying not to laugh.

"You two are unbelievable"

"Whatever, just be sure to tell us when you two are a done deal. I want my money!" Tyler grinned and I narrowed my eyes at him, but then just sighed and walked into the kitchen.

No point of arguing with them.

I looked through the fridge, trying to find something to eat but I was so not hungry it wasn't even funny how NOT hungry I was actually.

Actually now that I thought about it, my jeans were looser than usual.

I wanted to scowl. Like I needed to be thinner!

Still nothing in the fridge seemed inviting for my stomach. Thinking about eating any of it made me a little more nauseous. It was like I was already full. Which I knew I wasn't.

Stupid metabolism!

I filled a bowl with frozen grapes in it and then went upstairs in my room and played more vinyls while slowly forcing myself to eat, though I really wasn't hungry.

I thought about calling Blake. I mean he had come over, he had wanted us to talk so the least I could do was call him back right? I SHOULD call him back! I wanted to know what he wanted to tell me, what he had to add...

I needed to hear his voice...

But if he hadn't call maybe that's because he wanted to think too, because he had other things to do...

I spent that night, thinking and thinking, something I obviously needed to stop doing because the sun started to rise and I was still wide awake and nervously biting my nails and making up conversations in my head I could have with Blake, trying to think of every angle so I wouldn't look like a moron at school tomorrow, or more like today, when we would talk. Because we HAD to talk right?

When my alarm clock started to beep beep away though and I got out of my bed I had a weird feeling, a lump in my throat and I felt even more nauseous than before.

And next thing I knew I was running to my bathroom and kneeling in front of the toilet, arms leaning on the seat and puking water and grapes because that's all there was in my stomach while crying because let's face it, puking isn't fun.

The cold tile of my bathroom were freezing me and I was trying to hold my infinitely long hair out of my freaking face, but my stomach kept clenching and god it hurt to puke.

"Lex?" Tyler's sleepy voice said coming from the door and then he was in the bathroom the next second and crouching beside me.

"Aww Lex..." I heard him say and then he brushed my hair out of my face, a comforting hand on my back while I cried more and more holding the toilet seat tightly until the puking stopped.

When it felt like it was over I just leaned into my brother's arms and closed my eyes while he wrapped his arms around me sighing disapprovingly.

"Jesus, Lex, you're worrying yourself sick you know that, right?" Tyler whispered, brushing his hand through my hair.

"Ya..." I cried in his chest.

"Your breath stinks," he stated a few breath later.

"That's really comforting." I groaned but got up and brushed my teeth while he got on his feet too.

"You've got to stop worrying so much you know," he whispered and then dad walked in the bathroom.

"Kids what's going on, are you alright? he asked, voice and eyes worried.

"Lexi was sick," Tyler explained, his hand rubbing my back comfortingly.

My brother could be an ass most of the time, but he could be the best brother anyone could ask for too.

"Kid you gotta stop stressing so much," dad said.

I spit the last bit of toothpaste and rinsed my mouth.

"I know..."

"You're staying home today," dad stated.

"No no, I'm okay now, I have to-" I started to freak but dad cut me.

"I don't care, you look like hell, you're staying home," he said his voice final.

"Fine," I complied and dragged my feet back to my bed.

Dad left my room, and Ty went to sit on the feet of my bed. "Want me to stay with you?" he asked, his voice soft.

"No I'm fine, I'll try sleeping..."

I did need the sleep.

"You sure?"

"Yes, have dad drive you to school. I'll be okay. And if there's something wrong I'll call you," I told him and snuggled in my bed.

"Promise?" he asked and got up.

"Promise," I nodded and then he came and kissed my forehead and left the room.

Dad and Ty came to check on me before leaving and then I was alone for the day.

A tiny part of my brain wished that Blake would come like he had the other day to take care of me but I didn't have time to think too much because I was way too exhausted by then and fell into a dreamless sleep.

It's Tyler that woke me up when he got back from school to check on me. Daph had driven him back.

I was feeling better and the no thinking deal had eased up some of the tension I carried these days.

I felt like going for a walk again but didn't feel like walking alone though I didn't want to talk with anyone either.

I finally decided to go for a bike ride, just a small one, nothing too long, just to have the wind against my face and breathe the outside air a bit.

Tyler frowned at that and wanted to come with me but I told him I would be alright.

After about twenty minutes of pedaling I realized I was just a few blocks away from the twin's house. I stopped on the side of the road frowning.

Among all the boys I hung out with, the twins would have been the ones I would be the most likely to confide to with boy problems.

Why?

Because Alex wasn't well... he was a boy but I don't know, the whole him being gay made him have boy problems too and I saw him more like a girl in that way. And well it was awkward with Connor and Jimmy. Davis and I were close but not close enough. Mark and Dwayne had their girlfriend they would go to so it really wasn't just a dude opinion. There was too much of shyness when it came to Peter and Justin. Shawn and Clark were just pigs. Blake WAS the dude problem...

So it really was the twins I could talk with.

And when I was younger I used to go often to their house with Alex. It was cool to have twin friends after all. Plus the twins were the eldest of six children, with three little sisters and one little brother so they made me hang with their sisters now and then, and look after them too.

And it had been a while since I had just really talked with the twins.

Plus I could see how things had gone with Ashley at the party the other night.

So I started to pedal again, until I reached the twin's driveway.

When I did I let my bike fall on the grass beside it and walked all the way to the porch of the Victorian styled house.

I knocked on the door and waited. I could hear Marina, the twin's youngest sister who was probably nine years old now and Paxton, the family's baby at seven, screaming at each other.

I chuckled.

Everyone was always fighting in that house.

This was something we didn't always think about. When we screamed in the house, people could actually hear when standing close outside.

"Joseph can you go get the door!" I heard their mom scream.

"I'm fixing the sink!" he screamed back and I could almost imagine her fuming face.

The twin's parents had this love hate relationship thing going on.

"When I'll die of exhaustion what the hell are you gonna do heh?!" the twins' mother yelled inside again and I chuckled a little more.

"I'll get you a headstone with "Here lies my wife, cold as ever"" their father yelled back.

I coughed a laugh.

"Oh yeah! Well when you'll die I'll get you one with "Here lies my husband, stiff at last!"" she screamed, opening the door at the same moment and I bit my lips to not burst laughing.

And just like she hadn't been screaming few minutes ago, the twin's mom smiled at me. "Hey Sweety! How nice to see you! Haven't in a while!" and then hugged me.

Another hugger!

"Sorry for just dropping by, I was just in the neighborhood and I felt like coming to see Cameron and Trevor."

"Don't need to say you're sorry. The boys are upstairs," she smiled again and then left for the kitchen, where their dad probably was, screaming again.

I still held the laugh and walked towards the stairs that were a few feet away from the door and then ran up.

The way the second floor was build, it was only open space on the middle, and then there were door all around to get to the rooms.

Cameron was standing there, talking with Shelly, well more like arguing.

It wasn't hard to know what they were arguing about when I saw what she was wearing. Short-if-you-bend-I-will-see-your-ass skirt, high heel black boots, tight silver sparkly tank top. Make-up over the top.

A mini-Annabelle in the making.

"You are NOT going out looking like that!"

"Please everyone wears this!" she rolled her eyes at him.

Cameron turned his gaze and saw me, a faint smile appearing and I waved a little hello.

"Look at Lexi! Does she look like she's going to wait at a street light?" he said, motioning towards me.

"Ya but Lexi isn't FASHION!" she snorted.

"Why thank you," I wanted to say and restrained myself from rolling my eyes. Shelly used to be so sweet.

"No no no! What you're wearing isn't FASHION! It's a tramp outfit! Go change. NOW!" Cameron ordered her.

"You're not my dad!" she yelled and stumped her foot.

"That's why I can kick your ass and not feel bad about it!"

She started to walk furiously towards her room. "I hate you!" she yelled at him.

"Go change!" he yelled back

"I HATE YOU!" she shrieked again before loudly closing her door.

Cameron kept glaring at her door. "She'll come around..." he mumbled to himself

"I'm sure she will" I shook my head slightly.

"Hey, I'm just trying to do what's best for her, guys only like tramps for one thing." Cameron explained

"I know," I smiled at him.

"Hmm... not to sound mean or anything but... what are you doing here?" he smiled a little and walked towards the bathroom with the door open and I could see Trevor actually straightening with a flat iron, Eliza's hair, their twelve year old sister.

That was something he did as strange as this sounded, apparently Trevor rocked at straightening girl's hair.

"I was in the neighborhood and I guess I just wanted to see you guys," I explained following him

"Because we're awesome and there are two of us?" Cameron offered, his voice playful.

"Something like that..." I half-smiled.

"Shelly's changing?" Trevor asked Cameron when he walked in.

"Ya," Cameron scowled and went to sit on the counter.

"Hey Lexi! What's up! Why weren't you at school today?" Trevor asked me, eyes fixed on his sister's hair who raised her eyes at me and smiled, waving her hand.

I smiled and waved too.

"I was sick actually..."

"Nothing contagious I hope!" Cameron snorted while kicking lightly his sister on the side with his dangling foot.

"Oh ya it's totally contagious. In two hours you guys will all become zombies. I'm sorry."

"Shit! And here I was plotting how I would fight a zombie attack and I'm already doomed!" Trevor chuckled.

"Don't say bad words in front of your sister dude!" I laughed.

"Ooops..." he said and covered her ears with his palm, while she smiled, laughing a little.

"Anyway, you didn't miss anything. Boring as always!" Cameron informed me.

"Alright all done!" Trevor said happily, unplugging the flat iron while Eliza got up from her seat. "Is mom driving you?"

"No, Jocelyn's mom is picking us up," she answered him in a small voice.

"Okay good. Oh and keep an eye on your sister for us alright? We want a full report!" Cameron said and she rolled her eyes at him before leaving the bathroom.

"Overprotective much?" I laughed at his expense.

"Oh please! If I was overprotective I would be following them with my car... Hmm.... I COULD do that" he pondered for a few seconds but Trevor punched him in the stomach.

"Would you let them breathe for two seconds!" he laughed.

"Fine!" Cameron scowled and hopped down from the counter. "So, Lexi, how do you want this? One at the time? Or the both of us?" he grinned and I burst laughing. "You're wounding my ego Missy!" he laughed too.

"She came here to see ME Cameron, I'm sorry, she just likes guys with brains you know," Trevor smirked a little and wrapped his arm around my shoulder.

"Ya, you keep your big brains, I'll keep the big penis," Cameron snorted, and I burst laughing uncontrollably.

"That was just low!" Trevor scowled while I tried to stop laughing.

Cameron just grinned at him.

And then we could hear their parents screaming at each other again, about grocery I think. She was screaming something about bread...

"Want to go in the hammock outside. Because in about fifteen minutes the arguing is going to turn around and you REALLY don't want to be around when that happens," Trevor said, and I nodded because that definitely wasn't something I wanted to witness so we made our way downstairs and then outside, in their backwards.

There were two willow trees there and a big hammock tied between the two. There was also a swigging chair, hanging from one of the branches.

I called dibbs on the swigging chair and went to sit in it, crossed legged, while Cameron sat beside it on the grass and Trevor laid in the hammock.

"So Cameron. Want to talk about Ashley?" I asked, when we were all set.

He narrowed his eyes at me and pushed the swigging chair away.

"He called her yesterday!" Trevor answered for him.

"Aww, how cute! You like her?" I asked the scowling twin who was tearing grass off the ground.

"I don't know... I mean I don't know her that well. I need to know her better," he mumbled while I swigged the chair so that I could go and pat his head.

"Anyway if you do like her, I'm telling you boy, to go for it," I nodded to myself and kept swigging away.

It was the kind of chair that was only tied with a chain so I could roll around and basically go any which way and do whatever the frack I wanted.

"You know something?" Cameron asked, frowning a little.

I made a locking my lips movement and said "My lips are sealed."

"But you're going to share with me later right?" Trevor laughed on the hammock.

Cameron just shook his head but then there was a mischievous glee to his eyes.

Oh oh..."So what about YOU Missy! You and Blake?"

I automatically groaned in protest, hiding my face into my palms.

"Aww come on! It was BOUND to come into the conversation!" he laughed and pushed my chair to keep up with the swigging.

"I don't know... I just... I really don't know..." I mumbled.

"What do you mean you don't know? You don't know how you feel, you don't know how he feels, you don't know what it meant?" Trevor asked.

"Yes to all the above" I whispered, face still in my palms.

"Well give it time. Everything's bound to be clear at one point. And it's not like you NEED to rush things." Cameron said.

"Ya, you're right" I sighed.

"Of course I'm right!" he chuckled.

"TREVOR! Trevor William Jones! Did you leave the iron flattener open?" their mother screamed on the back porch.

"NO MOM' I DIDN'T!" he screamed back, raising half of his body, taking support on his forearm in the hammock.

"Then why did the hand towel caught fire?" she yelled.

"I DIDN'T LEAVE IT OPEN!" he screamed again and then got up "I'll go take care of this" he groaned to us and ran to the house while Cameron and I chuckled.

"Let's steal the hammock!" he grinned evilly and I laughed while I followed his lead.

We laid side by side, legs dangling on the side since.

"You have to give him time too you know. Girls might think that all we only think about his sex all the time but we actually have emotions. And we don't only think about that. We're usually a bunch of sensitive ass actually; we just hide it pretty well"

I smiled a little, shaking my head "I hope you know I'm going to throw this one back at you right? Being a sensitive ass and all"

Cameron laughed quietly "Just don't be a bitch about it"

"I'll do that" I laughed too.

"You two would make a cute couple you know" Cameron added thoughtfully.

"Please anyone would make a cute couple with Blake"

"Not true, not every girl he's been with was a good match" he said and I wanted to scowl while thinking about the many girls Blake probably had been with, Though it was less then what all the rumours implied. That's what Blake had said at least. And I wanted to trust him on that.

"That exactly the point, the guy's been with A LOT of girls..." I scowled a bit.

"Some guys just sex their pain away" Cameron said and I laughed.

"Wow that one is definitely going in my dictionary."

We just swigged back and forth for a few seconds.

"Give the poor bloke a chance though... I'm not telling you to throw yourself at him, I'm just telling you to accept the fact that the guy could actually genuinely like you"

"You know something I should know?"

Cameron made the same seal his lip movement I had made "My lips are sealed"

"Oh COME ON!" I hissed, rising up a little to have a better look at his face "That's SO not fair!"

Cameron grinned hugely "I know!"

That's when Trevor came back and yelled at us for taking his spot and then it lead to twin arguing ad then to twin fighting and twin punching and kicking each other on the ground while I laughed at them.

I left before the sun started to set, slowly pedaling back home.

Tomorrow I would go to school and I would see Blake.

And I still had no clue of how I should act around him.

Maybe I should have asked the twins EXACTLY what to do, what a guy would have been expecting...

I thought about asking Tyler, but decided against it. No good advice would come from a guy betting on this.

When I got home, to my father and brother's relief, I was actually hungry so I ate the left over beef cubes with the steamed carrots and potatoes and then decided to go to bed early, because I was still feeling a little sleepy which was definitely normal.

But once I was in my bed, I couldn't fall asleep.

Of course!

I took my MP3 out of my bag and started to listen to songs with soft beat, trying to make myself fall asleep, my eyes closed, my breathing even.

When Placebo's version of "Where is my mind" played, though there was a drum beat I hadn't heard in it that bothered me and just wasn't in time.

I frowned at that and it was getting on my nerves so I changed the song, but when I did my cell phone started to flash on my bedside table, illuminating the whole dark room.

My eyes bulged when I saw the caller ID even thought Blake could really be the only one calling me at one in the morning.

To answer or not to answer. That was the question.

Stupid question though.

I sighed almost contently "Hello?"

When I heard his voice, it was like I had been holding my breath forever and was finally letting it go.

Though the words had me worried "Open your window" he said.

I rolled my eyes and fell back in my bed "I'm not falling for that one again."

"Fine, but your gutter is about to give out and I really don't want to fall, so you asked for it, I'm kicking my way through your room!"

"Wait WHAT?" I gasped, rising on my feet in less than a second, the way you jump out of your bed when you realized your alarm didn't ring and you're SO late!

I was at my window in milliseconds, clearing hearing Blake KICKING it and then I opened it.

"What the HELL are you thinking?" I hissed at him my eyes bulging.

"Get out of the way this won't be graceful" he said, and I did as he said.

Blake grabbed the edge of my window and let go of the gutter on the side, almost letting go of everything as he did that and I gasped and almost jumped after him to catch his hand and make sure he wasn't falling, but this was Blake, of course he wasn't falling.

He hissed himself up, the muscles of his arms flexing; I could see them because he had pulled the sleeves of his hoodie up to his elbow.

Sexy, sexy, sexy...

I just looked at him, while he brought his right leg up and placed it on the band of my window before finally jumping into my room, smirking at me.

Before I could even utter a word, Blake said "You didn't think that I was going to let you stop speaking to me right? Because that's against every law in the Stalker Code!"

"You're out of your FREAKIN' mind!" I hissed at him, though not too loud to not wake anyone up, using the same tone as Doctor Evil.

"Hey this was bound to happen at one point... want me to take my clothes off and redo it maybe?" Blake whispered, smirking wider.

How could this boy be so annoyingly attractive?

Oh there I was admitting it again. I was attracted to him. Honestly who wouldn't?

"I think I'll pass!"

"Good cause I don't think I could do it naked... I would definitely squish the package at one point" Blake nodded sadly.

"Did you just drop into my room at ONE IN THE MORNING to talk about your package?" I scowled a little.

"No I just wanted to see if the shocked expression you'd make would be worth it"

"Was it?"

"Totally" he smirked again.

I sighed, rubbing my palms over my face before running my fingers through my messy hair and sitting on the edge of my bed.

"So you're done now, you can go?"

"Not quite" Blake shook his head slightly, his voice lower, taking a step towards me.

A chill ran up my spine.

"Got something to say?" I asked him, my voice almost not able to stay leveled, looking up at him.

Oh oh...

"You're a silly girl..." he whispered, his eyes twinkling, taking another step.

I half smiled "Yes, I am a silly girl..."

"Aren't you gonna add "For not having seen sooner that you are nothing but a coward with a heart full of fear"? Because that's what Buttercup says afterwards you know."

"Wow, you actually listen to the movie" I smiled more and then added "But I won't say it..."

"But I AM a coward; I let you go away when we should have talked about what happened" he nodded to himself.

"No we didn't need to" I shook my head.

"You know that's what your brother said too" he frowned

"Really?"

That betting bastard...

"He also said that you were just like a wild animal; you get close too fast and you run away" Blake added.

"Nice analogy" I sighed.

It was one in the morning, Blake was in my bedroom. My father was sleeping two doors away. My brother was sleeping in the room across. I was tired. And I mean, this whole thing just screamed cliché. Thank god he hadn't been singing at my window...

Anyway, generally, if it had been anyone else I would have kicked their sorry asses outside.

But this was Blake. I had wanted to talk to Blake ever since I had left school Monday. I had wanted to see him, to clear thins out and alright this might not have been the best situation but it was still... it was totally Blake. Barging in, unexpected.

Blake definitely wasn't the planning type of guy. He just acted upon things.

While I over thought.

I should just stop over thinking and just act with Blake.

"You look tired Pumpkin... why weren't you at school today?" Blake asked me, his voice caring.

I sighed again "I was sick, nothing to worry about..."

Blake frowned "You're being sick a lot lately... and you aren't eating as much too... are you okay? Are you..." he started to trail.

"Don't worry Blake I don't have an incurable disease, well as far as I know. I'm just stressing over things alright"

I'm stressing over you, you overly sexy running-back.

"Well I'll still inform you that if something ever happens to you I'll be VERY put out."

"Princess Bride isn't doing any good for you" I half smiled.

"Hey what can I say, I got a good memory for those things" Blake smirked a little "But seriously... I wouldn't want anything to happen to you..."

"Don't worry I'm fine... I'll be fine"

We both looked at each other for what felt like endless seconds, his eyes melting me, and I though about how his lips had felt against mine again, and I had to dig my nails into my palms not to just throw myself at him.

Yes, this kiss had definitely screwed up our friendship.

Before I could only had imagined what it would feel like. Now I had memories... I knew...

I could almost still feel tingles on my lips.

"Anyway, I just came here to inform you that I wasn't giving you the right to stop talking to me or ignore me just because I kissed you. Whatever it meant or didn't mean, I'm not losing you over something as silly as this alright?"

The way he said it, the way he said "I'm not losing you" there was something so... almost magic about it... something so perfect that it was almost scary.

The way he said it... could Blake actually like me?

I was confused yes, about so many things, but at least now I knew that Blake cared about our friendship, that he cared about me, whether it was just as a friend or not, it didn't matter right now. And as Cameron had said, time would clear all things...

"Alright" I nodded smiling up at him, as he smiled at me.

"So, you kicking me out now?" Blake chuckled.

"Totally, if my dad walked in right now..." he would be happy because he'd win his bet? Honestly I had no idea... with the way he seemed to like Blake maybe he would just smile and give the thumb up, though we really weren't doing anything here... it was just the whole "a boy in my room at one in the morning" concept that felt wrong. "He would kick your ass!" I nodded sadly.

"I doubt it" Blake smirked and then took closed the distant between us, fast enough that I hadn't had the time to see it coming and stopped, his face barely an inch away from mine "Now he might would though..." he smirked

"What are you trying to do?" I narrowed my eyes at him while all they wanted was to fix his sweet and perfect lips.

"Thinking about that kiss, aren't we Miss Grayson"

"Looking for a kick in the crutch aren't we Mister Eaton" I whispered, holding my breath.

Blake smirked but backed away.

"Well, I guess I'll get going now" Blake said, walking back towards the window.

What did he think he was doing, he would hurt himself?

And... I... didn't want him to leave just yet...

"Blake?" I asked "Why did you do it though... why did you kiss me. Was it Hernani kissing Dona Sol? It just... doesn't make sense..."

"Haven't you figured out by now that I usually never make sense?" Blake whispered.

"You're hard to figure out you know?"

"You too" Blake smiled a little.

"I'm dumb and I over think, I think that's easy to figure out" I scowled a little.

"You don't give yourself enough credit you know. You do over think... and you're unobservant" Blake smirked at that one "And you judge too fast too" the small faded a little "and because of all that, it's like you're living in your own little bubble, and people around want to know what's happening in that world of yours, they want to be part of it. They want to understand it"

"Are you high?" I snorted, which made Blake chuckled "Anyway, trust me my "little world" isn't that interesting"

"I doubt it" Blake smiled again.

I don't know how this had occurred but as we were talking Blake had made his way back to my bed and was now sitting on it beside me.

"Well your world is a thousand times more interesting than mine."

"Mine is screwed up. There's a slight difference." Blake said

"Not screwed up. You're not screwed up. You dealt with a lot of hard things. It's bound to leave its mark."

"I think the definition is still screwed up though..." Blake sighed.

"You're too hard on yourself Blake"

"And you're too understanding. You should be harsher. I'm an ass most of the time"

"And I want to kick your ass most of the time because of that" I half smiled at him and yawned.

We were speaking in whispers again, the way it always seemed we did when talking seriously, when talking about how we felt... Like we were sharing secrets not to be heard from anyone else.

Never would I have guessed this morning that my day would end like this; in my bed with Blake Eaton in the middle of the night. If you said it this way it could be bad.

"Are you settling for the night Blakey-Boy? Cause I ain't letting you sleep here. And you're on MY side of the bed!"

"Oh! Je suis ton esclave! Oui, demeure, demeure! Fais ce que tu voudras. Je ne demande rien. Tu sais ce que tu fais! Ce que tu fais est bien! Je rirai si tu veux, je chanterai. Mon âme brûle..." Blake said and I tried to punch him but he grabbed my fist before I could hurt him.

"You know I HATE it when you use foreign language with me, right? Stop doing it! I HATE not understanding what you say! I already don't understand you in English, don't make my job harder!" I scowled at him.

"Don't get all angry Pumpkin; it's not my fault if you're so deficient!"

I stopped myself from groaning at him and tried to punch him with my other fist.

"You punch like a girl," Blake chuckled quietly, holding both of them now.

"New flash Blake, I'M A GIRL!!" I glared at him, trying to keep my voice low.

"Oh ya right... sorry sometimes I forget, you know, since you got no boobs..."

"BITCH!" I hissed, my voice getting just a little too high as I kicked his left leg with my right leg.

"Kidding! Your boobs are perfect," Blake chuckled again and this time I kicked him in the ribs and I saw him wince a little "What did I say about the ribs Pumpkin?" he whispered and tickled me on the side.

I tried to squish away from him because I really COULDN'T be having fist of laughter in the middle of the night because whatever I wanted to believe, dad would freak if he knew Blake was here right now. Of COURSE he would!

"Blake... stop!" I tried to say between laugh, trying to control them too.

Blake was on top of me, tickling me, again. Seriously how often were we in this position?

"Don't you want to kiss the pain away? Kiss my boo-boo!" Blake whispered his voice playful, his smirk wider than ever.

"Never!" I held my laugh.

Don't laugh too loud!

"Oh please, I just know-" Blake started to say but then stopped tickling me and speaking, moving even. "You hear that?"

Oh shit! We had waken up someone hadn't we? Shit shit shit!

I pushed Blake off of me and he almost stumbled on the floor. I got up in and then tip-toed to my door, and looking back, making sure that Blake wasn't like standing right in the middle of the room like a moron, opened the door to see if anyone was there.

No one was there, and there was no sound either.

"False alarm," I informed him as I closed the door again and walked back to my bed.

"I should get going?"

"You should," I agreed. This whole situation was ridiculous! "But maybe trough the door? Not kill yourself with the window you know?"

"Whatever makes you happy Pumpkin," Blake laughed quietly and walked towards me, and then followed me silently down the stairs and then to the front door.

I unlocked the door and opened it for him but before Blake walked out, he looked straight at me and smirked "Good night Lexi... and you can dream about that kiss of ours all night" he whispered.

"And you can stay up all night replaying it in your head," I smirked too.

"I will," Blake smiled, the dimple smile, and walked out the door, leaving me there, breathless.

Ya like I was going to sleep tonight now...

Just great...

Chapter 70

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (66)

New chapter! Woot woot!

Don't skip my rant this time please! Cause I'll give the translation to Blake's French rant! lol If you had looked at the previews comments, I gave it there, but anyway I'm putting it back here!

So Blake was actually quoting Hernani! (Act 5, Scene 3) The boy does that a lot! ;P

So here's my translation of it, word by word :

Oh! I am your slave! Yes I stay, stay!

Do what you want. I ask for nothing.

You know what you do! What you do is good!

I'll laugh if you want, I'll sing. My soul burns...

Now, if we take the translation I've been using in previews chapters of the whole play it's "Make me wait, then. Whatever you wish, I am your slave.." and some blah blah about volcanoes which is nice but Blake cut that part lol

For those interested you can read the complete play at this link :

http://paws.wcu.edu/jmanning/hernani.pdf

Anyway sorry about this chapter... my brain is just too full of different characters right now that are all fighting to speak and it was hard to get into the right state of mind. So sorry if it sucks! lol Plus I had like too much stuff I needed to mention and crap... anyway sorry again! lol

Oh and speaking of characters that would like to speak I have a little something something to offer you guys. Don't know if you've noticed but I got a FREAKING million reads now... I'm pretty shocked but mostly touched and happy and freaking the hell out!!! AAAAAAA!!! So to thank you all I thought about

giving you a tiny Tyler's POV? How would you like that? Tyler's head is pretty amusing! lol Not to mention interesting. So I'll try giving you that in the next twenty four hours (no promises though I do get distracted quite easily!)

Anyway, I hope you'll enjoy this. And I mean... took me 63 chapters to just have them kiss so you got to give a little time to Lexi to sort things out in her head. lol

So, read, enjoy, vote and comment! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Sleeping was definitely out of the question I realized as I laid in my bed, staring at the ceiling like an idiot.

Kind of ironic I had told Blake he could be replaying the kiss in his head all night long and it was me right now who was doing it.

Yes I was replaying the kiss.

Pathetic really.

This was stupid. I needed to sleep. I shouldn't be thinking about how sweet his lips had been one

mine. I shouldn't be thinking about how soft the skin of his face was, about how his hair felt when I ran my fingers through them. I shouldn't be thinking about how hot he looked shirtless and how-

Crap crap crap CRAP!

I rolled over in my bed, burying my face in my pillow and screamed a good ten seconds, punching in the mattress.

What the frack was WRONG with me?

Fantasizing about Blake? REALLY?

UGH!

Seriously, that's the stage I was at now?

Just freaking perfect really!

But would I kiss him again or would I just have that one memory to replay over and over? But there were almost-kisses too and other moments, in the cemetery holding his hand, when we were practicing the play and he had laid his head on me. When I had been sick and he had taken care of me...

Why did all those moments felt so maddening right now?

I was definitely pathetic. Completely pathetic!

The next morning I was in a weird mood. I was pissed at myself, not to mention tired as always, but at the same time I was in a bliss bubble just thinking about the fact that Blake had actually climbed up my freaking window. I mean that was something that only happened in movies! But trust Blake to do something like that, something as stupid and over the top and sweet and... and Blakish as that!

Tyler was in a weird mood too. It wasn't hard to guess what was going through that boy's head. Vanessa was coming back tomorrow. He didn't know what he would do, how things would plan out. At least he didn't play with my radio on the ride to school.

When I walked in the school halls I felt bad for the fact I had missed more school yesturday, since I already had on Friday. If things kept going this way people would start rumours or something.

That's why I needed to freaking calm down and breathe and just stop over thinking for two seconds. Over thinking to the point of making myself sick!

Daphnee and Alex were at my side the minute they spotted me. I didn't know if I should tell them about last night, but decided against it.

Why did everything with Blake always felt so secretive? Why did it felt like I had to keep it to myself?

I was anxious to see Blake to say the least; I didn't have to wait long though. First class was English Literature. The teacher gave us all copies of the complete play of Hernani to read because apparently we would have a test about it. I was glad because I actually kinda liked that play.

And it was as if everything was back to normal. Blake was smirking at me and teasing and annoying, and I was rolling my eyes at him.

But not exactly the same, because I had to fight with my eyes, to stop them from staring at his lips for too long...

At the end of the day, in the Chemistry Lab though, I got in class before the bell and Blake was already sitting at our working desk, texting I think, because he had his iPhone out and in front of him, frowning at it actually.

"Who are you texting?" I asked him and sat beside him.

Stalker mode back on.

"Hmm? Oh I'm not texting" he answered not raising his head to me and I peeked over his shoulder and saw he was checking his emails.

"Can't you wait to get home to answer to your fan mails?" I asked, my voice trying to be teasing.

"That's not MY email account that's Josh's" Blake smirked.

"And what are you doing looking at Josh's emails? Isn't that illegal? And did you have to crack codes or something?" I started to ask, sitting beside him, putting my bag on the black counter.

"Josh's been acting weird lately so I'm trying to figure out something. And please I think I've done worse in the illegal area. Oh and easy. Josh's password is "Scarlett Johansson's Tits""

"Okay what the hell? And how do you even know that?"

Those two were sooo weird...

"Inside joke, sort of... he said that as long as my password was an unattainable dream his should too. He's a dick." Blake mumbled, seeming much more concentrated on the phone in his hand than in the conversation.

"And what's that password of yours?" I asked, chuckling.

"Sorry according to the Stalker Law I'm not supposed to give you that kind of information..." Blake answered, absentmindedly again.

For two second I wondered what his password actually was. Was it something as stupid as "Meghan Fox's Tits" or something like having his brother back?

"But anyway, what do you mean by acting weird?"

That's when Blake raised his head and looked at me, smirking. "I think he likes a girl"

"And that is weird because he's never liked girls?" I chuckled.

"Well not like this. I think he has a crush on someone and I'm just trying to figure out if the chick is a hooker..." Blake frowned a little "Because he's been talking a lot about hookers lately and how they're human beings just like us with rights and then insert Josh rant. So ya... I'm trying to figure out that" Blake nodded and started to skim through the emails again.

"You know you could just ASK him right?"

"Tried that, didn't work. He said it was just Miss Puss worrying him because he thinks she's having an affair."

"You two are just so strange together" I laughed again, shaking my head while looking at him in disbelief.

"Tell me about it" Blake laughed a little too and then looked at me, smiling the nice smile and I had a hard time finding my breath.

Oh crap...

"By the way I'm going to need your help with a few math problems" Blake said, and then broke eye contact.

Why did it have to be so contradictory with Blake? Because a part of me was glad that he wasn't looking at me anymore with that oh so irresistible smile of his while another one was feeling all sad because of it.

Seriously, bi-polar much? I had been thinking that it was Blake the bi-polar but maybe it was me?

Dang it! When had I become such an emotional wreck! Why was I even doing this to myself?

"Want to come over tonight?" I asked him and took out my notebook and pencil.

"Got practice tonight. Tomorrow?" Blake asked

"Well tomorrow Vanessa's going to be there so I'm probably going to want to see her"

If Tyler lets me, I wanted to add.

"Alright then, Friday night it is" Blake said "And it won't take long anyways so if you had plans you'll have the rest of your evening free. I just need one hour or two"

And of course when he said that I wanted to pout because I wanted to have him for all the evening but seriously Blake had to have better things to do on a Friday night than math homework. Of course he had.

When I got finally got back home I realized I had nothing to do and after speaking with Vanessa on the phone about all the final details for her visit, I ended up reading Hernani's play.

Next thing I knew it was the middle of the night and I was crying alone.

Hadn't Blake said this play had a GOOD ending? I was one hundered percent sure Blake had told me this play had a nice ending!

And now I was sitting in the middle of my room, crying my freaking eyes out! And I mean it wasn't like this was the saddest thing I had ever read but I had begun to like Hernani and Dona Sol a lot and I would have wanted them to be happy and when they finally could have had that freaking uncle of hers had to come and ask for his life and they didn't even have time to be together and...

Why the hell had Blake told me this had a nice ending! That mean idiot! At least I would have expected it!

And why did he hate Don Carlos? I hated freaking Gomez! I would have strangled him myself! That stupid bastard! He could have at least let them have their wedding night! He could have let them just one freaking night!

But he hadn't and now they were both dead! Well all dead. Since the idiot killed himself!

URG!

And here I had thought the play would distract me! It actually had pissed me off!

I thought about calling Blake to yell at him about this but then decided that it would be better face to face so I could punch him a few times! Idiot! He had some explaining to do!

At least that night I was too pissed off about the play to replay the kiss in my head. But that still didn't help on the whole "falling asleep" deal...

Next morning I didn't have to wake Tyler up. He was already in the kitchen when I got downstairs, clothed and sitting at the counter with his bowl of cereal in front of him.

"Someone's in a hurry to get to school" I smirked at him and yawned while walking to the coffee machine.

Coffee was definitely a blessing these days.

"There's not even a point in arguing on this" Tyler answered shrugging.

"You're cute" I laughed a little.

"Is... she... she's going to be there at school today right?" Tyler finally asked me when I sat in front of him with my mug in my hands.

I smiled "Yes, but just in the afternoon and she's going to be with the people that will be in the show helping them and giving them advice. Oh and we're going to that show by the way. It's Saturday night. Anyway, she's going to eat at her grandparents and then she's coming over. Around seven thirty maybe." I started to rant and for once he actually looked like he was listening and listening INTENTLY on what I was saying.

I wanted to laugh at that but decided against it.

"So she's going to be at the school in the afternoon?"

"Yes" I nodded and then frowned "Are you going to go all stalker on her?"

"That's my business" Tyler said still frowning.

"Just let her breath for two second alright? I know you missed her and you want to see her but don't smother her alright? You know how she is, if you do

that you're doomed and then you guys will only argue and all of this will have been done for nothing"

"I'm going to do whatever the beep I want!" Tyler scowled and I rolled my eyes at him.

Stubborn ass...

When we got to school, all I wanted to do was to see Blake so I could yell at him a bit.

The second I saw him walk through the front door and in the hall towards his locker I rushed to him.

He seemed to enjoy that though and smirked at me but before he could say anything I punched him hard on the shoulder.

"Hey! What the hell was that for?" Blake whined, grabbing my fist so I wouldn't punch him again.

"You're a liar!"

"What?" Blake frowned, confusion and worry evident in his eyes.

"I read the freaking play last night! A NICE ending! You call Hernani and Dona Sol dying, a NICE

ending!?" I hissed and punched him with my other fist which he grabbed with his other hand.

And now he lost the worried look and smiled a little "Depends on what you consider a nice ending"

"THAT wasn't a nice ending! That was a freaking SAD ending alright?" I shouted at him.

"Did you cry?" Blake smirked

"You asshole! Don't you dare smirking! You said that was a nice ending! How is them dying a nice ending!"

"They died together. Together. He was in her arms. Not everyone has that luck. To die in the arms of the one they love. I think it's a fairly good ending considering everything." Blake explained to me, his eyes intense on me.

And now I was aware of how close our bodies were and that kissing him woul have been quite easy again.

Freaking kiss haunting me all the time!

"Your definition of a good ending sucks, Blake!" I scowled at him.

"Aww come on, don't be like that! Want me to kiss the sadness away"

Yes please.

"Little bitch!" I kept scowling making him laugh.

And that's when the bell rang.

So I dropped the matter and when Blake finally released my fists I left to get to my class with Mrs. Muffin while he left for his.

While the top conversation in the class seemed to be about the school trip next week, Alex and I were all but bouncing up and down thinking that our friend would be here soon.

It was an understatement to say we had missed our Goldilocks.

I got a text from her just a few minutes after lunch saying she was here. Needless to say I was happy. But she was at the complete opposite of where my classes were so there would be no time for me to see her if I didn't want to be late plus I knew I would see her tonight.

Still I couldn't wait for school to be over so I could jump up and down with her and just see her. It had been so long. And even though I had Daph and Alex, Vanessa was Vanessa and no one could replace her. No one could replace one of your friends. No one could replace your best friend since first grade.

Tyler didn't ride back home with me since he had a soccer practice so I ended up going back home alone at the end of the day. I thought about the fact I should have said yes to Blake, to help him with math but it was kind of too late now.

So instead I cleaned up a little and then I tried to draw a little to ease up my mind. Though the subjects seemed to repeat themselves and made me look as obsessed as I was so I stopped after a little while.

Tyler finally got home. He had gotten a ride with Landon. And then dad got home and we all ate together at the counter but my dad was finding a lot of amusement in Tyler's weird behavior so he ended up leaving to eat in the living room.

"Your brother is becoming touchy, don't you think" dad said and laughed.

"Tell me about it" I chuckled.

"Ah the strange behaviors of kids in love..." dad half smiled.

I smiled a little too.

"Speaking of kids in love, I didn't get a chance to talk to you last night but next time your little friend decides to come see you in the middle of the night I would enjoy he doesn't rip off the gutter. Oh and maybe... you know normal hour visit, that sort of thing. I enjoy that kid but I enjoy my gutter too." Dad stated to rant, smirking wider as my eyes bulge wider.

Oh. My. Freaking. GOD.

Oh my god, my god, my god, my god!

"Okay, seriously sorry dad, I had nothing to do with it, it was ALL his fault, and I'm sorry about the gutter and nothing happened and I'M SORRY!" I freaked but dad just laughed.

"Typical. Put all the blame on the boy. Just... don't do anything stupid alright?" my father asked.

That's it?

Dad seemed to find amusement in my shock and patted my arm but before he could add anything the bell rang.

"I GOT IT!" Tyler yelled and then actually sprinted to the door, while I got on my feet instantly and ran too.

When I got to the door, it was open and there she stood, blondest girl I knew with her baby blue eyes and her freckles and her jeans with holes and the biggest smile I had ever seen on her and brother or no brother I didn't give a crap I ran and almost jump in her arms and then we were doing the bouncing thing, squealing like two years old.

"You're here!" I finally said when we stopped jumping up and down, smiling as much as her.

"Hell yeah!" she answered "Gosh I missed you!"

"I missed you too! We all freaking missed you!"

"Stupid art school!" she said and then I just had to hug her again because I realized how much I really had missed her.

I didn't want to ruin the moment for Tyler but it was a little too late now because he had left and walked back to the living room.

When I realized that I said "Oh crap" but Vanessa just shrugged and said it was alright and we had some catching up to do anyway.

So I helped her with her bag, taking them to Anna's room and then we went into mine, sitting on my bed, like we used to and then the catching up started.

"So what have I been missing?"

"Well you know about Alex's boyfriend right? Travis. He's nice but Alex's being an idiot with the whole being gay thing and the fact that he doesn't want to talk about it will probably ruin his relation and..." I stopped talking because she was giving me the look. "What?" I asked self-conscious.

"I already know all of that and I will talk about Alex's problem with Alex. Now I'm with Lexi. I want to hear about Lexi's problem!"

"I don't..." I sighed because I knew there was no point in denying. I could hide it to her on the phone but not in her face "Blake kissed me..."

"OH. MY. GOD!"

"Ya..."

"So what? Are you two dating now?"

"Nope. He kissed me during the play. It wasn't really real, or at least I don't think it was. I could have been. Probably not... It's all freaking confused in my head that's for sure!" I groaned.

"But you like him?" she asked.

"No... I mean I don't... I just... look it's like, I can't like Blake. It's BLAKE. It's just not possible. And I mean, just at the beginning of the year the boy annoyed the crap out of me. How could I like him now? At the beginning of the year I thought his name was Drake! HOW could I like him now?"

Vanessa rolled her eyes at me "Oh please! All that resentment was just denied liking!"

"Now you please!"

"No no, hear me out here. I recall when he first got here you were the first one to go up to him! First day of class, he was alone, all the guys wanted you to sit beside them but you sat beside him and I think you tried to talk to him and you were smiling and he just stared at you and didn't say anything and you bitched about it the whole day! You liked him then, I'm sure, but the fact that he didn't talk to you pissed you off and you missy are really not good at forgiving."

"Ouch" I snorted "Please I don't even remember that..."

"All a brain thing!"

Could that even be true? Okay I did remember the whole him not talking to me that first day he was at school but I didn't like him then, I liked Alex. Yes it had annoyed me that he hadn't said a freaking word to me and basically turned his head to stared back at his desk instead of presenting himself or something but... liking him?

No.

"You're being delusional. And anyway it's not the point here!"

"And what is that point?"

"The point is, I don't like him now."

"I've been told you aren't eating anymore. First sign. When you like someone you get the butterflies in your stomach and they take all the space and you stop eating. You're over thinking. Second sign. Liking someone scares people. You-" I stopped her ranting though

"Please that doesn't mean anything! Maybe I just stopped that grown spur! And you KNOW I always over think!"

"Yes, but you're always distracted, even when we talked on the phone it's like you're almost disconnected. You think about him all the time don't you?"

"No I don't!" I said, shaking my head.

"You do. You like that boy!"

"No I don't I-" I didn't get to finish my sentence because I was stopped by Vanessa's hand slapping me across the face.

Crap that hurt!

"What the hell was THAT for?!" I shouted at her, my palm covering my cheek.

What the hell was wrong with her!? Had she gone MAD!?

"I'm trying to bring some sense into that thick head of yours! You, Lexi Grayson, LIKE Blake Eaton!"

I was about to shout back at her that she was wrong but I couldn't.

Because she was right.

Of course she was right.

I liked Blake.

Why hadn't this been obvious to me?

I liked Blake.

Of course I did. It didn't matter whether he liked me or not, it didn't matter that last time I liked a guy he

ended up being gay, or that I was scared and everything felt messed up in my head because in the end, I liked Blake.

Of course I did...

"Crap... I like Blake... And you freaking slapped me you meany!" I just whispered, making Vanessa almost jump up and down again.

"See! That wasn't that hard to admit! And sorry about the slap but it was needed"

"What the hell am I supposed to do now?" I whispered again, unable to look up from my twisted hands resting on my lap.

"Hey don't ask me! I'm just here to make you realize how you're feeling because all this denying is ridiculous!" she said shaking her head in disapprobation.

Wow.

She had been here with me what? Half and hour? And she made me admit I liked Blake?

"I missed you Van" I smiled.

"I missed you too... you really have no idea. I seriously have no clue what I'm doing at that school... seriously I don't know what to do... I mean it's a great opportunity but am I really going to become a singer? Is this going to be my career? Even if I want to believe I'm good at singing the chances of me being able to live on that are really slim so there's no point in studying in this..." she started to say

"Are you saying you want to quit?"

"I don't know but I'm tired of missing out on everything on missing out on being here with you guys while everything is changing, and I'm there, and out of it and... and..."

"Tyler?" I offered.

"I'm just tired of missing out on everything..."

"You're not missing out on anything! Heck everyone's been trying to make me say I liked Blake and you do in five minutes!" I smiled at her.

"That's just because I understand you better!" she smiled too.

So we spend the rest of the evening talking, while I told her everything, not missing out on any details this time, from the first day at the restaurant while waiting for my mom, till the other night when he showed up at my window and she listened like only Vanessa could and she understood like only she could.

The next morning was pretty amusing considering that Vanessa was part of the morning routine. She was going to go to school to help again with the show. She told me she would stay late so I didn't have to worry about her and could help Blake with work as long as I needed and I wouldn't have to entertain her.

There was something weird though. I would have thought Tyler and Van would be trying to speak or something but they just exchange glances now and then, not saying anything, but there seemed to be something there.

What were they up to? Silence treatment?

Those two were some weird birds...

That morning went I got to school though I started to freak.

Would Blake see? Would Blake feel it? That I knew I liked him now? Nothing ever seemed to go pass him? Would he see it?

But things just felt as normal as always when I saw him and I stopped worrying.

For that. Because there was the "What now?" question nagging me again.

What was I supposed to do now?

Tell Blake I liked him? Put our friendship in jeopardy?

Give things time?

Why did Cameron advice felt like it was the wisest?

Rushing things could only end up badly. And I mean I knew so little about Blake. I knew big important secret things, but I still didn't know a lot of things about him. I needed to know him better.

I needed time.

When school was finally over Blake told me he wanted to go drop the books he had borrowed at the library before he forgot them so I drove Tyler back to the house, and then went with Blake, back to his house and then to the library.

"You look tired" I told him as we drove back to my house.

He did look tired...

I hope it was because he was late night reading...

"You look tired too!" Blake smiled.

"We have sleeping problems"

"We do"

"We should sleep more" I said, nodding to myself

Blake chuckled "We should"

Only reason why I was keeping the "We" deal was because I liked the sound of it... maybe a little too much...

When we finally got home I kicked dropped my bag on the floor and walked to kitchen, Blake following me.

"God, I'm starving!" Blake whined behind me, stretching his arms above his head, yawning.

"Anything to not do homework, right Blakey-Boy" I smirked a little but... I was actually a little hungry right now. Shocker. "Wanna call pizza?"

"Sure" Blake shrugged and turned to face the cupboards, obviously thinking about trying to find food.

"Alright, I'll go check if Ty wants some..." I said and then ran up the stairs taking two at the time.

Ty's door was close but I didn't bother and walked in, like I usually did but then I almost had a heart attack.

OH!

MY!

GOD!

I closed the door in a rush and sprinted down the stairs, almost breaking my neck in the process.

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god oh my god, oh my god, oh my god...

"Are you alright Pumpkin, you look like you just saw a dead body?" Blake asked frowning, a box of chocolate chip cookies in his hands.

"Oh my god, oh my god, OH MY GOD!"

"What's wrong?" Blake said, setting the cookies on the counter.

I just stood there and then shook my body, like I had some kind of worm on me or something, my expression disgusted.

Mental image please leave, please, please please leave!

"Are you alright?" Blake asked wide eyed.

"Oh god, oh dear freaking god!" I said, closing my eyes, shaking my head and my hands, and then jumped up and down.

"What did you see?" Blake said, and then walked towards the stairs.

"DON'T GO THERE!" I shouted and gripped his arm.

"What's wrong?"

"We should just leave, ya that's it, let's just get out of the house, like now, like right now!" I answered and then I was walking towards the door.

Don't think about it, just DON'T think about it!

"Lexi, wait up!" Blake said and then grabbed me by the arm, stopping me "What the hell is going on here!?!"

"What... What the hell is going on is that I fucking walked in my brother and BEST FRIEND going at it!" I yelled and then I think I puke a little in my mouth.

"WHAT!?" Blake said and burst laughing.

"Oh god, please, kill me! Burn my eyeballs please!" I whined, holding my face in my palms.

"Like at it, at it?" Blake asked, still laughing like a moron.

"God, I'm going to have that mental picture for the rest of my life now!! Oh my god!" I whined and then shook my head and my hands, jumping again, "Ewww, ewww, ewww!!"

"Alright, this is too funny!" Blake said and then he took his phone out and turned around walking to the stairs.

"Wait, wait wait! What are you doing?!" I asked my eyes bulging.

"That's call revenge for that little stunt your brother pulled on me in the gym lockers!" Blake answered wickedly and ran up the stairs.

"Blake! Blake, come back here!" I hissed at the bottom of the stairs.

But Blake just shushed me, waving his hand at me, and then he opened the door.

"Smile you guys!" he yelled and then he closed the door behind. "OH MY GOD! They really were at it!" Blake burst laughing "Way to go Tyler, show her who's the man!" he yelled louder.

And then he took his phone, looking at it, turning it in his hand.

"Hmmm... who would have thought..." he mumbled coming down the stairs and I could hear Tyler

cursing in his room, and like banging sound and opening of drawers...

"OH SHIT!" Blake yelled and then Tyler's door opened. "RUN!" Blake yelled at me and then we were both sprinting to the door, laughing.

"EATON, GET YOUR FUCKING ASS BACK HERE!" Ty yelled.

"This is sooo going on Facebook now!" Blake shouted at him.

"I SWEAR TO GOD, YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!!" Ty yelled back.

But we had reached the car now and I was closing the Escalade door and Blake was starting the engine and we were driving away while I was laughing and well trying to get rid of the disturbing mental image of... oh god mental image OUT!

"I think your brother and I are even now!" Blake was still laughing beside me.

"You're an idiot!" I shook my head and slapped his arm

"How many times do I have to tell you to NOT hit the driver?" Blake smirked and I smiled a little.

"So what now? We left all the school work at my house." I informed Blake.

"I guess we'll just have to do something else then school work" Blake smiled.

Chapter 71

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know [EXTRA : Tyler's POV]

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know

EXTRA

Tyler's POV of a part of chapter 66

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So for those of you who doubted Tyler's feeling or those that were curious as to how Vanessa and Tyler worked things out here's a tiny bit of Tyler's POV.

Sorry if he doesn't always make sense... the boy is in love! ;P

Oh and I think it's important to mention that I'm leaving on Sunday for one week to my lake house to

get some rest so that means no Kay for a week. I won't have internet. Well I'll have internet but I won't use it because I want to rest and be outside.

So ya... I MIGHT upload one chapter while I'm there but I really don't promise anything... so sorry guys... more waiting! I'm a bad bad girl! ;P

Enjoy!

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Once, when we were younger and Lexi was watching The Little Mermaid, I told her mermaids were the pussiest thing ever.

Lexi's face had shined with that know it all smile of hers that makes you regret ever saying anything.

And then she had talked about how the mermaids in the mythology were feared by all the sailors. That they were beautiful creatures who sang to people and enchanted them with their voices and then drowned them and killed them.

I think she was trying to scare me because after that every time we would go in vacation and swim in the

sea she would start singing and say "Careful, the mermaids might get you". But I was old enough to not take shit from my sister.

Though this morning, that's all I could think about. Those mermaids that enchanted you with their voice and then killed you. I knew it was mean and all to picture Vanessa as a mermaid but let's face it; that was a pretty good metaphor or whatever.

Am I fucking seriously doing metaphor in my head right now?

This has to stop. I'm becoming a big pussy like that red haired mermaid!

But this was all her fault, this was all her fucking fault. I didn't know what to think or what to believe. Did she like me or thought I was just some stupid kid with a crush on her? Was I just her best friend's little brother who could be fun to make out with when she was waiting for the said friend and was fighting with him to get the remote because he wouldn't change to look at Gobble Girl however hot she was?

Fuck, Tyler Grayson you are not a pussy! You kill zombies! You blow up drug dealers bunkers. You fucking shot that Alexander Pope dude! You are not going all weakidy weak for a girl!

Aww who was I fucking kidding? I was already weak. The mermaid wasn't even singing and I was swimming over to her like a helpless dumbass.

I needed to kill some hookers or something.

Though the real problem wasn't me getting weak, I knew that. I wouldn't have minded if I knew... if I knew if she really felt the same way about me. If she really liked me, if she was serious.

I was younger than her, and immature, I knew that, and probably less experience, I mean what could I say, she always had been the only one I liked... ever since she had come to our house for the first time to play with Lexi. I had thought she was an angel with her golden curly blond hair and her blue eyes and her porcelain skin with the freckles all over her face that I just wanted to stroke. She looked like Annabelle collection dolls that we had no right to as

much as look too intently. She looked too good to be true.

Of course I was always just "Lexi's little brother". I had grown up knowing that fact. And so because I knew that I always would be only the little brother to her, I was being annoying and acted just like a "little brother" anytime she was around.

Though one day I had heard her say to Lexi "You know your little brother is hot right?". Still I had tried to just shove that away. She might just have been saying that to annoy Lexi.

But then I started to notice things, like the way she smiled at me when I would open the door to her, or how she would always find a way to tease me about something. That could have been nothing but the teasing became arguing at one point and then the arguing became us fighting and then the fighting ended up with me throwing the remote control under the TV and her, instead of going after it like I would have thought so I could pin her down or something, grabbing me by the back of the end and attacking my lips. When Lexi had walked in the

living room few seconds later, she had been quite surprise to say the least.

And now it was on that that our "relation" was based. Us fighting and then us ending up making out.

Did that even mean anything? We had never said we were exclusive on the fight/make-out thing. For all I knew I was just the younger guy Vanessa made out with once in a while, while she waited to find THE guy for her.

Thinking about that made me want to hurl. Thinking about Vanessa with another guy made me mad as hell. Just that Facebook guy she had apparently gone out with... I wasn't going to say I had hacked his computer and put in it a nice little virus but ya... I had hacked that dumb bastard computer and put a virus into it.

Like I needed more signs to show I was immature.

But in a way it WAS my fault. Just because she was the oldest that didn't mean she had to be the one to say she actually wanted to be with me, that we did actually have something special, that I wasn't just

Lexi's little brother. It was my fault that I was mopping like a whiny boy dipped in sissy sauce at birth, because I should have told Vanessa she meant something for ME, that I CARED about her...

I should have told her that...

But I was too proud to say it.

And she had left.

But today she was coming back.

And today there was no place for being proud.

While I was eating my cereal, Lexi walked down the stairs and into the kitchen yawning.

"Someone's in a hurry to get to school" she said with that smug little smile of hers and poured coffee for herself.

For one second I stop thinking about Vanessa. Lexi was way too tired these past few days. She had made herself sick... This whole thing with Blake really wasn't healthy. As much as I wanted to win my bet I wished they both would just tell they liked each other already.

Maybe I could call Blake again and tell him to say something or leave my sister alone because he was making her sick. I'm sure that would get his head out of his ass.

It amazed me that those two were so stupid as to not realized they were both crazy about each other.

And that made me think about Vanessa again...

Were we blind like those two?

I shrugged and said "There's not even a point in arguing on this"

That made my sister laugh "You're cute"

Yes cute is so the thing I'm aiming for today.

Cute was for ponies! Cute was for little Nintendo DS games with the princess you could dress up!

I didn't want to be a fucking princess to dress up!

Alright something was definitely going haywire with my brain...

I had to see Vanessa...

"Is... she... she's going to be there at school today right?" I mumbled to Lexi.

I hate looking and sounding pathetic like this but pride had no room today!

Hopefully Lexi didn't make an annoying comment because otherwise I would have gladly thrown one back at her

"Yes, but just in the afternoon and she's going to be with the people that will be in the show helping them and giving them advice. Oh and we're going to that show by the way. It's Saturday night. Anyway, she's going to eat at her grandparents and then she's coming over. Around seven thirty maybe." She told me while I listen carefully.

Alright so show on Saturday, no problem. And she would be at school... after class too?

I had practice tonight... Well practice or no practice I didn't care I was going to see her there.

Because I knew how things would go. When she would come here her and Lexi would talk. And that

was completely okay and normal because they were best friends and they should want to talk together.

But I wanted to talk with her too. And I wanted to do it today, right now as soon as I could.

I wasn't losing more time.

"So she's going to be at the school in the afternoon?" I asked Lexi, to be sure again.

She nodded to me "Yes" but frowned "Are you going to go all stalker on her?"

I frowned at her too "That's my business"

"Just let her breath for two second alright? I know you missed her and you want to see her but don't smother her alright? You know how she is, if you do that you're doomed and then you guys will only argue and all of this will have been done for nothing"

This time I was scowling a little "I'm going to do whatever the beep I want!"

Alright yes I was being overdramatic but I didn't want to only fight with Vanessa. We could fight I

didn't mind I was use to it, it was amusing actually, but not JUST fight.

That day at school felt pretty darn freaking long. School sucked. Major balls. Even more today. Today school was like a cheap fifty year old hoe with no teeth left. But she made more money because of that.

Anyway ya point being, school sucked.

I had no idea if Vanessa had arrived at the beginning of the day or if she arrived only at the end. I was thinking about what I would tell her and picturing how she would look and... I was thinking way too much for my own good, too much neuron using for something else than finding the way to save the kid in Heavy Rain. And in Heavy Rain all my thinking had made me realize that I had to hide the girl in the fridge to save her.

In this situation thinking was completely unnecessary.

When the bell rang, I all but ran to the art section of our school and then to the auditorium. I opened the door and there were people walking between seat

sections, and other on stage. I grabbed one kid that walked by me by the arm "Where's Vanessa Evans? The blond girl that's here to help?"

"She's back stage" the kid answered looking between my face and my hand around his arm.

Ooops.

I let go of him and walked towards the front stage.

People seemed too busy to notice me. So I jumped up on the stage and then walked slowly, almost like a super spy, minus the cool gadget, towards where the curtains were.

Usually I could have been worried, to know where exactly she was but I didn't even have to look.

I could hear her speaking.

I could hear her voice.

My heart started to beat frantically.

I had always loved her voice. There was something so musical about it... it was almost like... maybe like a violin, almost as if it glided. There was comfort and

joy and a nice feeling that came with the sound of her voice.

I walked to the group where she was talking. She was facing me; the people listening to her had their back to me.

She was explaining them something about their costumes I think.

My heart was doing back flips.

I was tall enough that when I was few feet behind her listening crowd I could see her.

I could SEE her...

There she was, in her golden glory with her sparkling eyes and her warm smile and her pink lips and her perfect figure. She was just the same has when she had left, the same perfect Vanessa that made ever guy drool around and every girl want to tear her hair off.

How could she have hair so blond? How could she have so many pretty freckles? How could she be so beautiful?

I was staring intently at her, rejoicing by that fact, happy to just SEE her, to be able to lay my eyes on her, when she frowned just a little and then her eyes rested on me.

Could eyes make your heart stop? Because I swear mine did for a second.

My breath caught and then she was smiling at me, the warmest smile I had even seen on her face and it took me a whole flucking lot of control to not just push everyone out of the freaking way and grab her by the waist and then drive away with her to Liberty City where I ruled everything. I HAD unlocked everything there was to unlock in that game...

Focus Tyler!

Vanessa kept talking to her little group, her gaze still fixed on me while I had my gaze still fixed on her.

I would pick her up over Nariko in Heavenly Sword anytime and that was saying something...

And then she told her crowd "Well I think that's it for now you can go back to practicing" and while they all

slowly left she stayed there, looking at me while I stayed in my spot looking at her.

"You got even taller since I left..." Vanessa finally whispered.

"You're still just the same..." I answered.

And before I had to say anything her smile became even warmer and she said "I missed you..."

And I told her "You have NO idea how much I missed YOU..."

She took a step closer as I took a deep breath "Really?" she asked

How could she even doubt that?

I just nodded, my eyes unable to stay fix on one spot, roaming all over her, trying to register everything about her, trying to be able to remember everything about her, every detail, everything...

"Well I guess we have some catching up to do then?" she said and she was now standing right in front of me barely a few feet separated us.

I had grown up. Her forehead was at the level of my lips now.

And just like that, without me having to say anything, she rested her hand on my cheek, lifting herself up on her toes a little and I bended my head and I kissed her.

Without having to fight with her, without having to argue.

I just kissed Vanessa, because I loved her and because apparently she too...

Chapter 72

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (67)

Hiha kids!

Okay so I wanted the chapter to be longer and to put some more things into it but I decided to cut it short because I know you guys have been waiting for a while and I'll try to have the next one sooner!

Anyway sorry for the long wait but I needed the week of rest! lol

Plus I had to work today. And I keep getting sidetracked. lol

Oh and I think the general word for Tyler's POV is "Awwwww" Haha! Love you guys, thanks for all the

support and all the comments, it really means A LOT!!! :DDD

So think that's it... oh! Few of you guys asked for pictures of the characters and I guess you didn't see it in my about me, but here's a link! :P

http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=293463138226&ref=ts

Anyway, obviously no one ever reads these cause I keep repeating myself all the time so I won't lose any more of your time and I'll let you read on! lol ;P

Read, enjoy vote and comment! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In about three seconds I would just grab Blake by the shirt and kiss the crap out of him.

This would probably really help the whole "liking Blake and showing it to him" deal. Not that it was something I had been planning on doing today or anytime soon for that matter, since I just beginning to realize it myself, but the dimple smile and the "something other than school" just had my heart beat

backwards and damn it I liked the boy sitting beside me...

Wow, control much Lexi?

It was yet again another of those look away and try not hyperventilating moment. I was having more and more of those lately, but really who could blame me after seeing Blake? After seeing and KNOWING Blake because the knowing made me swoon more. Heck if it hadn't been for the knowing there wouldn't even be any swooning. I would still despise him.

How pitiful would that be, because as much as all those feelings had my head spinning I wouldn't trade this for the world. I wouldn't trade the constant over-thinking if it meant no Blake...

"Well you can pick what well do as long as the mental images can stay far FAR away from my brain..." I trailed and shuddered a bit.

Yuck yuck yuck yuck!

"You know you're going to be scarred for life right? It's always going to be there waiting for the worst moment to pop in you mind" Blake started to rant

smirking like an idiot and hitting or not-hitting the driver rule, I punched Blake on the shoulder.

"You know what? Shut up! And you're going to have the mental image too-" I said but Blake stopped me.

"But it's not my brother and my best friend!" he smirked even wider

"Again Blake! SHUT UP! And what the hell were you thinking taking them in picture!?" I hissed.

"I'm going to use it to black mail him if he ever feels like filling my gym locker with tampons again!"

"Well you better not be posting that everywhere!"

"Please, if you think I'd really put it on Facebook you clearly don't know me" Blake said rolling his eyes at me.

Actually, I had kind of figured he wouldn't do that. Blake wasn't a jerk, whatever I had been led to believe before. He wasn't a mean person.

"I know, I just wanted you to know I don't ever want to see that picture appear in an email or something

and I would really love if we could just change subject. Like REALLY. Please?" I asked.

"Anything for you Pumpkin" Blake chuckled and I just stared at him like the idiot I was, thinking again about how soft his lips would be against mine if I kissed him right now...

"So... what are we doing?" I finally asked Blake looking away and clearing my throat a little.

"Well I had been planning on trying to choke a confession out of Josh tonight so you could always accompany me."

"Alright that sounds entertaining" I chuckled.

We kept driving for a little while, just listening to the music when Blake suddenly said "Hey! Did you know your brother reads Edgar Allan Poe?"

"What do you mean?" I asked frowning.

So Blake said "Look!" showing me his iPhone and pointing at something and stupid me I looked and there it was again, the mental image I didn't want, materialized on the screen.

"WHAT THE HELL BLAKE!?" I screamed slapping his hand and the phone away from me, far away from me.

Out of my head image OUT OF MY HEAD!

Blake was laughing hysterically beside me "Didn't you see on his table "Edgar Tales of Mystery and Madness"?"

"What's WRONG with you?" I just screamed, hiding my face I my palms.

Crap crap crap crap.

"Hey that should make you happy, that your brother is expending his personal culture. It's a GOOD thing" Blake said and I could clearly hear the smirk in his voice.

"Seeing that picture definitely DIDN'T make me happy" I whined

"Well it definitely amused me" Blake roared with laugher.

I pouted at him, crossing my arms over my chest "You're an ass"

"But you still love me no matter what!"

"No, no, I'm pretty sure I don't!"

"Aww honey, please don't be like this. Don't be mad, I'm sure there's a way we can deal with this so I don't have to sleep on the couch tonight." Blake said with an amused half smile.

"Oh you're SO sleeping on the couch!" I scowled at him a little, poking him in the ribs.

He was about to tell me something back but something seemed to have caught his attention because he frowned and then fully smiled and turned the volume of the radio up and started to sing with Marvin Gaye "Listen baby, ain't no moutain high, ain't no valley low, ain't no river wiiiide enough baby..."

And because I loved old song, because I loved this song and because honestly was I ever truly mad at Blake? I sang the girl part with him "If you need me call me, no matter where you are, no matter how far"

And then we kept driving to Josh place, singing along with the song louder and louder like two morons.

When we got to his apartment, I specifically told Blake that I was NOT touching the door, which seemed to amuse him just a little bit.

But as we walked up the stairs to get to the studio I worried for a second "Hmm, Blake? Does Josh know we're going to come over? He could have company or something..."

I wasn't going to mention that walking on someone again wasn't part of my plan tonight but Blake seemed to understand because he held his laugh "Don't worry the only girl that could be here is catholic school Claire and with the little stunt he did to her the other day I think she'll be going for a pilgrimage for a few days... or months."

"Alright..." I was scared to ask why "But what about the girl you think he likes, couldn't SHE be there?"

"No, if there was a chance of us walking on them" Blake smirked at that one and I fought to not have the mental images again "he would have bragged about it earlier or I would have least know about the girl. This is an unrequited kind of thing, I'm pretty sure of it. Or she just wants a green card and he

doesn't want to involve too much people in that little scheme."

As he was explaining this, Blake had opened the lock of the metals gate and was opening the big double doors that led to the inside of Josh's studio.

"Honey, I'm home!" Blake screamed using a girly voice and I burst laughing

But aside from my laugh there was no answer.

"Looks like he's not there..." I trailed.

"Maybe he's in his Mad House" Blake answered and walked out of the studio and I followed him a little confused.

"Mad House?"

"Ya where he does all his work, you know usually he's not rebuilding the inside of his apartment, he actually has a working environment other than his walls and the street signs" Blake smirked and after walking into a little corridor we were in front of double doors that looked just like the ones to his apartment, big metal containers kind of things.

When he opened those, I immediately saw there was someone because there was a guy with a welding mask, Josh, in the middle of the place, welding of course.

"Don't look directly at the flame" Blake told me and I rolled my eyes at him. Of course, like I was stupid enough to do that. I might seem and sound dumb these days but I wasn't a complete idiot just yet.

Josh must have heard us come in because he stopped the flame and took his mask off.

"Guys I'm fucking sick of this." he started to say and I frowned looking at Blake, confused for a second but Blake just shook his head at me, the "don't ask question Josh is a freak show" kind of thing.

And obviously Josh went on with his little rant "I'm almost 20 and haven't been able to score a better job than a fucking cook at a local fast food joint. What makes it worse is that I live in a small town so business is pretty limited, and where I work is the only place that'll hire high school graduates. I'd get the hell out of this town if I could actually drive too, but I've failed every damn test I've ever taken. I'm

socially awkward, even my only other co-worker fucking hates my guts. I have repressed lust for one of my best friends too; she's athletic, smart, and a gorgeous southern belle. I love her. You know what it's like; I've been friend zoned real hard. She's my only best friend besides this one kid, who I'm pretty sure is only hanging around me because he is mentally challenged. I guess he's the only one that can tolerate me. And what makes this all worse is that I live in a fucking pineapple under the sea!"

I burst laughing like an idiot at the end.

"Spongebob? Really?" I asked, still laughing while Blake was just shaking his head and Josh was grinning like an idiot.

"His life is sad when you see it that way" Josh said

"Totally" I agreed.

"So? What's up? Did you guys come down here to ask me to be the godfather to your child?" Josh grinned, taking off his gloves.

"Please we're not going to let you anywhere near our child" Blake said, smirking.

"Aww too bad I would have spoiled that kid!" Josh grinned even wider.

I rolled my eyes at both of them.

Idiots.

"So what are you working on?" I asked, changing the subject looking at whatever it is he was working on.

It didn't look like anything just yet. It was just piece of metal weld together. Aluminum obviously.

"Don't know yet, maybe a giant dragon that we could fly! Wouldn't that be AWE-SOME!" Josh beamed as he started to walk towards us.

Blake rolled his eyes "Yes of course Josh and once we reach Lalaland maybe the Munchkins can do a little dance for us"

"If you're here to be my own personal party pooper, it's fine, I already have a split personality in my head that does that job" Josh answered him, while walking pass us and out of the room.

Blake smirked and turned, following him, so I followed his lead "No we just came here for the

entertainment; Lexi has some disturbing mental images she's trying to get rid of"

I glared at him.

Jerk.

Nice going, bringing that up over and over again.

Little bitch.

"Then she's at the wrong place! You're the founder of Disturbing Mental Images club and I joined it for the free donuts!" Josh grinned

"Well speaking of free donuts I'm starving so anything to offer? Blake told him, patting his stomach for emphasis.

Josh stopped dead in his track and looked back at us, making a little squealing sound, covering his mouth and using a high pitch hysterical voice he said "I'm... a little hurt right now... I feel... used!"

And I couldn't really do anything about it; I started laughing.

"Dude you're such a girl" Blake sighed, holding his forehead with his palm.

"And that's a good enough reason to USE me that way! You should be AASHAAMEE of yourselves!" Josh kept weeping, and I kept laughing.

Two morons together, that's what they were.

"Come on Josh, just make something to eat and we'll make you the godmother" I told him between laughs.

"I want sign papers of that!" Josh immediately answered, grinning, in his normal voice and we all headed into the kitchen.

I had no clue how I had gotten myself into this but I was now sitting in the back of Blake's Escalade beside the big black bag.

There wasn't a sedated whore like Blake had told me a little while back that was in it. Nope. It was paint spray.

"Can she run fast?" Josh asked Blake.

Oh god. What had I gotten myself into again?

"Ya" Blake simply answered, his eyes fixed on the road.

"Enough to keep up with us?"

I could see the little smile forming on Blake's lips through the inside mirror "When she's angry I think she can ALMOST outrun me."

Josh turned his body around to look at me. "Well I hope for your sake that you get pretty pissed off when you have a hungry Rottweiler on your tail"

Okay seriously, what the hell had I gotten myself into?

"Because there's a chance that I'll have hungry Rottweiler running after me?" I asked my eyes bulging.

Both of the boys laughed. But for some reason, I didn't find this quite amusing.

"You have to be prepared for every scenario. Hungry Rottweiler. Pissed off ninety year old lady with a shot gun. Cops with low blood sugar. Kids on speed that think we have Meth to sell them. Terminators out to kill us." Josh rant, grinning like a psychopath.

But my head had stopped on one word "Terminator fan?"

"Hasta la vista yeah! Look!" Josh beamed and then he turned back around, hit the inside light in the car, because yes it was already getting dark, and started to rise the sleeve of his t-shirt and there on his shoulder was a tattoo that scaringly looked like a Terminator endo skeleton.

Like scaringly awesome kind of thing, looking like the flesh was being ripped all around the metal skeleton.

"Oh my god! That's got to be one of the awesomest thing ever!" I gasped.

"Right? One of my artist friends did it for me. Continues on my shoulder blade too." He answered and dropped the sleeve.

"But you know you won't fool a Terminator with that right?" I informed him.

"Ya I'm aware of that!"

"Good thing they aren't running everywhere just yet!" Blake chuckled, and I just knew he was rolling his eyes right now.

Josh was shaking his head in protest "Please! Ever taken a good look at Angelina Jolie? Her facial bone structure just SCREAMS endo-skeleton. Who knows, maybe she IS a cyborg working for Skynet... and I mean the girl is pretty much all pimped up, plastic and silicon and shit... ya that's definitely a new theory of mine, Angelina Jolie is a Terminator."

"I'm with him on that one!" I nodded and Blake looked straight at me through the mirror and stuck his tongue out at me.

"You two shouldn't hang together too much" he then said.

"Please, you're the one being boring." Josh said and then I added, peeking my head between their two seats and looking left at Blake "Actually I think I'm going to start hanging out with Josh." And then I turned my head and looked right at Josh "Can I trade Blake for you?"

Josh grinned "Of course you can. And I mean who wouldn't? I'm so much more fun than Blake!"

"Sorry you can't do that. I have dibbs on you woman!" Blake smirked at me pushing my head back to the back of the car.

I punched him on the shoulder "Oh please!" I answered rolling my eyes even though in a sick way I kinda liked the sound of that.

"Again, sorry but it's just the way things worked. You can't get out of it. I called dibbs on you, you're all mine now" Blake smirked even wider through the mirror.

"Okay, none of this while I'm here please, we're forgetting the main purpose of this!" Josh interrupted.

"Which is?" I asked, falling back deep into my seat.

"Find a muthaeffing huge sign that we could do some nice damage on. Something not too high or hard though since you're a newbie" Josh explained.

"And why have I accepted this again?"

"You haven't, we dragged you" Blake simply said.

"That's what I'll tell the cops with low blood sugar when they arrest us" I answered.

"Won't work with the Rottweiler's though" Josh snorted.

I rolled my eyes at him even though he couldn't see it and it was silent for a few seconds in the car.

"I wouldn't want to be the girl in the middle, or the one at the end. The Asian dude in front as it easy. But ya, definitely not stocked in the middle. And I wouldn't want to go for a walk outside, keep a little dignity ya know?" Josh suddenly blurred.

What the?

"Hmm... what is he talking about?" I asked.

"Human Centipede" Blake sighed. He had that discouraged tone again.

"One hundred percent medically accurate! How effing more creepy can things get! Sewing people up to make them Siamese twins, connecting their digestive system, from the asshole of one through the

mouth of the other!" Josh explained and he actually seemed to enjoy this while I was getting creeped out.

That was SO disgusting!

"EWW! Eww eww eww!" I complained, covering my face

"And you ain't even seen it!" Josh beamed.

"You're disgusting" I simply stated.

Josh ignored that "Want another freaky movie to watch?"

That was a movie? What the hell?

"No thanks!"

Of course Josh didn't take my answer into consideration because he went on "Splice! Now THAT'S one hell of a movie! Genetic snitzel. They mix human genes with animals, scorpions is probably in the batch cause the thing as a stinger! Anyway it SORTA looks human, a chick, of course, why am I sure it's a dude's idea? I'll have to google it... point being, it's a couple that made her/it, hot by the way, and the thing grows and it falls in love with the dude

the dude BANGS the genetic modified scorpion slash human slash grasshopper, that's corrupting the samples right there, and then his girlfriend walks on them! Typical! But that's not even the worse! The thing changes sex! And then it rapes the girl! Can it get more fucked up? YES! The thing impregnated the girl! Yes you effing heard me! Talk about two scientists being screwed by their experiment Can it get more effing AWE-SOME!" Josh ranted, with way too much enthusiasm.

"Josh you are sick and I am never watching this movie..." I told him, for a moment a little worried for his mental health.

"Well you should, for personally culture and all."

I tried to not shudder in disgust.

What kind of movies did he watch?

"Don't worry Pumpkin" Blake said in a reassuring tone "I won't let the mean man force you to watch Splice. Or Human Centipede. Or Lesbian Vampire Killers."

"Or its sequel Gay Werewolf Killers" Josh added.

Blake snorted "There's not going to be a sequel!"

Josh snorted too "There is!"

"Not. There is not, is what you were supposed to say"

"I'm kicking you out of the car if you keep being such a pansy!"

"I'm driving and it's my car"

"No those aren't suitable reasons..."

"Boys stop arguing. I'm not watching your perverted movies, simple as that" I interrupted them.

"Well you're the one missing out. And don't worry, we'll make you watch them. You'll actually enjoy them!" Josh said and then started to do a mischievous laugh.

Again, what had I gotten myself into?

Weren't we here to choke a confession out of Josh? Where was the choking? I didn't see any choking!

Before I could say something back or slap him on the back of the head Blake hit the brake fast making me

almost fall off my seat if it hadn't been for the seatbelt.

"What the hell!" Josh exclaimed.

"Lexi, look at that sign" Blake said, his voice flat pointing to a big sign on our right.

It was a house agent adds.

"Is that..." Blake trailed, his voice low

"Ya..." I answered faintly.

"Wait wait wait! I'm lost here? Who the hell is this guy?" Josh asked.

I took a big breath "That's my mother's boyfriend"

"Well hell! We got ourselves a sign to corrupt!" Josh said happily.

"No. I don't... It wouldn't... There's no point. And I don't care about this anymore. I don't wanna be bitter" I said faintly, not speaking to anyone really.

For a second I wished for this day to end. Seriously how many more wrong things would I see or hear today?

The silence kept filling the car as Blake started to drive again.

"Pathology is a good movie too..." Josh finally trailed and I smiled a little and Blake just sighed in discouragement.

Chapter 73

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (68)

I'M TIIIIIREEED! [runs around room]

I lack coordination in the typing skill deal squiggly woot woot cheese.

I lack hmm.. what's the word? I lack... sense? I lack... ya that?

New chapter. Hope you enjoy it. The writer is DOWN!

Thanks you guys for all the support, the vote the comments, everythiiing I LOOOVE YOU (and no I am NOT drunk)

You guys rock! You're the best! I might not say it enough but I keep on writing because of you,

otherwise this story never would have gone that long. I would have gotten tired of it a long time ago. So THANKS! Because I actually like where this is going! lol

Anyway hope you enjoy this! :D

I'm going to sleep.

I'm a little hungry though. Lunch time? (It's 10h30 AM. I still haven't gone to sleep yet. LOL)

It's probably full of mistakes but I'm sure you'll forgive me right? ;P

Read and enjoy! :D

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"There's no way in hell I'm doing this!" I told Josh for the twentieth time.

"Come on! We'll put a really thick wool blanket over the barbed wires and you won't hurt yourself when you climb up"

"Nah ha! Forget about it" I pouted, crossing my arms over my chest.

Blake had gone god knows where to "take care of the security cameras" and now I was left alone with Josh who wanted me to climb over the fence, with barbed wires on top and then open it from the other side.

No way in effing hell!

"Come on! Don't you have any sense of pride?" Josh grinned.

"No not at all, but I do have common sense and common scene is telling me you're an IDIOT!"

"If you do it I'll let you ride my dragon!" Josh grinned even wider, lighting his face by placing the flashlight under it making him look creepy.

I rolled my eyes "Ride your own dragon!"

Josh burst laughing but didn't say anything in return because we saw Blake coming back.

"So you took care of it?" Josh yelled.

I wanted to cover his mouth with my palm. Why did he have to be loud? I mean did he WANT us to get into trouble? If he got us arrested I would murder him!

"Yes, I mooned the camera and then threw rocks at it, screaming like an old lady. That's what you usually do right?" Blake smirked, walking up to us.

Josh faked tears "My little boy is growing into a man!"

"You really are a girl Josh!" I stated, getting a little annoyed.

It was probably the whole being scared shitless of getting caught that made me so tense.

"Ya well you're a girl too for not wanting to climb up the fence!" Josh pouted.

"Hmm... That's not really an insult Josh. I'm kind of a girl, you know?" I informed him.

Josh frowned "Blake, take notes, I need to find insults for girls alright?"

Blake just sighed in discouragement.

"So? What's going on now? Because I'm NOT" I narrowed my eyes at Josh at that part "climbing over the fence and over the barbed wires"

"Why the hell would you do that? We just need to walk around, over there" Blake snorted, pointing back to where he came from and Josh got into a fist of laughter at my shocked expression.

DUMBASS!

I kicked Josh's ass. Literally. And then I lined a bunch of profanities at him, while he just laughed more.

"I don't enjoy his presence anymore Blake. I think I'm going to switch back to you" I whined and Blake's face shone with a smug grin.

"Don't say that out loud! You want him to stalk you more than he already does?" Josh warned as the three of us made our way towards where Blake had just came from, while Blake dragged the big black bag on his back.

It was dark but there were city lights around lighting us, so the flashlights weren't essential. We were in what looked like an old industrial place. There was a passing rode close by so people would see the sign but the buildings around were abandoned, the windows broken at some places, or covered with

wood boards. The place just screamed horror movie setting.

"But she stalks me too so I'm not THAT pathetic" Blake pointed out, switching the bag to his other shoulder.

Josh started to walk faster, leading the way and I caught up with Blake, walking by his side "Alright then, you're both pathetic. Better?"

"But at least WE admit it" Blake smirked.

Fine, don't include me in the conversation, I thought. Why did they keep doing that? That was almost as annoying as when they spoke a foreign language. Almost.

Josh stopped walking and turned around, pointing the flashlight straight to his face, blinding the both of us and Blake covered his eyes with his forearm.

"Lower that down dumbass!" Blake hissed but Josh didn't move.

"What was that supposed to mean?" Josh just asked, his voice sounding worried.

"That means stop blinding me with your god darn flashlight!" Blake growled.

"I meant the part before!" Josh almost whined.

Blake sounded confused when he talked again "The admitting thing?"

"What are you implying? This was directed towards me to make me feel bad about myself because I'm not admitting something right?" Josh asked finally lowering the flashlight and then looked between the two of us worriedly "What are you two on about?"

"Josh stop being so thick! Who's the girl you like!" I just blurred. I didn't like standing here, motionless in the middle of nowhere, when some hungry Rottweiler could run after us.

Josh narrowed his eyes at us "Oh so that's the only reason why you took me out tonight right? Let's make fun of good'old Josh to make ourselves feel better. We don't ALL need to be in love" he said wiggling the flashlight between me and Blake.

Did that meant what I think it meant?

Blake smirked "It's a hooker right?"

"Miss PUSS!" Josh whined "How many times do I have to tell YOU! Miss Puss is my only love! And the hot chick in the Ring that kills everyone. I like her nice hairstyle." he added thoughtfully.

"Aww Josh come on! You're no fun!" I informed him.

Josh pointed me "Don't mess with me! I'm dangerous! I killed my Tamagotchi!"

Blake shook his head beside me, making a clicking sound with the side of his cheek "You didn't even have one!"

"You know what Blake? Talk to the hand!"

That just made Blake and I burst laughing.

"Look, just the way you're reacting right now means there's a girl. And you obviously need to talk about it." I smirked a little too.

"I don't enjoy it when you two team up against me!"

"Come on, blur it out Josh!" Blake urged but Josh just turned around and walked towards the sign.

We followed him and Blake called after him "Was it the girl you kept telling me to look at and that I missed the other day"

"No, I have a "Don't go out with a girl that has a family member that died right after saying "Hey y'all watch this!" policy" Josh yelled back, not turning his head

I frowned looking over at Blake confused "Trailer trash kind of girl" he just mouthed and I went "Ooooh" but silently too.

"You know what scratch that, it would be AWE-SOME to have someone die that way!" Josh went on, still walking, ignoring us.

"Come on Josh, spill the juice. We know you want to!"

"I have nothing clever and witty to reply to you guys so I'm just going to go on and ignore you but you both can keep on watching me. I might do a trick."

"Josh is cute when he's all full of love feelings" I told Blake in a mocking voice.

"I know right. Just wait he's going to start forwarding us emails with stories of dudes taking their helmet off to save the girl instead of just cutting the engine to stop the motorcycle because it says that if he does the girl he likes will dance for him on Toccata and Fugue in D minor"

"The creepy organ song?" I asked.

"Ya Josh has creepy fantasies" Blake laughed mischievously.

Josh abruptly turned around, pointing us and then started to rant really REALLY fast without taking a breath "Look okay, I just. I had seen her many times but saw she was younger than me and I shouldn't go after her, so I just ignored her because I'm smooth that way, but she was still hot but I put her in the "enjoy form a distance" category. But the other day, I was in the bathroom washing my hands, the dude bathroom, I would like to point this out, and she walked in, said she couldn't care to wait to go in the ladies one because all the girls seem to have the need to take a crap on there and she was in a hurry and next thing I knew I was making out with her. Making

out with strangers in bathrooms. I felt like Blake." He grinned smugly at that one "Anyway, I gave her my number but she never called. I don't even know her name. It doesn't matter though. I'm just going to go on with my life. S'not like I'm a love sick puppy who can't move on. I don't even know the girl. I mean she kisses REALLY well... but I don't even know her name, so no point really."

"Do you want a hug Josh?" Blake offered, a tiny smirk at the corner of his mouth appearing.

Josh glared "How about a nice cup of shut the fuck up."

Blake chuckled "Aww come on! You ALWAYS make fun of me! It's MY turn!"

"Doesn't work that way. It's a one way thing. I can make fun of you but you can't of me. I'm too awesome. But you're not enough"

Blake just shook his head slightly.

"Anyway! We're here to freaking vandalize public properties. Not talk about my feelings! Feelings are for wusses. Feelings are for you Blake"

Blake groaned "Thanks"

"Anytime!" Josh answered with a grin.

The sign that the boys had finally chosen to give a nice "make-over" was an assurance add. After a lot less than an hour, they were quite efficient when they worked together and didn't argue, it now looked like a condom add.

"How does it LOOK?" Josh screamed again.

"It awesome, simply AWE-SOME, now please, LET'S GO!" I begged.

I had heard at least three cops' sirens drive on the main road close by. And I REALLY didn't want to go for a ride in their car.

I had stayed down, while the boys had climbed up, to stand guard, but the truth is I would have just been useless up there. They knew what they were doing. I wouldn't have.

"You sure it doesn't need a little-" Josh went on but I cut him.

"It's perfect, simply stunning, I would marry it if I could, now get down!"

Blake wasn't saying anything; he was just laughing and picking up the stuff, putting it back in the bag, still up beside the sign with Josh. That sign was at least twenty feet high. There was a latter on the side to climb it up.

I had noticed that Blake always seemed quieter when he was with Josh. Why was that?

"Well now that our work is done, there is no reason to live anymore." Josh yelled.

"Yes, our purpose is now achieved. Life holds no meaning now" Blake added dramatically.

I rolled my eyes at them "If you guys want to jump, just do it quickly"

Maybe I shouldn't be saying that. With them you never knew...

"Goodbye cruel world!" they both said at the same time, walking to stand closer by the edge of the sign.

They weren't actually going to jump right?

"Any last words boys?" I asked them.

"Ya." Josh answered "If you force sex on a hooker, is it rape or shoplifting?

"That's a question!" I informed him. A really stupid, but kind of good one.

"That I would like to have the answer to before I die!" Josh added.

"Can't help you, sorry. Blake, any last words?" I asked.

"Yep! Lexi?"

I frowned for a second "What?"

"Rak mak mak"

Before I could ask what the hell Josh slapped Blake on the back of the head so hard it almost made him fall off the sign and I yelped in fright but Josh caught him by the arm before he fell.

Both Blake and I were screaming "what the hell"s at Josh but Josh was screaming "You dumbass!" at Blake.

"What the hell was that for!?" I kept screaming.

"He said something completely inappropriate alright!"

"Shut up Josh" Blake groaned but I ignored it.

"You didn't need to almost KILL him!" I screamed back at Josh.

We were all obviously going to argue more if it hadn't been for the light that came flashing from a distance, but that obviously was coming our way.

Shit! We'd get caught. We were in crap!

DEEP DEEP CRAP!

Blake and Josh were down the sign in light speed and without any word, Blake grabbed my hand and we were all running away to get back to the car and I swear to god I'm sure I heard dogs.

The ride back to Josh apartment was normal, if you defined Josh making a list of his top favourite movies of all time, which all seemed gross and scary and quite frankly hard to believe that someone actually thought about any of those, as normal.

At one point I asked him "Why the hell do you listen to such WEIRD movies? Do all your favourite movies need to have disturbing plot and highly inappropriate sex scenes?"

"You know what? I actually hate sex in the movies. Tried it once, the seat folded up, the drink spilled and that ice, well it really chilled her mood." Josh grinned.

I sighed "Wow!"

"Thanks" he grinned wider.

Blake didn't comment. As usual.

I still wondered about what he had said and that had made Josh almost kill him.

"Are you proud of yourself when you say those little sentences?" I asked Josh.

"Greatly"

I shook my head "You're hopeless."

"Awesome is the word you're looking for Dumbstick"

"Dumbstick?"

"Ya I don't know, I'm getting tired..." he trailed laughing.

"Good thing we've arrived" Blake announced.

"YAY! Alright, I'll let you two party poopers together. Have fun" Josh said as Blake parked in front of his house "Awesome Josh needs some awesome sleep."

"Bye!" I said and then, right before Josh closed his door he turned and look at Blake "Remember kids, it will be sweeter if you wrap your Peter" and he just grinned and closed the door, while I just rolled my eyes and Blake covered his face with his palm.

"Josh freaks me out a bit sometimes" I told Blake while I slipped in front to the passenger seat and Blake started to drive again.

"Tell me about it. So. Eager to get back home?" Blake smirked a little.

"Why thank you for the nice reminder!"

That little bitch, I had completely forgotten about the Tyler Vanessa incident!

Ugh!

NO mental images please!

"And think about how awkward it's going to be when you see them again!" Blake went on, his whole face holding a mischievous edge.

I narrowed my eyes at him "I will punch you" I warned.

"You always do" Blake snorted.

"Oh damn it... I don't wanna go home. Why don't you just drop me off on the side of the road and I'll go for a road trip or something and come back home when Tyler goes to college"

I was actually worried. I mean I kinda had walked on my brother and best friend doing it. What do you say after that? "So you guys had fun?"

"Poor Pumpkin!" Blake laughed "A little traumatized, aren't we?"

"A LITTLE? A whole effing lot actually!"

"Well if you want you can come over to my place. I actually have a home theatre you know. I could make you watch Human Centipede" Blake smirked.

And then my brain went into over thinking mode.

It was almost three in the morning. I was alone in with Blake. He had just offered me to come to his house. At freaking three in the morning. I had spent a good part of the night thinking about just cornering him or something. I liked him. Actually really liked him. But I didn't know if he liked me.

But he had just offered me to come to his house at three in the morning.

And because I didn't want to say goodbye and the night to be over yet, because I wanted to spent almost every waken and unawake hours with Blake and even if I sounded like a goddamn stalker when I said that, I looked at Blake and told him "Fine but we are NOT watching Human Centipede. Unless you pay me."

"Alright, no Human Centipede" Blake laughed and kept driving.

When we got to his house, well scratch that, to his freaking mansion, Blake parked in front and then I

got out and was about to walk to the front door but Blake shook his head at me.

"What?" I asked.

"I don't have the front key. I sort of never come through it that way when I get home late. I'd wake everyone up" Blake explained, while walking towards the side of the house.

"So what? You sleep on the grass?"

"I climb up to my room, I have a balcony you know."

Alright maybe this had been a bad idea. But Blake was sort of my ride home.

For the hundredth time tonight I asked myself "What have I gotten myself into?"

"I'm not climbing up to your room Blake"

"Why not? I climbed up to yours!"

"But you're a fool." I smirked a little.

"That's it! You're the one sleeping on the couch tonight!" Blake smirked and I slapped his arm playfully while he just gave me one of his dimple

smiles and I repeated myself that it was the smart thing to do to not just throw myself at him.

I followed Blake around the house and then we reached a part that was completely covered with windows and there was a portico door in glass.

And there were a few lights inside, shining weakly. And it was a freaking indoor pool.

I tried not to scowl. He had a freaking indoor pool TOO!

"You won't need to climb up my window. Happy?" Blake smirked at me while sliding the door open.

Alright I knew where to go if I wanted to do a break and entering.

"You're aware that I hate you right now. Right? Because this is totally unfair!" I told him, pointing to the pool.

His house was already freaking out of this world and now he had this huge pool that look like those roman bath type of things with every wall around white and there was a mini bar on the side and when I raised

my head I saw that the ceiling was covered in glass so that we could see the stars through it.

Ya I really hated him.

There was a mischiefing glow to Blake eyes before he spoke "Oh just wait. I'm going to give you a good reason to hate me"

And before I could ask what he meant or even frown or roll my eyes, Blake grabbed me around the waist and threw us both into the pool.

When my head resurfaced, gasping for air I automatically lunged at Blake and sunk him down as deep as I could, dunking us both.

That freaking IDIOT!

I yelled that out loud for his benefit, trying not to choke on water.

"You are SUCH an ASS!" I yelled again, not thinking about the fact that it was three in the morning and there were probably people sleeping close by. I hoped this place was soundproof.

Blake was laughing and coughing water and sinking down, and bringing me with him deep under water and I tried to wriggle out of his hold, fighting against him but I had a little "I'm in his arm" swooning moment. A very little one thought. Because the damn prick was kinda almost drowning me after all.

Blake finally let go of me though and I stopped trying to drown him because with his hysterical laughing he could ACTUALLY drown, so I settled on just screaming at him.

"What's wrong with you! You meany mean meaner!"

And then he smirked and said "Je suis mauvais. Je noircirais tes jours avec mes nuits! Car c'en est trop enfin, ton âme est belle et haute et pure, et si je suis méchant, est-ce ta faute?"

And that got me even more pissed "BLAKE! You are SO not using foreign language to get out of trouble! I want a translation and I want it now!"

"Or else?" Blake smirked a little.

"I tickled you until you drown you bastard!"

"Alright alright. I basically said "I'm bad. I'll darken your days with my nights. Your soul is beautiful and pure and I am mean, is it your fault?" I'm quoting Hernani. I quote a lot you know. Around you that is. You won't see me quote Victor Hugo on the football field." Blake explained, a smile forming on his lips and I don't know why maybe he was a big magnet or something but as he had been speaking I had gotten closer to him and now we were barely more than one foot away and I could feel Blake hand tugging on the side of my baggy shirt, even though we were moving in the water, our feet kicking so our head could stay out because we were in the deep section of the pool and our feet didn't touch the bottom.

And what he had just said was beautiful and it was hard to stay mad at him because he had translated, finally, and it was actually nice.

And because I liked Blake.

"That's really what you said, not something about me being an idiot or something?"

"Yes. No lie. Act three, scene four. I wouldn't say you're an idiot. Unobservant, yes. Quick to judge, yes. Overthinker, yes. Idiot, no."

"Why thank you" I say rolling my eyes at him, but my hands were reaching for his shirt too.

I wanted to bring him closer to me, I wanted to press myself into his arms, feel his warmth, feel his lips against mine again. Just being this close to him was almost intoxicating, yet I wanted to be closer and closer.

Blake, Blake, Blake, Blake, Blake.

My mind was completely filled with him.

"You should take it as a compliment, it can be amusing sometimes. Freakishly angering at times, but amusing at others" Blake added and the space between us was smaller and I could feel our legs touching now and then as we kept our head out of the water.

Good thing it was heated.

"I'm going to just ignored it. But I'm not ignoring the other foreign language stunt of the night! What does "Rak mak mak" means!"

Blake smirked widely "Sorry, that one, I'm not telling"

"Obscenity?" I inquired.

"Stupidity" Blake just answered.

"Which language?"

"If you can find it, I'll tell you what it means"

"French?" I tried

"No."

"Spanish?"

"Nope"

"Freakish Chinese!" I groaned, raising my eyes to the ceiling.

Blake laughed "Try again!"

I groaned again "I hate you!"

Blake just smiled "I love you too"

"You know what? I'm going to tell it to you a thousand times that way if it's an insult you'll just finally freaking comply and tell me what it means"

"Well you just go ahead Pumpkin. I'm not the one who is going to stop you!"

"Ugh! Damn you're annoying! You know, with Josh you were actually kinda quiet, and quite frankly not annoying! Why is it you're only not annoying and quiet when Josh's there hmm?"

"Because Josh knows me. He knows who I am, what I think, and I'm myself around him. You know, the lonely artsy kid in his book, that's still me, that's mostly me. Can't really get out of it. I was always a quiet boy when I was younger. When I'm around Josh it just resurfaces I guess"

Oh god... how had we gotten so close. Our nose were almost touching, I could smell his minty breath and now I had no doubt that Blake was holding both of my sides, keeping me close and I wanted to close the distance between us so bad it hurt, actually hurt.

I closed my eyes

Did it hurt him too?

I could close the distance so easily. I could. I wanted to.

But what would happen next? If the feelings weren't reciprocated?

Even if they were, I could be patient. I wanted to do things right with Blake. I cared that much about him that I if we ever had a chance together, if he could ever just like me, just a little, and if there could ever be anything between us, I wanted to do it right. I didn't want to regret things and I didn't want to rush anything.

Blake was that important.

So I opened my eyes again, and swam away from Blake, his hands softly letting go of me and then I hoist myself out of the pool while Blake just stayed at the exact same spot.

I turned around and looked at him "I don't intentionally want to have you bring up innuendos, but you got me all wet again you asshole" I said, my voice playful.

Blake laughed, but smiled back, a real genuine smile.

Why was he so beautiful?

"Check beside the door, there might be a bag there" Blake said and I did has he asked frowning. There was indeed a bag, sport bag kind of thing, so I set it on one of the chairs.

"Just open it, there's clothes in it, if you want to dry yours" Blake explained.

I looked quickly and took basketball kind of shorts a big Reebok green hoodie with a yellow strip on each side, out of the bag but then just stood there.

"Where do I change?" I frowned, clothes in my hands

"Well right here Pumpkin" Blake just smirked, still staying at the same spot in the pool, looking up at me.

I rolled my eyes "Seriously"

"Just hide behind the bar" Blake laughed, and I narrowed my eyes at him, but did so, because I wasn't going to go walk around the house to find a bathroom.

When I was changed, I hung my jeans and shirt on top of a chair and sat on another one, looking at Blake in the pool, lighten by the stars up in the sky and the few lamps around, marvelling over the fact that I kinda had him all for myself right now. I also enjoyed the fact that his hoodie smelled like him and it smelled GOOD! He was never seeing that hoodie again. Ever. It was mine until the smell wore off. Whether he liked it or not.

I wrapped my arm around my leg and rested my cheek on my knee, my eyes never breaking contact with Blake.

"Well at least I'm glad we're not watching Human Centipede" I chuckled lightly.

"It's a shame, really. It's such an amazing movie"

"If Josh said so, it just has to be" I said sarcastically and Blake laughed.

We were silent again for a while just looking at each other. I don't know why but it felt like we didn't need to say anything. It felt comfortable, just being WITH Blake. We didn't need to do anything.

But I was still over thinking Lexi, and I still had a thousand things bubbling in my mind, still a thousand questions about Blake.

"So Blake? Anything interesting to share with me?"

Blake smirked a little "I got you all wet"

I narrowed his eyes at him "I said INTERESTING"

Blake's face because somewhat serious before he said his next word, his voice low and deep "When I'm with you it's like there are a million things I want to say but all at once, I don't know what to say first how to say it all to you... So it's easier to not say anything"

My eyes bulge, my heart beat faster, my breathing hitched up, and I couldn't tear my gaze away from his.

What did you answer to that? Seriously?

"Is this why you don't answer my questions? Why you're always so evasive on everything?" I asked my voice low too.

"Yes... and well I guess, I'm just not use to "be myself" around people. It's all new to me. I'm use to be the arrogant jerk. Old habits die hard."

My heart swollen at that thought. Blake could actually be himself around me. That made me feel special. It was selfish and self-centered but it was the truth.

I should just throw myself in the water and make out with him right now. Seriously, I deserved a medal for controlling myself like that.

"Well you can pretty much do and say anything you want around me, obviously, but try to keep the foreign language to a strict minimum alright?" I half-smiled.

"Well it's already better than with Jay. Jayden didn't even let me quote anyone. He punched me before I could finish my sentence" Blake said his voice thoughtful and miles away from here.

"You miss him a lot..." I stated in a murmur

"Everyday..." Blake whispered back "Every time something happens, every time Josh and I do

something stupid, every time we travel to a new place... every time I think "Wait till I tell Jay..." and then I remember I won't ever be able to tell him... Because he's not here to listen anymore..."

I swallowed the lump in my throat "I'm so sorry Blake" I whispered back.

I wanted to say "What can I do?" but I knew there really wasn't anything I COULD do...

"I wish I could make it alright for you..." I added.

I wish I could heal you somehow... I wanted to add too. Heal you the way it seems you have healed me from my mom, from my shattered family, from my shattered heart.

Because without even noticing it, without even seeing the changes myself I had come to terms with my family situation, I was living with it now, without feeling bad about it, I was use to it. I woke up everyday and even though things were different I knew they were okay, I knew they would be okay.

I didn't before Blake.

Because it was Blake who made things okay.

"Well you make it better..." Blake whispered, looking me in the eyes.

Oh god...

I wanted him right now. Wanted him.

"As strange at it sounds, you do, in your own unobservant way" Blake smirked a little, but his eyes were still fierce on me "So I'll try to be less evasive on you so you don't murder me"

Indeed, how much have I wanted to murder him for not answering my questions?

"Are you saying I have permission to ask questions?" I beamed.

Blake laughed "Yes"

I almost clapped my hands together "Tell me something no one knows"

He seemed thoughtful for a second "I went to see it twice"

I frowned "What?"

"Twilight. I'm a HUGE fan!"

"Oh I SO knew it!"

"I'm KIDDING!" Blake laughed.

"Oh no you're not! I knew it Blakey-Boy! I knew you had a thing for sparkly things!" I laughed too, pointing him.

"I was joking but if you want to take it seriously I don't mind. You see how cool I am about all of this? Just shows it doesn't affect me because I know the truth and the truth is I'm not a fan"

I pouted "You're no fun!"

"Alright." Blake nodded, swimming closer to the side of the pool, closer to me "I started to paint again"

"Really?"

"Ya..." he half smiled

"Could I see it?"

"Nope! Well not until it's finished" he conceded.

"Will it be finished soon?"

"Not sure. I'm a perfectionist." He smirked a little "Now your turn. Tell me something"

"Oh please this is so not fair! You basically know everything there is to know!" I told him rolling my eyes, but Blake splashed water my way.

"Come on!" he whined.

I tried to think about something. I looked at him again. He was so beautiful. It almost made me want to cry.

And then I blurt it out "I cry sometimes when I read books, but not because it's sad, but because it's just too beautiful. It's weird I don't know why but I get all emotional. Maybe it's the girl hormones or just because it touches me and it's beautiful and I know I'll never find words like that to express how I feel as perfectly as it's written so I cry"

Blake was looking at me with a weird look. Awestruck?

Impossible right?

"Don't ever tell that to Josh, you would never hear the end of it" Blake warned, after a long moment of stare and silence.

"Alright. Speaking of him! I think the confession we got out of him was boring! You sure he really likes that girl?"

"Yes. I can tell by the way he's acting! He's not acting normally."

"Josh acting normally?" I snorted and Blake laughed a little too.

"But he never really liked a girl or had a real girlfriend so it's sort of hard to gage..." Blake trailed.

And then there was a little nagging voice in my head and I just gave in to it.

"Have YOU ever had a real girlfriend?" I asked him, but regretted it instantly.

Shut up Lexi, shut up, SHUT UP! You DON'T want to know!

I SO didn't want to know.

But at the same time...

I did...

Damn it, I did!

Blake took a deep breath before answering "Ya, summer before tenth grade. Went out with her for a month and a half. But... it just wasn't meant you know? Don't want to say it was a mistake, but it... we were just not..." he trailed.

"You loved her?"

This would hurt. I could almost already feel it.

"Not enough" he just answered.

But he did love her.

That hurt.

But I had done this to myself. I was curious. I had to live with it.

"Do I know her?" I asked.

Stop pushing Lexi, just STOP!

"No, not really" Blake frowned. "But you know, it's like you said about Alex. She's my friend, and will

always be that, nothing more. That's what she always was and always was supposed to be"

Ya but was she lesbian? That would prevent me from having to track her down. Though this was ridiculous. I wasn't even going out with Blake! I was stopping myself from kissing him or anything! Why should it bother me! It shouldn't. It was in the past. I had a past too. A gay past but still one. Blake could have his too.

I wanted to ask more questions, hear him talk longer in that deep voice of his, that made strange things to my stomach, I wanted to keep talking forever, but the door on the house side of the room opened revealing a tired looking Anita

"I thought I hear sound" she trailed, rubbing her eyes.

"Oh sorry for waking you up!" Blake said, getting out of the pool in one quick pull.

She looked between the two of us, a smile forming on her lips "It's fine, don't worry little mister" she said

with her cute accent and just turned around and left us there.

Blake just stood there, frowning like me and then we looked at each other and burst laughing.

"Ya we need to go to sleep now" I told him raising both my eyebrows, snorting a little.

"I agree. Plus you're dad might be worried..." he trailed.

Dad!

Ooops...

"Come on, I'll drive you home" Blake said, reaching for my hand with his own and I placed it automatically in it, smiling at him.

Chapter 74

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (69)

Note to self : Dentist appointment.

Kids... wisdom tooth... they fucking hurt! -_-

So I'm just going to go ahead and say forget me for a few days. I'm going to sleep till I have those big bed wounds type of thingies? Ya till that.

Oh and to those who didn't see the message, so it's fair for you, Blake doesn't have cancer. Happy? lol

So again thanks for all the comments guys! I luuuurveeeee yooouuu! Mouhahaha

And now I'm going to go sleep... because my legs feel numb and I'm a little dizzy. Good sign? I think not. Oh

plus that stupid wisdom tooth hurt. I think I'm going to do like my brother and just pull it out with the vice-grip. Because yes my brother did that. While wearing his red dirt bike helmet and watching a football game. Have I ever told you guys I have a crazy brother?

Oh! And the song I put here... okay it was a hard choice. I wanted to put Lykke Li "Little Bit" too... I might put it in another chapter. But you can always look for it. It kept listening to it while writing this chapter! It's quite fitting for our "couple" :P

Also, this is not the best chapter in the history of "I Sold..." but I need a few filling ones like these because there's big things coming soon kids... mouhahahaha

So forgive me if this sucks I'll try to be less suckish in the next ones...

Anyway, before I lose consciousness...

Read and enjoy! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The first thought that crossed my mind when I woke up was "Mmm nice smell..."

I had fallen asleep in Blake's clothes, which, without knowing the context could sound wrong. Actually even with the context it was an itsy tiny bit wrong.

I nuzzled Blake's hoodie for a few minutes, enjoying a little bit more the smell. He was definitely never seeing it again. Or when the smell would wear off. Would there be a way I could ask to have another one after that?

Wow... stalker much?

But it was his own fault. He smelled nice. Way too nice. And I didn't think it was from any cologne or something, so I couldn't go to a perfume shop and try to find it. That was all Blake.

When he had brought me back last night, or more like early morning, his clothes still all wet I might add, he strictly told me I had to sleep and not wake up until it was necessary to get ready for the talent show which was today at seven thirty. Apparently I looked like I needed sleep. I was probably more

keyed up than anything... because I was fighting the urge to just attack him with my lips.

Was there a point where you could, oh I don't know die, or suffocate or something in the likings because of too much sexual tension? Because it wouldn't look good for me if there was.

Because let's face it, I wanted to kiss the crap out of Blake and then more a LOT lately. Shameful really. I used to be so much more not pathetic.

I rolled in my bed, taking another good sniff.

So Blake had offered to come pick me up for the show. Vanessa and I had talked about going the three of us, meaning with Tyler. But that was before yesterday and that was before me walking on them. I hadn't seen anyone after coming back from Blake. Dad was asleep; he obviously trusted me a little too much when it came to Blake. And well Vanessa and Tyler were probably asleep. Well I HOPED they were.

Mental image AWAY!

I smelled Blake hoodie to distract my mind for a second.

Anyway, I didn't want to be alone in a car with the two of them. I would have to deal with all of this at one point, I was more then aware of that, but right now, a ride with Blake sounded much much better.

I turned another time in my bed, snuggling in my pillow. I was still a little tired, even after sleeping all that time, since it was five o'clock already and I had gone to bed directly after getting home.

I thought about just staying here and sleeping for a second, but then sighed and sat up in my bed. I wanted to go for Vanessa, because she had spent time helping the kids in it and she was one of my closest friends and I had promised and everyone would be there, and because of course I wanted to see Blake. Like that last part even needed to be mentioned.

So I got up and then after smelling it for a good ten seconds, took Blake's hoodie off and went to take a shower and get ready for the show.

When I opened my closet to get some clothes I don't know why but I started to go through it metically, getting almost all of my shirts out, finding all my clothes drab.

For one second I actually thought about getting one of my dresses out but then I almost slapped myself.

A dress? REALLY?

Maybe I was going so thoroughly my closet because I didn't want to get out of my room, because getting out of my room meant facing Vanessa and Tyler. And I still didn't want to do that.

Yes I definitely didn't want to face them. And be left alone in a car with them. Which got me thinking that I should tell Blake I did want that ride. So I texted him "So will you pick me up around seven pretty please?" and then went on with the "getting ready" crap.

I dried my hair and decided to flat them.

Seriously, why was I getting into so much trouble?

The real reason made me bite my lips shamefully.

I wanted to make myself all pretty for Blake didn't I? Stupid stupid stupid! Like doing something with myself would make him like me!

Shallow and pathetic. That's what I was becoming. That's what I was!

For one second I thought about just washing my hair again and let it all dry messily like I usually did. But I knew I wouldn't have the time so instead I just put on my skinny jeans and a gray tank top with a comfortable coral red baggy shirt that looked a little bit like a knit and that had a big neck line, almost off the shoulder type of thing, over it.

When I looked at my cell phone, I saw Blake's answer to my text which was "Perfect. And I will be asking for sexual favours as means of payment for driving you around" and I just rolled my eyes and didn't even lose time to answer to that.

And then I walked out of my room. I actually peeked my head out of the door and looked around.

Wow!

I felt a little stupid. I mean I shouldn't be the one feeling ashamed right? THEY were the ones who had been walked in on. They should be feeling awkward. Not me! Why did I have to suffer because I had

walked on my sixteen year old little brother and my best friend since first grade having sex in the said little brother's room?

Oh crap.

I felt like puking in my mouth a little.

Mental image LEAVE!

I shuddered a bit while walking down the stairs and then headed straight to the kitchen to fix myself something to eat; a grill cheese.

I could hear the television in the living room on, and it was a game of something. But the boys weren't screaming anything at it so it probably wasn't football.

Should I go see them?

Yes act all cool and like nothing happen Lexi, that should take care of the problem, I thought dryly.

Still I took my plate with my food in it and slowly walked to the living room.

Both of the boys' eyes were fixed on the TV. Vanessa wasn't there.

"Where's Vanessa?" I automatically asked.

"She went over to Daphnee's around noon and then she had to go help with the final preparation for the show" Tyler quickly explained, his eyes never diverting from the screen.

Well that's right she had told me, the other night when we had spoke that she wanted to spend time with everyone.

"And she's going to come back to pick you up?" I asked him, looking over to the TV too.

Yes no eye contact. That could take care of the problem.

"Ya... wait? You? You mean you're not coming?" Tyler asked, looking my way, frowning but dropped his gaze automatically.

Oh this is ridiculous!

"Blake offered to pick me up" I trailed but couldn't help but notice the smirk forming on my father's face. "Yes dad? Anything to say?"

"Do YOU have anything to say young lady?" my father asked, raising his eyebrows at me and then I thought about the fact I had gone home at like almost four in the morning.

"Oh ya... Right.... Ooops... Crap..." I started to mumbled but dad just laughed.

Okay SERIOUSLY? He was not worried or anything? What the hell?

"That's ALL you have to say for yourself?" Dad asked again, still amused.

"Hmm well I went out with Josh and Blake and didn't see the time..." I answered quickly purposely saying Blake's name second, to not drawn attention maybe, I was freaking out for nothing I'm sure... right?

"Oh so you were with TWO boys?" dad said, shaking his head in fake disapproval and at that moment I just wanted to dramatically point Tyler and scream "HE HAD SEX WITH VANESSA!" whole teenage-soap drama type of thing to get the attention off of me but restrained myself.

"You know you don't have to worry dad, I didn't do anything stupid..."

Aside from assisting two morons while they vandalized a public property.

"So that means you still aren't dating your gutter-climber?" dad asked me.

I sighed and let myself fall on the empty recliner "No dad I'm not dating Blake, sorry but I don't think you'll win your bet, any of you for that matter"

"Oh trust me kid, I've seen the signs. It's only a question of time" dad smiled proudly at me.

Alright he might have seen that I was being pathetic but what did he know about Blake? Even I, who spend so much time with him and knew so much about him, even I had a hard time comprehending him fully. He was still a mystery for me.

Too much of a mystery to have any chances of going out with him anytime soon... right?

But that's not what my deep inside feelings told me. That's not what my fast beating heart told me either...

I liked Blake... the problem was... did he like me? And was I ready?

"Stop thinking too much kid" dad said, bringing me back to reality "You'll fry your brain at some point"

"Ha ha, thanks" I said, rolling my eyes.

"That could work if she had a brain" Tyler said in his brother mocking voice but then he just looked down like he was ashamed of teasing me.

Yes totally not awkward.

I watched the baseball game with the boys while eating my grill cheese and waiting for Blake to come.

Just like I had asked he arrived around seven. I didn't let him the time to get out of his car and walk in because I just KNEW there would be a mention of the Tyler's incident if he came in, or dad would be asking him question and say something like "When are you going to ask my daughter out so I can win my bet" and that's just something I didn't particularly fancy.

So I slipped in my high tops Reeboks shoes, took my gray purse and after saying bye to everyone, left and walked to Blake's car.

"Missed me?" Blake automatically said, the minute I opened the door.

I rolled my eyes and got in.

His car smelled like his hoodie. I rather enjoyed that.

"You know rolling your eyes isn't an answer right?" Blake smirked and started to drive away.

"Want me to tell you I missed you and can't live two minutes without you Blake?" I said sarcastically.

"Aww come on Pumpkin, say it like you mean it" he smirked at me a little.

When he said that I had a good look at his face and realized he looked tired. REALLY tired. Like he hadn't had any sleep.

"Blake, did you sleep? You look really tired?" I asked him, frowning.

Blake was silent for a few seconds and then took a deep breathe and rubbed his eyes fast.

"Nightmares..." he just trailed and I automatically felt bad.

"Can I do anything..." I whispered even though it was a stupid question.

"How about a good morning kiss?" he said wickedly, pouting his lips, wiggling his eyebrows.

I rolled my eyes, though the thought made the butterflies in my stomach come alive and flap their wings like maniacs "How about a good morning slap?"

Blake smirked "Well well aren't we feisty Miss Grayson? Not a morning person?"

"First of all it's the evening now and no I'm not, but I just think I've become too soft with you. It's time to tie up the notch again" I nodded to myself not sure where I was going with this, just ranting.

I was starting to sound like an idiot. I REALLY should stop being all soft and pathetic though...

Blake eyes shone evilly "When you say tie up the notch you mean Dominatrix type of things? Cause I can totally work with that"

How could Blake go so fast from being all deep and spilling his guts out to being this annoying boy? I might have pushed that a little though.

"You're not funny"

"I'm tired. To me it is"

"You know you don't really have to come to the show, you could always go back home and try to sleep" I trailed.

"No, I have to. Few of dad's students will be there. And I can't leave you all alone now, can I?" Blake smirked a little at me and then after seeing my frowning face he sighed and said "I'll go get myself coffee, I'll be fine, don't worry"

"Well if you feel like you're too tired just say the word alright?" I told him, worried because he really looked tired and almost like he could pass out any moment.

We drove silently and Blake quickly stopped at a coffee shop and then we made our way to school.

"Getting to school on a Saturday. This just feels wrong" Blake said, while walking out of the car, coffee still in hand.

"Tell me about it" I agreed and walked side by side with him to the entrance where there was big poster and stuff to announce it was that way.

I looked around to see which cars were there to know who had arrived.

Everyone seemed here.

At the door, we gave our tickets to kids that were from the school, probably in an after school program that made you enjoy doing this.

Blake was quiet beside me, just yawning now and then and following my lead while I tried to find Daph, Alex, Van and Ty, to know where to sit.

I finally spotted them, Tyler was sitting on the first seat of the row, while Vanessa was standing up

beside him. Talking with someone in the row behind her with Daph and Alex.

"Well you two got here fast" I said to Ty when I stopped in front of the row, to get to seats in the middle. I wanted Blake to sit down.

"Ya Tyler... are you always..." Blake coughed a little, mischievously "precocious like that..."

Tyler was glaring at him.

I closed my eyes in disbelief and slapped Blake's stomach with my hand which he obviously caught in his own.

"Sorry about that..." I just trailed, and then, closing my hand around Blake's, towed him with me, to the seat in the middle.

Vanessa blushed a little when she saw us, but Alex and Daph just happily greeted us while we sat in empty seats.

"So I brought tomatoes in my purse" Daph said, lifting it in emphasis "I hope you are all ready to follow my lead when someone sucks, hmm?"

Van shook her head, holding her chuckled "I don't encourage that"

"Ya it's a waste of good food" Tyler trailed beside her.

Oh so now he agrees with her?

Blake was smirking beside me and when I looked at him raising my eyebrows he mouthed the same thought I just had.

But we didn't really have time to chit chat that much because the lights started to go down and the show was going to start.

First on, were two kids, maybe two years younger than us that were doing a comedy duo. It was okay. Awkward at some part but it could have been worst. Though I saw Daph's hands hitching to take her purse.

Did she really have tomatoes in it?

Probably...

The next one was a bunch of girls from the cheerleading team doing a dance routine. I didn't pay too much attention to them because Blake, who

hadn't let go of my hand since I had slapped him on the stomach, obviously didn't care about their part, so he was trailing his fingers around mine and my palms and it was getting pretty distracting and I was actually having freaking chills from his touch.

"The girl in the middle isn't wearing anything under her skirt" Daph whispered to me, and I could just imagine her smirk "Can I tomato her?"

"She's already tomatoed herself" I answered trying to keep my voice level and not shaky.

I should have just taken my hand out of Blake's.

But there was no way in hell I was doing that.

Next person was a girl from our grade which we didn't hear that much and kept quiet.

"She's one of dad's students" Blake whispered to me.

She played Sia's "I'm in Here" on the piano, and sang.

It was beautiful and she was really great and she got a lot of applause at the end.

And then Luke with his guitar played and sang "One Day" by Jack Savoretti.

He was obviously really good, he always had been, and I wasn't really that angry at him about the whole Stacey incident anymore.

But it made me a little anxious, that song, with Blake beside me when he sang "Maybe one day you will know how hard it is for me to show my heart and all the love running through my soul" especially since he was holding my hand and I don't know why I had the feeling he could just hear my thoughts and know how I felt, how freaking maddening it was to have him run his finger in my palm like that so softly. Seriously, why the hell was it so maddening? It wasn't anything!

So I was pretty glad when he was done.

Next up was a guy playing piano. The first notes of "Für Elise" he started to play I felt Blake tense beside me.

"What?" I mouthed to him.

Why was he freaking out? The guy seemed good.

Blake leaned into my ear and whispered "It's going to be awful, I can feel it"

The proximity of his lips to my skin had my hair stand up.

"He seems just fine" I breathed back and then bit my lips.

I just wanted to kiss him.

"First part is taught to beginners. You know if someone is good with the second one. Not everybody has the dexterity and the right emotions to play it" Blake whispered quickly.

And then I understood what he meant because the guy started what must have been the second part and it was... well not intolerable... but it wasn't super enjoyable to put it kindly.

"I can't listen to this please hide me, this is awful" Blake whispered almost painfully, and then he lifted his legs to his chest, leaning his head towards me, doing a little scene and Daph was laughing beside.

"Want a tomato?" she offered him.

"He's destroying the piano" Blake whined, and he pretty much had his face hidden in my stomach.

I didn't know if I should have been trilled or pissed.

"Blake, Blake, Blake!" I hissed at him, trying not to be too loud to get attention, but he wasn't listening and being an idiot and he was actually freaking trying to hide under my red coral shirt now and I was hissing "What the! HEY!"

I grabbed him by the hair and pulled his face up.

IDIOT!

What the hell was he thinking!?

"You're an idiot! There's a show going on!" I whispered him, but he was just smirking at me.

And our faces were close.

And he smelled good.

"I'm doing the guy a favour" Blake breathed.

Control over your freaking hormones Lexi!

"You were in my shirt!"

"And I'm doing myself a favor" he smirked wider.

"I'm switching places!" I menaced and earned myself a pout.

Daph leaned her head in front to talk with Blake since I was standing in the middle "You can hide in my shirt sexy running back, I won't mind"

"See Pumpkin" Blake said, and gestured to Daph "That's how you should be reacting"

"Hey shut up!" someone said behind us, and Daph actually got up and was about to throw him a tomato but Alex caught her hand, shaking his head and she sat back pouting.

Damn crazy hippie!

I had a hard time registering the rest of the show because Daph was mocking everyone, unhappy obviously since Alex hadn't let her throw the tomato and because the whole Blake trying to get in my shirt incident had my heart still beating frantically.

Seriously who the hell did that? What the hell was wrong with him!?

All the touching and being close to him, it did weird things to me, inside and out. Couldn't things just be clear and freaking simple for once!?

I was glad when the show was finally over and the lights opened.

Chapter 75

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (70)

I feel bad. This is crappy and there's not a lot but I didn't want to make you wait any longer. And I just keep getting distracted or kidnapped by my friends.

Anyway, I'm sure you'll still love me. After all something is better than nothing!

And I'll try to write fast the next part but it's 7h30 AM, still haven't slept and I'm tired. So you get this for the moment. And yes probably full of mistakes; excuse my un-working brain and the fact that English isn't even my first language.

Anyway... the school trip should start in the next chapter, if not in the one after. And then maybe six or

seven chapters and then it's Blake's birthday. But then again, I always suck at guessing those things don't I? lol

So... enjoy this. Kay is TIRED. She wonders why she doesn't just go to sleep at normal hours. She also wonders if those chips beside her are still any good. And how long it would take her hair to all burn up? She has a lot of it. And a lighter close by. Because she's a pyromaniac. Among many things. Kay also wonders if she should go throw ice cream on one of the boys sleeping downstairs to see his shock face when she does. But then she remembers she likes that ice cream.

And Kay will shut up now.

Enjoy! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Daphnee was the first one to get on her feet and automatically she stared daggers at Alex.

"Why the HELL didn't you let me throw tomatoes at THAT DOUCHE!" she yelled, fixing the "douche" in question while saying the last part.

Alex got up too, rolling his eyes, but putting his hand on her purse because it was obvious that it was just hitching her to hit him with it.

"If you hit me with that, you'll ruin it" Alex grinned hugely at her, while I got up, Blake with me.

"And you think I CARE?" she snorted, glaring a little and poked him on the chest "Party pooper!"

"Take deep breaths Daph" I chuckled.

Daphnee sighed, rolling her eyes "Where's Fun-Lexi when I want to throw tomatoes at people?"

"She was too busy drooling over me!" Blake smirked beside me and I elbowed him in the stomach and glared at him a little, mouthing "Jerk"

That just made him smile hugely so I rolled my eyes too and then looked over at Vanessa who was getting up.

"So what exactly DID you do, for this whole show thing I mean?" I asked her, changing the subject before Daph got to worked up, because well for one thing Van hadn't even been back-stage during the

show, plus when she had said yesterday that she was staying late to help she was in fact doing my brother... oh god this is so gross... and well even if I was still trying to fight the mental images, I had to tease her. She was still Vanessa, my best friend since first grade.

Van just looked at me with that little annoyed look of hers, that didn't even need the roll of the eyes to tell you you were a moron "I did a lot of these okay, and it's was actually nice for them to have someone who knew what they were doing and could give them tips..."

She was obviously going to go into a rant, to shut me up maybe, but a teacher came to see her, to congratulate her or something so she turned her attention elsewhere and Blake leaned into my ear to whispered "I hope you know I restrained myself from saying at LEAST five sexual comments on that little rant of hers"

I sighed hugely and slapped his stomach yet again.

"Ouch!" Blake smirked at me, and I just rolled my eyes, as always.

"Hadn't I told you, you could stay home Blake?" a voice rang behind us before we could fight a little more.

Blake's dad.

I swallowed loudly. I mean, yes I had met him before, but I hadn't seen him as much as, let's say, Blake's mom or Anita. And I don't know there was just this "I'm important" vibe around him that made you feel like just staring at the ground when he was there.

Blake turned around and then had this bored look on his face "And miss this AWESOME show?"

His father's looked amused "Now why the sarcasm?"

"Für Elise? Did you hear that? Please tell me that wasn't one of your students?"

"Well no it wasn't but you know what? If you want to have the right to complain maybe you should have just performed yourself"

"I don't play anymore" Blake simply stated.

Somehow, I felt like this was not a new topic.

"And that's a shame because you had talent" his father answered and then obviously dropping the matter looked over at Vanessa who was done speaking with the teacher whatever "Thank you dear for the help you provided to the students, I heard they were very happy to have you around" he told her smiling.

Well it was good to know she HAD actually done something. Other than my brother.

Image mental OUT.

"I should be the one thanking you for working things out with my school and for taking care of everything, you didn't need to" she smiled at him.

"Well it was important for Blake, so it was important for me." he answered and then it obviously looked like he was needed elsewhere, people were trying to talk with him so he just nodded in goodbye and told Blake "Try to sleep tonight son. You need it" and then left.

"Ya Blake, listen to your dad and sleep" I told him, pushing playfully his shoulder with my own while we all got out of the seat row.

Blake just rolled his eyes.

"Well I guess I should be thanking you too then" Vanessa told Blake, which made him smirk.

"You should. I have been rather kind to you. I haven't even posted your nice compromising pictures anywhere. I'm planning on keeping them until you become famous and then ruin your career" Blake told her, his smirk getting wider and wider as he explained.

And Vanessa's eyes bulge wider and wider as he spoke.

And I slapped him on the arm at the end.

"Compromising picture? Ouuu I want to see THOSE!" Daph beamed, her face appearing beside Van's.

"Come on Dada!" Alex said in an exasperate voice behind her and then Daph turned around and swung her purse and hit him right on the head with it.

And there was a definite squishing sound when she did that.

"What the hell's wrong with you?!" Alex whined, rubbing his head, while Daph just opened her purse, to look at the damage probably.

"Hmm, not too bad... I could still have fun with those... Where's did that douche bag go?" she asked, looking up.

"You're starting to scare me a little Daph..." Van snorted, looking at her in disbelief but Daphnee just shrugged and walked towards the exit.

Okay... I was used to Daph weird behaviour but there was obviously something wrong with her, don't know, it was just a feeling kind of thing.

"You guys stay here; I'm going to go talk to her..." I just said and then followed her outside.

I quickly caught up with her.

"If you're here to stop me from having fun I'll punch your boobs" she said and dig in her purse, getting a tomato out.

"I'm not here to stop you" I answered.

"Good" she nodded and opened the purse for me.

I shrugged and took one out who didn't look too much like it had been pre-eaten.

"What's wrong Daph?" I asked her has she looked around the parking lot, obviously trying to find the guy.

"What? Should there be anything wrong?"

"You tell me."

"Nothing's wrong"

"Do I need to tomato you to have you spill it?" I asked, sighing.

Daph sighed too, and then stopped walking, looking down and then looked back up straight into my eyes "Tyler and Vanessa are definitely together now right? And then Alex found his manjunk and it's just a question of time before you hump your running back if hasn't already happened. So that leaves me behind. Alone. The third wheel to everyone. And everything's changing and... and don't say it's stupid to think that

way. I know it's stupid. It's just the way I feel. But tomorrow I'll remember how awesome I am, and I'll go stalk Jeff at his work and beg him to give me the employee discount at the CD store and everything will be perfect again."

Aww... poor Daph. How could I say it was stupid when it actually made total sense?

"I wouldn't have said it's stupid. I understand it. It's completely understandable and it makes a freaking lot of sense. But don't worry, you're definitely not the third wheel. And well, things change at one point... But don't worry alright? Plus me and running-back, not happening... But ya... Tyler and Van... that's... ya that's..." I trailed, clearing my throat a bit.

Mental image out please?

"They totally went craze cat in the front yard, didn't they?" Daph smirked a little and started to walk again, looking around.

"In his bedroom actually..." I trailed, trying not to shudder in disgust.

"Oh my GOD! The compromising picture?"

"Ya..." I answered, dragging the "a".

"Wow. Way to go Van. Don't waste time." she laughed a little but then stopped and pointed a guy that had his back to us "Douchebag right beside the pimped up car"

"Alright so we tomato him and then?"

"And then we run away and hope the two football players that hang with us will protect us if the guy decides to be a bitch about it" she answered me and then threw the tomato right onto his back.

I burst laughing when I saw the guy's shock expression and threw my own and then went "Oh crap" and ran away with Daph.

"Did he follow us?" I asked, trying to look behind.

Bad idea, bad bad bad idea. Why did I have so many lately? Or more like, why did I hang out with so many people with bad ideas lately?

We ran all the way back to the auditorium and headed straight to where a really blond head was standing, hoping she's still be with at least Alex.

That was one of the convenient things about Vanessa. With her blond hair she was easily spotted in a crowded room.

And luckily everyone were still together.

And the guy hadn't followed us.

"What did you guys do?" Alex asked, using his Papa Bear voice.

"We tested gravity. It is true that little object are attracted to bigger, hence, my tomato was drawn to that loser big ego. He failed." Daph smirked.

"Ah Daph I missed you" Vanessa laughed.

"I know I'm amazing. Anyway. What are we doing now? Because it's just nine, the night is young and I would like to have all the juicy details, no pun intended, about you and little Tyler's IceCapades. And by details I mean positions. I hope you remembered that the missionary position isn't worth shit in the means of orgasms right?"

By then I had covered my face with my palms, completely discouraged, Blake was trying to hold his

hysterical laughs, Vanessa was bright red, Alex looked confused and Tyler looked... proud?

"You know I had at least expected you mentioned that little fun fact when you came to see me today" Daph added.

"Well thanks to you for mentioning it now, in front of everyone" Van mumbled.

And Blake seemed to cough his laugh on that one.

"You're too cute," Daph grinned, pinching her cheek. "Alright so soccer field? We haven't done that in AGES." She offered.

Everyone agreed and we made our way to the cars.

Blake looked confused as he walked beside me.

"It's just an old thing we used to do. You know, Van always had wanted to make big concert type of things. So we used to go down to the soccer field close to the Rivers Park and Alex, Daph and I we would sit on the seats around and she would sing for us."

"Private show sort of?"

"Ya. But you know, we would take our turns too and do idiocies for our own parts. But you don't need to come; actually you should go home and sleep." I told him because even if I would have liked to spend more time with him he needed to sleep.

"And miss this? No way." he smirked, unlocking his car doors and even though I should have had argued with him and convinced him to go home I didn't "What did you do? For your part?"

"I threw tomatoes at the audience!" I answered rolling my eyes and got in the car.

"Seriously?"

"Oh I'm dead serious!" I answered him, nodding to myself.

"You're no fun" Blake pouted and then started the car and followed the three other ones to the field.

After a few minutes of silence I finally told him though "Fine... Depending on my mood, sometimes I would do little ballet routine, or I would tell stories I would make up on the spot"

"I wish I had seen that" Blake said, a little smile forming on the corner of his lips.

"Bleh, you didn't miss anything, I made a total fool of myself most of the time"

"One more reason to be there" Blake laughed and I don't know why I just smiled a little.

How would things have been if Blake had been there then? If I had been friends with Blake sooner?

It was funny to try to imagine Blake with us, during all those years.

Blake hadn't been here until fifth grade though. But if he had... if he had been here sooner, his brother might never have died...

What kind of person would Blake have been if his brother hadn't die? A quiet little reader? Playing alone the piano?

I looked over at him then, wondering.

He had been honest with me lately, maybe he would again.

"Blake?" I asked, breaking the silence "Why don't you play piano anymore? You were good at it right? Why did you stop?"

The car was silent for a few seconds. And then he sighed.

"Just because you're hung like a moose doesn't mean you have to do porn" Blake just answered.

I shook my head slightly "Wow, nice metaphor. I've seen that movie by the way"

Blake smiled just a little and kept silent so I didn't say a word either.

And then he started to talk "I was only playing sad pieces. Everything I played, it always sounded depressed. You know my dad he wants me to play so much because he thinks it'll bring me happiness the way playing for him brings him joy and peace. But it just torments me more. What's the use of hearing how crappy I feel? It just makes it worse."

What to say to that? It was so confusing with Blake. I had thought he was feeling a little better now, but deep down, he was still as damaged and sad as that

night at the cemetery he had told me his brother was dead and he should have died instead of him...

And I really wished he could have been with us during those first years, wished he didn't have to feel all this pain now...

Chapter 76

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (71)

Alright new one! YAYYY

Now piss off! LOL

I'm joking guys! Don't cry... now now, don't cry, there's no need to cry sweetie, mommy and daddy still love you... we just can't stand each other anymore so before we kill each other we're going to just stop seeing each other!

EACH OTHER!

Okay ya brain's dead. Cool feeling.

Soooooo, sorry about that! lol

Well just wanted to say that right now in story time it's Saturday and the trip starts on Tuesday but I'm going to try to make the school trip at least start in the next chapter! :P

Oh and also, been doing cleaning in my songs (btw yes I did get the iPod Touch for those of you who didn't know! lol Thanks again for everyone giving me songs! :P) and one of the official songs for this story is "Say What You Will" by Justin Hines. Still haven't gotten around putting it in a chapter video thingy, but will at some point.

Anyway! Hope you enjoy this chapter! Kinda shortish but hey! You guys don't even have the right to complain about the length! Some people upload sort one pages! So shush! ;P

Enjoy!

LOVE YOU GUYS! <3 (and it's in a totally cute way when I say this! ;P)

:D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Alright we're here" Blake said, breaking me from my thinking, the car coming to a stop.

We were parked by the park, and I could see the lights of the other cars in front, coming to a stop too.

I turned my head and looked over at Blake.

Ya he definitely looked tired.

"I'm going to state again that the minute you're too tired you say it and then you go home sleep alright?" I told him while unbuckling my seatbelt.

"Yes m'am" Blake laughed and got out as I got out too.

It was dark outside and the air was chilly. I regretted not bringing a vest or something. Maybe Blake's hoodie. But then again, I had the original nice smelling guy right beside me.

My attention was quickly drawn towards Daph though, who had got out of her car singing and now she was spinning on herself, arms up in the air and almost shouting "Cellophane flowers of yellow and green. Towering over your head. Look for the girl

with the sun in her eyes, and she's gone. Lucy in the sky with diaaaaamonds..."

"And it's official. We lost Dada. She's high" Alex joked, walking towards us.

Tyler and Vanessa who had gotten out of her car were pushing each other teasingly, laughing, smiling and... happy. Finally happy.

And for one second I just looked at them and smiled. This was what I had wanted. I wanted my brother to be happy again. I wanted all his hurt to go away. And I wanted Vanessa to be happy too. And they were.

Daphnee had sprinted in the middle of the field and was now spinning around, making a fool of herself, while Alex, Blake and I were walking towards the field and Van and Ty were following behind, still goofing around.

And I hadn't even realized it but Blake had taken my hand in his.

"So Alex. What's your little act? Because there's two other guys here tonight and if you're planning on

doing some gogo-boy shit, I'm warning you that I will have to beat you up"

"Need I remind you who's the quarterback here?" Alex grinned but then laughed and said "You give me a song and I can do the clip dance"

And Blake stopped walking and since he was holding my hand I sorta stopped too and he looked at Alex, his expression between confused, amused and shocked maybe. Nevertheless it was an amusing one.

"Okay..." Blake said trailing the word "Should I be... worried? Surly that's got to be some kind of imbalance?"

"You're just jealous" Alex kept grinning.

Blake shook his head in discouragement and looked at me, raising his eyebrows "And you dated that?" he said, pointing Alex with his thumb

I fakely smiled at him "What can I say? It's a really cool skill"

Blake had a thoughtful face for one second and then shook his head "It's creepy actually"

"Definitely jealous" Alex repeated but he didn't stay to hear Blake's come back and instead ran towards where Dada was as she kept on singing "Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile, the girl with kaleidoscope eyes."

"You have poor taste in men Pumpkin" Blake smirked his eyes wicked, when Alex was out of hearing range.

Was he aware he was insulting himself by saying this? Probably not...

So I narrowed my eyes at him a little. "Says the boy who dragged Stacey in a seminar"

"Ouch, okay that was mean" Blake answered, his palm on his chest like he had just taken a blow.

I rolled my eyes "You looked for it"

And then he looked at me with those eyes and said "Hey, what can I say? You weren't talking to me back then"

Wait what?

Did he just say that?

Vanessa's screams though stopped me from asking more question, made me actually jump on my spot and then I turned my head to see what was wrong and then rolled my eyes when I did. Her and Tyler were still fighting and Tyler had gotten her on the ground and he was now hovering over her and kissing her and ya... if it had been different circumstances it probably would have end up like the disturbing mental images.

And Blake screamed at them, almost taking the words out of my mouth "Get a room! It's seems like that's been working out great for you two!"

I broke into a laugh and then arms wrapped around my neck and Daph said beside my face "What had I said? Craze cats? Front Yard? Sad, really."

I kept laughing but elbowed her, while Alex made his way back to us too "So you finally decided to stop singing?" I asked.

"Papa Bear had convincing arguments" Daph grinned and slapped Alex's butt.

"Can't resist, can you?" Alex said, shaking his head in fake disapproval.

Daphnee ignored him though and screamed at the two love birds too "So are you two going to fully exchange bodily fluids on the grass or are you going to come over here? Or was your little show supposed to be this? Cause I can get better videos on YouTube!"

I rolled my eyes at my hippie friend. "You really want to piss them off, don't you?"

"I mostly enjoy making them uncomfortable" she grinned and then Vanessa and Tyler slowly started to walk their way to us, holding hands.

Couldn't really judge on the whole holding hand thing though since Blake was still holding mine and I wasn't about to let go either. It was a comforting warmth, his hand. And well his thumb was kinda tracing circles over my knuckles and it was quite pleasant to say the least.

"So who will be the first contestant at "Making-A-Fool-of-Myself"?" Alex asked as we all walked to the benches.

They were six levels benches and once I reached them I went up to the fourth level, dragging Blake with me, and then sat, while Daph, Alex, Tyler and Vanessa followed, sitting on lower levels but faced up so we could all see each other.

"New comers should totally go first. How about Tyler? Is he the first to come?" Daph grinned and I hit my face with my palm, covering it and everybody sort of coughed a laugh.

Expect Tyler and Vanessa that is.

"Are you done now Daphnee? Did you get it all out?" Vanessa sighed in discouragement.

At least she didn't seem too pissed.

"Not quite..." Daph smiled wider.

"You should be ashamed of yourself Daphnee" Tyler told her, shaking his head too.

He hadn't said that much tonight...

That was something about Tyler though. He was usually the shy type when it came to people he wasn't super duper close to. For instance, it had taken him a

while to just speak with Vanessa years back. So it wasn't a shocker to me that he was mostly keeping quiet. Especially since we were all older than him.

"I can't be ashamed, I don't have an ego" she laughed.

"Aww just leave the two alone Meany-Daph" Alex pitched in and then stood up "Well since no one wants to break the ice, the one with the most balls here is going to go up in front" he added, going down, which triggered automatic responses from the two boys who clearly started to shout in argument.

And Daph too.

Vanessa and I just looked at each other and laughed.

"So? Songs?" Alex asked, when the shouting had died down, standing in the middle of the field in front of us.

"Show us your Backstreet Boy skills! Do Everybody!" Daphnee shouted like a two years old.

"Well technically I can't DO everybody, but I do the dance move to the song with the same name" Alex answered her and you could just see he was really

proud of himself for that little comeback and Daph was actually applauding him.

And then Daph, Van and I started to sing the song, the end of the song, the part where there's the big dance, so Alex could do it with the music and not look like a fool and then the two other boys joined in when they understood what was going on, and we weren't really being serious and Alex was way into his move and completely hilarious doing so and I had to stop singing cause I laughed too much.

When he was done Vanessa smiled evilly and asked for "Baby One More Time" and then after Alex complained for a few second we all started to sing the song from start to beginning. And Alex did all the choreography, with all the little flips and turns and with all of us shouting at him now and then to sake his bum laughing more. And of course the fastidious moment arrived at the end, with the leg kick which was the reason why Alex never wanted to do that one and that earned us a wincing in pain Alex.

"Come on! Get up you pansy!" Daph yelled and Alex just flipped her off.

And for a second I was a bit worry "Are you okay?" I asked.

"Ya ya..." he finally answered and got up "I think I'm done now!"

When Alex sat back, Blake told him "You have a lot of courage man..."

"Well thanks"

"Wasn't a compliment" Blake smirked.

"You really ARE jealous of me, aren't you?" Alex smirked back too.

Blake rolled his eyes but I don't know, his hold on my hand got a little stronger.

"Alright, who's next?" Van asked, her head leaning against Ty's shoulder, while he had an arm wrapped around her waist.

I smiled at them again.

And squeezed Blake's hand tighter too.

But nobody offered themselves so I got up, letting go of Blake's hand and walked down the benches

"Alright, I'll tell you guys a story" I announced when I stood in front of them "So..." I tried to think a bit of something and then smiled to myself "It's the story of two guys. One has long hair and the other one doesn't care. The end."

"Oh please, that's not even a story, or a joke!" Tyler said, laughing, and smiling in understanding.

He had been the one telling me that one. And I had replied the same thing he had.

"Come on Kitty, you can do better than that" Alex pushed.

"Well I'd dance for you guys, and no Blake no innuendos allowed, but no music" I smiled angelically.

Not to mention the whole I'm wearing jeans thing. But they were kinda stretchy though...

"That's NOT a reason" Daph snorted.

"I'll provide the song Pumpkin" Blake said, half a smile on his lips and then raised his hand a little and the way he was holding them high I understood so I

took off my shoes and socks and then Blake's fingers started to move like he was playing the piano and he started to hum Für Elise.

I smiled too and started to do a battement dégagé but then raised my leg for an arabesque and spun around on myself.

And just like that I don't know maybe because I always got a little carried away when I started to dance for no reason like that, or because my melody was Blake's voice but I kept on dancing and spinning and jumping from one leg to another until the humming died down.

A little breathless, I did a little bow to my audience and then grabbed my shoes and sock and climbed back up to my seat.

"Thank god I didn't rip my pants" I laughed as I sat down beside Blake again.

"It's a miracle! Let's all CELEBRATE!" Daph beamed and in a totally Daphnee-ish attitude grabbed the hem of her many layers of shirts and raised them up, flashing her bra.

"Damn it Daph!" Alex yelled at the same time I burst laughing and Van shouted "Dada shows her boobies!" in a kiddy voice.

And then Daph rushed down the benches, stood in front of us and said "Now my turn!" smiling evilly and she started to sing Lucy in the Sky again, spinning on herself, and as she did, took her washed out jeans jacket off, and then the thin sweater under it and that's when I realized what she was doing and I muttered "Holly mother of god!" automatically covering Blake's eyes with my hands.

"Daphnee! You fool!" Van shouted, following my lead by covering Ty's eyes too.

"What the?" Blake complained, trying to understand what was going on but I just pulled his head on my lap determined to not let him sneak any peek!

"She's taking her clothes off?" Blake chuckled, looking up at me, the back of his head against my thighs, my hands on both sides of his face.

"She's taking her clothes off" I nodded, not averting my gaze from his.

"You're cute Pumpkin" Blake smiled, the dimple smile, a little bit amused, his eyes glowing and my fingers slowly brushed against his hair.

God damn it! Why did this boy have to be so hot?

Right then I wanted to wrap my arms around his head and bend mine and kiss him, and press my lips against his, and just let him know how much I liked him, how much I cared about him and that the kiss we had shared HAD meant something, did mean something but there was a whole audience around us, my friend was basically taking her clothes off in the middle of the place and this was just not the place or the time.

"Shut up" I answered, smiling too.

Alex had gotten up in front of us and yelled "Come on you crazy hippie! Stop taking your clothes off!"

And that's when Daph finally stopped. She had enough layers off that she had reach her tank top by then "You really are no fun Alex! Must be that pole up your ass!"

Blake burst laughing on my lap and I had a two second of "Oh no she didn't"

"Daph, you've got serious problems" Van said, shaking her head, but laughing.

Daphnee seemed to think for a second and then putting both her hands on her chest she said "It's just a pair of sixes. If you can beat that you got me licked, and that's not a totally unpleasant prospect."

Oh dear god...

But I actually recognized that. Of course I did. Vanessa probably did too because she was smiling knowingly and then said "That leaves us with twenty seven thousand dollars Margaret-Mary"

"Mary Margaret, that's not enough to start a mission" Daph answered.

And finally I added "Don't you worry Margaret Mary we are honourable women. We delivered. The lord will provide."

And then the three of us laughed like there was no tomorrow and Blake had to sit up because I would have pushed him off with all the laughing.

"Quoting Maverick? Really?" Blake asked.

"We can't help it, we are irresistible" Daphnee smirked.

She had put on most of her shirts back on by now.

"Well! I think it's my turn right?" Vanessa said, getting up and stopping Daph from quoting more.

We all cheered for that and Vanessa went to stand in the middle like we all had.

"Okay, so what do you guys want me to sing"

"Anything but "You know my name". You know you can't sing that one" Tyler teased and she answered a plain "Ha ha" not amused, and glared a little at him but then chuckled a little.

"Well I've been practicing "Fallin' For You" at school so I'll start with that one alright?" Vanessa announced and then she started to sing a capela "I

don't know but I think I may be falling for you, dropping so quickly..."

And we all listened to her in silence, our gaze fix on her as she did what she had always loved and what she was the best at and what had made her leave her hometown. She sang. Like only Vanessa could.

When she was done with that one she sang "Give me Sympathy" by Metric, another one she had been working at school. And she was amazing, as always.

"Alright now give us some Beatles!" Daph shouted, demanding, when she was done and after laughing a little Vanessa started to sing "Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away..."

And Daph raised her hands up and moved them from side to side like a true fan.

Vanessa sang "I want to hold you hand" next and we all clapped our hands as we should.

We kept on clapping with the right beat as Van sang "Eight Days a Week" and we all said the "Eight Days a Week" with her.

Now the party was definitely starting. This was how things used to go down when we did this before. We always ended up goofing around, laughing our asses off.

It's when she started to sing "A Hard Day's Night" that we all started to completely sing with her, getting up, like we were actually in a concert or something moving like there was actually a beat when all there was were our voices.

We did the back voices when Blondie sang "Help!" with little high pitch tones.

Blake was completely cracking up and I realized again how much I wished he had been with us before, sooner.

I wouldn't have known he had so much pain buried inside of him by just looking at him right now.

Tyler had come to stand beside him and they were almost howling on some lyrics and they completely cracked me up.

"Alright everybody, and to end the show tonight..." Vanessa started to say and then she sang "Love love love... love love love..."

And we all raised her hands like Daph had in the beginning, keeping up with the "Love love love" beat, while Van sang and we waved our hands from left to right.

"All together NOW!" Vanessa sang louder close to the end.

"ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE!" we sang.

If someone had passed by now we probably looked like a bunch of high morons.

We applauded Vanessa for a good minute when she finished.

When she came back to sit, we just started to talk, about nothing in particular really, well basically Daph was like a drug addict that just had her fix so we spent a lot of time making fun of her.

And after a while of just talking and joking with each others, I decided that Blake's yawning was just

getting too much and now he REALLY needed to get some sleep.

"We should all head home now at least Blake, you should go to sleep" I said but everyone seemed to agree.

And I probably sounded like his mom right now, but I didn't care, Blake needed to sleep.

"But if I leave, you leave. I'm your lift home" Blake smirked a little but yawned, yet again, making me yawn too.

"I think you need to just head home. No need to take a detour to drop me off. And I mean Vanessa and Tyler are sort of going at the same place as me"

"And what if I fall asleep while driving?" Blake asked, his voice almost daring.

Well actually that WAS something I should worry about...

"Want me to drive your car and have someone drive me back home afterward?" I offered.

Blake seemed to think about it but then got up like everyone else "Don't worry, I'll be okay"

"You sure?" I asked, frowning a little.

If he had a car accident that would be like... no I couldn't even THINK about it. Maybe I should force him into letting me or someone else drive the car...

We all made our way back to our cars, everyone still joking around but my attention was on Blake now.

"Yes I'm sure. And I can go get more coffee, there's a shop close by if that can make you feel better" he smiled a little

"I just want you to get home safe, that's all"

"BYE MY DAY TRIPPERS!" Daph yelled, making us look over to where her car was parked as she got in.

I yelled bye in return and waved as she droved off.

"So Lexi? Are you coming with us?" Tyler asked, leaning on his open door.

I looked at Blake again "So you sure? Sure sure sure?"

"Yes Pumpkin, I'll be alright..." he smiled the dimple smile.

I nodded to myself and then after Vanessa and Tyler's impatient demands, started to walk to their car but stopped and the turned around "Blake? If you really had played that song tonight, would it have been sad?" I asked him.

I don't know why. I had this blurring tendency with him.

Blake kept smiling, his eyes almost warm on me and said "Only just a little" and then got in his car.

Chapter 77

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (72)

So I would just like to mention I rock for uploading this.

Because as I have mention I started college again and I'm freaking the hell out because I don't have time and my schedule is SWAMPED. And I need to fit time to go train with my Papa Bear in that and aaaAAaaaAAAaaAAa! Time, someone give me tiiiimeeee!

And sorry, technically the trip doesn't start yet, but the next few chapters, it's only going to be about it alright? Now I just had a few things to sort out.

Anyway! Hope you enjoy this!

Oh and I didn't talk about it earlier but we got more vote for "Keeping the title as it is" deal. So "I Sold.." will stay "I Sold.." lol

Anyway I had things to say but I need to sleep. I'm leaving for the weekend tomorrow and I would need to have a few hours of sleep in bank! lol

Enjoy! :P

* * * * * * * * * * *

The ride home had been quiet. If we hadn't been too awkward with all the gang it had been different trapped in a car. Especially since they were both sitting in front and I was sitting in the back and even if I had wanted to speak, when you sit in the back in the car you either don't get what they're talking about or they don't hear you and it's just majorly annoying.

And I was trying not to bite my nails in nervousness. Because I was worried for Blake, which was completely stupid because he was a big boy and he was able to drive home tired, he had probably done

it a thousand of times, I was just being overly dramatic lately!

Seriously, I pissed my own self off! I was annoying my own self. Now why in hell would Blake want to be with someone that infuriated herself?

I was second guessing all the time, but I couldn't help it. If I had thought more when I had dated Alex maybe I would have realized why we would never work as a couple. Okay I was overly unobservant, so that probably hadn't helped my cause but still... if I had been thinking more...

But now I was thinking too much.

When we got home it was late. Like midnight late and dad was already sleeping so we all went our ways, me to my room, Tyler to his and Vanessa to Anna's room. But for some reason I kinda guessed that those beds arrangement would probably change during the night.

Please god don't make me hear them if they do?

After my bed time routine I curled up in my sheets, waiting for sleep, but then I was still all happy

because of the night, replaying it and putting aside any chances of him getting into an accident. Because I had been with Blake, and being with him seemed to do strange things to me. All that hand holding and touching happening with Blake made me fell all happy and jumpy and I just wanted to scream in my pillow for no reason, just weirdly joyful.

What was wrong with me? Why did I feel so jibbery? Just thinking about Blake made me feel all warm inside.

Things were getting bad, weren't they?

Still I couldn't get him out of my head and I really didn't want to... And I was thinking again how wonderful his lips had felt against mine...

And my phone rang.

I got up in one quick movement, and looked around, trying to find it, but I hadn't open any light and my room was pitch black but I finally found it in my jeans pocket and then got it out, and answered.

I didn't even need to look at the caller ID to know who this was.

"Hey! You got home?" I asked, almost breathlessly

Calm the frack down Lexi!

Breathe!

"I'm dead. By the road, it's really kind of you to leave me all dead like that by the road. Wild animals will eat me. Won't be pretty. Couldn't you hear me calling out your name?" Blake ranted.

I rolled my eyes while walking back to my bed and sat my back leaning against the head board. "Go to sleep Blake..."

"Oh and that's all you have to say for yourself? Go to sleep. I'm being eaten by raccoons right now!" he told me dramatically.

I chuckled "You're doing the "not making sense because you're too tired" thing again Blake"

Blake had a convincing, yet hilarious voice when he answered "Oh trust me, it has NOTHING to do with being tired! I'm NURmal!"

Well he sure as hell didn't sound normal.

I frowned a little, holding a laugh "Are you drunk?"

"Nope!" Blake answered happily, like that was an exploit.

"High?" I tried.

"Not drug high" Blake answered this time almost thoughtfully.

"What's THAT supposed to mean?"

Blake didn't take my last comment into consideration though because he just said "What are you wearing?"

"Oh my god Blake!" I exclaimed too fast.

"Okay I can take that too..." and then Blake's voice turned low and almost seductive "Now call me daddy. Or master..."

I tried to feign total lack of being affected by that.

"Go to sleep" I repeated in a flat voice.

He was almost whining when he spoke next "I don't want to sleep"

"But you NEED to sleep. Go to sleep and you can harass me on the phone tomorrow" I told him.

Because I had seen him leave, I had seen him look tired all day today, heck even his father had seen this. As much as I liked talking to him, he needed to sleep.

"My parents have this charity thing tomorrow. I'm not going to be home. And they won't even let me play with the frog legs in my plate. The little dance I make them do is always cute... like ta ta da da da da..." he was singing a tune I didn't know, a beat, and I tried not to laugh at the image I now had in my head of Blake sitting at a table in a fancy place, wearing a nice tux, important people all around him, and he was making the frog legs walk like they were in a marching band.

I might need to sleep too... maybe that's why I said next "Blake, master, please go to bed"

"Come over"

Those two words made me froze.

"What?"

"Come over, please?" he asked me again, his voice soft and almost pleading and I don't know, a shiver ran

up my spine and it had nothing to do with the fact that I was cold. Because I wasn't.

"At two in the morning while you're being slap-happy?" I finally managed to ask.

His voice had that seductive edge again "I'm your master, you must obey me"

Okay, as much as it almost hitched me to just grab my keys and run to him... this smelled recipe for disaster. I still wanted to do things right, I still had things I needed to know about Blake, I needed to know more about Blake before running up to his house while he was acting that way. I wasn't used to him being that way. He usually felt more teasing than anything when he was using pick-up lines or saying innuendos. Now I don't know... it was different. Scary different, but good at the same time... But unwise different if I didn't want to throw myself at him just yet. Because that's what I wanted.

But what you want isn't always what is best. And I wasn't going to be stupid and irrational when it came to my relation with Blake.

And he was implying he was my master. So he was kind of being an ass right now.

So I told him "I'm going to say it again Blake. Go to sleep.

Blake whined again "You're killing my enthusiasm"

"If I call you daddy next time I see you will you go to sleep?"

"Nope! I'm going to drive straight to your house, right now and I'm going to climb up your window naked this time!" he replied in a convinced tone.

Ya sounds good to me...

No no Lexi! Come on! Bad idea!

"My dad doesn't want you to climb up the gutter again. He says you should use the front door instead of tearing it off"

Okay why did I say that? I was supposed to say go to sleep again wasn't I?

I could almost hear him frowning "You're confusing me"

I smiled. I was confused too. "Go to sleep"

Blake sighed, and I'm sure he did that little palms running on his face thing that was so hot "Alright just tell me something? Am I wearing clothes when you dream about me?"

Asshole.

I wished, but still... asshole.

"Good night Blake" I simply said.

"OH! I'm SO naked aren't I? Are you on top? Am I being tied up?" he started to rant enthusiastically.

I sighed in discouragement. What the hell was going on in that boy's head? "Yes Blake you're completely naked and the things I do to you are considered illegal in about ten states"

Blake spoke in glee almost "Should I be scared for my manjunk?"

Idiot. I should be worried right now, I really should!

"Very!" I nodded to myself.

"Like cut it off scared? Because it won't really satisfy you if it's not attached to my body you know..."

I didn't let him add anything else and said again "Good night Blake"

"Fine be like that! I'm not going to sleep! Just to prove a point!" Blake said, smirking, I had no doubt.

Freaking prick!

"Fine YOU be like that! And look like a zombie tomorrow during your charity thingy"

"You're getting all worked up, you're hot when you get all worked up..."

He didn't mean that, he probably just said it to piss me off, so I said it for the third time "Good night Blake"

I could almost hear the smile in his voice. "Good night Pumpkin... oh and by the way? I like your hair curly better." And with that the line disconnected and I just stood there, phone still against my ear, my mouth hanging open.

Why did he always have to do things like that?

Damn over-sexy prick!

And I like him. And... maybe... he meant it? And maybe, just maybe, he liked me? Could he? Or was he ONLY being an asshole a few seconds ago?

Maybe I should just go over his place...

No no, not going was the right decision...

And going out with Alex had felt like the right decisions a while back...

So without thinking I slipped in my black sweat pants, grabbed a thin cotton vest with a zipper in front and silently got out of my room, and sneaked out of my house... to go see Blake. In the middle of the night.

I must be crazy...

I couldn't believe I was doing this! In the middle of the freaking night, sneaking into Blake's house! Really intelligent Lexi! Now being smart was completely OUT of the answers I could give when people asked me qualities.

I had walked across the pool room, coming through the glass door, like I had with Blake yesterday and now I opened the door, where Anita had walked out trying to be as silent as I could. After all Blake wasn't the only one sleeping here.

And then I just stopped moving completely.

Where the hell was I?

I hadn't ever walked all the way to here. I knew the way to the dinning room and the living room and Blake's room and the vinyl room and his mom study, but only from the front door. Not from the pool room. Where the hell was I supposed to go now?

Maybe I should just walk back...

But then... how ridiculous? I would have driven all the way here, sneak IN and then just walk away without finding Blake?

If Anita or Blake's parents heard me and found me I would just say I had to come because stupid Blake didn't want to sleep.

Ya that sounded good to me. Any objections, imaginary friends in my head?

I faced silence so I took it as a go.

So I looked right and then left...

The corridor was huge... I was lucky they had little lamps here and there opened; otherwise I would have been COMPLETELY lost.

I sighed and turned right.

I didn't have to walk for to long and then I was already walking past the dinning room. Good. Now I knew where I was.

So I walked up the Titanic stairs and then all the way to Blake's door... god how stupid and obsess was I really? It was the middle of the night and I was sneaking into Blake's room. And technically he didn't even know I was coming!

Oh god...

What if I walked in on him doing something totally inappropriate!

Or naked...

Ya Lexi, maybe you should stop trying to picture him naked, I thought.

Alright so... should I be calling him? Or announcing myself? Or just barge in. Maybe he finally went to bed...

Okay I seriously hadn't thought this through enough...

What the HELL had I been thinking! Maybe he was just joking when he said come over! Maybe he didn't really mean it! Maybe he didn't want to see me here!

No no no! Lexi NO thinking for three seconds!

And even if he didn't mean it, he had just barged in my room the other day! So he couldn't really get mad at me if I did!

So I took a deep breath and then opened the door leading to his room, walking up his stairs.

This was a totally good idea Lexi, no need to hyperventilate or something...

When I walked in the room, for one thing the lights were open so that was good on the whole "Blake is

not sleeping deal" and then I saw him lying on his couch, a book in his hands, rubbing his eyes and I almost exhale in relief.

And then I smiled and said "Daddy, time to go to bed!"

His response was immediate. Blake literally jumped on his feet, his book falling on the floor, screaming "Jesus FUCK!"

I smirked wider than he ever had. "Actually Jesus wasn't supposed to fuck"

Blake just looked at me, his face lighted up, going from confusion and surprise to smiling and that's when I sort of realized the "situation" and by situation I mean Blake was just wearing his sweat pants.

Oh god...

Can someone sing hot hot HOT?

I mean honestly, a choral or something? I think there were two seconds where my legs almost just stopped holding me up.

Honestly?

It would definitely be better for me if I just stopped staring at his chest... his really REALLY nice muscular I-just-want-to-run-my-hands-over-it chest... can I lick it? Okay Lexi, you are really pathetic right now...

I took a deep breathe and took my gaze off of that chest, to see him smile at me, the dimple smile.

Oh this was really helping my cause right now!

Holding that smile Blake said "You came?"

I chuckled, and tried to not make it sound shaky or anything, I mean I'm trying to keep a little dignity here... "Careful Blake that's an innuendo right there and a big one at it!"

Blake chuckled too, picking up the book he had let fall on the floor "Ya but it doesn't put ME in a bad spot."

"Touché" I answered, giving a little up move of the eyebrows, half smiling "Now go to bed!"

He crossed his arm over his chest, the muscle of his arm flexing... miam miam... and said in a challenging voice, smirking "I'm not going to bed"

Okay this was a bad idea, coming here, a seriously bad idea. What have I been thinking...

Oh ya right I didn't want to think! Genius, Lexi you are a genius.

I tried regaining control of myself and told him "Listen to you. You sound like a three year old boy who doesn't want to go for nap time because he thinks he's old now. I'm not leaving you a choice!"

Yes that's it, stand your ground. I was here to make him sleep. Nothing else.

I was cheering for myself mentally. You go Lexi. Just make him go to bed and then leave.

Yes this will totally work...

Blake frowned a little in front of me "Is this a dream? Because it really feels like the beginning of one, but usually I don't have the reflex action of thinking it's a dream so I'm guessing I'm not dreaming but if I'm

not dreaming then what dimension did I travel to to make you actually sneak into my bedroom in the middle of the night..."

You're asking ME? I thought but instead replied "Stop thinking too much, you'll give yourself a nosebleed. Now come on! Bed! Now!" I told him, pointing to the bed, crossing my arms over my chest too.

"Oh so we're going to fight this?"

I rolled my eyes at him. Rolling my eyes at him was so much easier than stare at him. "I didn't come all the way up here for no reason. You mister are going to go to bed. Now."

"Hmmm, I thought you came here to see me shirtless?" Blake smirked.

Yes definitely. Again, can I lick your chest?

I snorted a little instead of saying what I was thinking out loud "Don't flatter yourself Blake"

"Don't need to, all that staring you're doing pretty much does it."

I sighed. His eyes looked so tired, why the hell was he arguing with me on this one? "Just go in your bed please"

His smirk was daring "Make me"

I shrugged "Fine" and then walked up to him and grabbed him by the top of his hair, dragging him to his bed.

He obviously wasn't expecting that so it was kinda easy to just push him on his bed.

"Okay, this was SO not what you were supposed to do!" Blake whined and threw his book at me, which I caught after having it fly in one hand to the other.

"Big whiny baby!" I teased and slapped his butt with his book.

"You know" Blake started to say, dragging himself under his cover, grabbing his pillow "the second you leave, I'm getting out of this bed"

"Alright then, I'll stay until you fall asleep" I answered him, sitting on the other side of the bed, leaning my back against his headboard.

Yes, that bed was definitely comfortable. And I was just sitting on it.

"Good luck with that." Blake snorted, lying on his stomach, his arms wrapped around his pillow "I'm never sleeping!" he finished and buried his face in it.

Little bitch. Could he just stop arguing with me! If he wasn't so damn sexy I really wouldn't be putting up with him right now!

"Could you try to be a little more cooperative? I mean I did drive all the way here, and snuck into your house to force you to sleep, that ought to make you cooperative doesn't it?"

Blake looked up at me, his chin on his pillow and seemed to think for a second "Hmm... Nope!"

"Ass!" I sighed and tapped his head lightly with the book.

Blake chuckled, his back moving with each laugh and I just stare at it for a second. He had a HOT back too... all muscle and indentations...

I want to drag my tongue in that indention in the middle of his back too pretty please?

Things were really getting worse and worse weren't they?

And didn't we have a no licking rule? After the trip at the Creek? And that marshmallow deal? Blah, who cared?

Hmm... control much Lexi? I was doing good a few second ago!

So I stopped looking at his back and looked at the book in my hands instead.

The title on it was "Gros-Câlin" and then I flipped the pages and it wasn't in English. I almost groaned.

"What language?" I asked, gesturing towards the book.

Blake smirked at me "It's French. It stands for "Big Hug". It's a funny story but sad and pathetic in a way. The main character doesn't even have a name. He's called Cousin. And he has a snake called Gros-Câlin that he keeps so it can give him hugs, you know have

it wrap around him. And he's certain he's in a relationship with Miss Dreyfus because he stands in the elevator with her every day. His social skills suck. Oh and he has a bunch of whores too..."

Before he could go on, I cut him and said sarcastically "Wow Blake this book seems captivating"

Blake gave me a big fake grin "It is"

I rolled my eyes "You know you sound like Josh right now?"

"I'll let you judge it once you'll read it" Blake answered, giving a little kick to my leg with his that was under the covers while I was sitting over.

"You have it in English?" I asked, looking up at his ceiling, trying to not look too much at him.

I shouldn't look too much at him.

Heck I was in on his freaking bed, Blake shirtless beside me... this DEFINITELY sounded wrong!

Why was I not jumping him?

"Nope." Blake shook his head "You should learn French" he smirked and took the book out of my hands, throwing it on the floor.

I rolled my eyes, looking down at him "If I keep spending time with you I definitely should..."

"That could definitely help" Blake agreed and hid his face in his pillow again, after yawning.

I narrowed my eyes at him "You're trying to distract me so you can not sleep"

He raised his head, with a cocky grin plastered on that beautiful face of his "Am I that obvious?"

"Sleep!" I ordered him, giving him a flick on the ear.

"Oh that's definitely going to help" Blake whined, rubbing it.

I smirked "Want me to sing you a song!?"

The snort was almost a reflex "No thanks"

"Sleep otherwise I'll sing!" I menaced him.

"Please don't" Blake begged.

Oh he was so trying to distract me again! Why didn't he just want to sleep! He NEEDED to sleep for Pete sake! What was wrong with him?

"You know this won't work. If we keep speaking you won't sleep!"

"Fine" Blake sighed and then leaned over the side of his bed, his arm reaching for something and threw me the book again. "Read it"

I picked it up, turning it around "I don't speak French, remember?"

Blake yawned and leaned his head against the pillow, looking at me "Same alphabet. You should do fine. Do you WANT me to sleep?"

I frowned, opening the book "I hate you"

Blake smiled and closed his eyes "Love you too"

Every time he used that comeback, butterflies started to flap like crazy in my stomach.

Why did I like him so much? And why couldn't I just tell him?

Because I was scared? Scared to lose him, scare to make a mistake, scared that he didn't like me as much, or simply liked me, scared I would get hurt...

Damn it...

I looked down at the book in my head to stop the self questioning.

" Je ne savais plus quoi faire..." I started to read randomly, pretty sure I was saying completely idiotic things and probably pronouncing them badly.

When Blake's breathing finally became steady and a bit slower and I knew he was asleep I stopped reading and stared at him for a few minutes, enjoying the view because let's face it, Blake was hot and then I got up, left a note saying "You should be happy to know you don't snore. Have fun at your charity thingy and make those frogs dance." But didn't sign it because I wanted to write Pumpkin but that would have been cheesy so I settled on nothing and after closing all his lights snuck out and went back home.

The next day I woke up holding tightly Blake's hoodie in my hands. The smell was slowly starting to wear off...

And last night replayed in my head and I realized how freaking stupid I had been by going over Blake's house right now! Seriously? What the hell was wrong with me? Did I WANT to tease the devil or something?

But Blake hadn't made any move or anything so that was good... but... didn't that mean he didn't like me?

Oh hell... I wasn't questioning myself this time!

It was already noon so I got out of bed and went downstairs to find Ty, Van and dad sitting at the counter eating.

"Good morning everyone!" I smiled and walked to the fridge.

"It's noon kid" dad said behind me.

"Alright good noon!" I chuckled.

"So... you had a good night of sleep?" he asked me, in that "trying to not sound amused" voice.

Oh crap...

He knows!

I turned around, looking at him, my eyes probably bulging.

"We'll talk about it later kid, now let's all just eat alright?" he said, and I sighed.

Seriously, did he have a radar or something?

After eating, Vanessa and I drove up to Alex's house and Daph came too, so we could spend some time, just the four of us together.

We tried to catch up as much as we could on everything, though I didn't get into the all the Blake specific... it would just get me under the questioning spot for no reason.

When dinner time arrived, Daph and I left and Van stayed to eat with Alex and Travis and officially meet the boyfriend too.

I was glad to have spent time with my friends but I just felt out of it, out of everything. Spending so much

time with Blake was disconnecting me from reality, it felt...

When I got out of my car and walked up to the front door of my house I got a text message but it was a picture with frog legs all aligned one after the other leaning against a plate and the message under read "Just for you Pumpkin"

I smiled to myself while opening the door.

I found Tyler alone in the kitchen, eating a sandwich.

"So what's up?" I asked sitting opposite to him.

"I'm eating" he just answered.

Alright be cooperative like that!

I got the fact that he probably wanted to spent time with Vanessa right now but he didn't have to be all sulking already!

"You back kid?" my father's voice rang behind me.

Oh oh... was it later?

Probably...

"Yope!"

"Had fun with your friend?" he asked, sitting at the counter with us.

I said "Yope" again.

Short answer will get me out of trouble right?

"So... you went out last night?" dad finally asked and Ty grinned behind his sandwich.

I narrowed his eyes at him.

At least I hadn't been banging anyone in my room!

I kept the same short answer "Yope"

Dad laughed "Kid, you don't even have to tell me. I already know you went to see your little boyfriend! It's obvious. He's your boyfriend now isn't he? I won the bet hmm?"

I sighed in discouragement and let my shoulder fall.

"No he's not my boyfriend"

"Please kid don't tell me you're doing that "Friends with benefit" thing"

"That was unnecessary dad!" I exclaimed

That just made him laugh.

Urg!

At least he wasn't making a big deal out of it.

Tyler was laughing too.

I narrowed my eyes at him "You better stop laughing, you moron"

"Why?" Tyler grinned.

"Because you ain't really better than your sister now are you? Worse actually. I'm going to say it to you too, you better not tell me I'll be a grandfather soon. I love you kid, but I ain't raising your child. If you and that Blondie weren't intelligent enough I'm not living with your consequences!"

Oh my god!

I had my mouth hanging wide open and I was restraining myself from pointing at Tyler while laughing.

And he was scowling at dad.

Pouhahahaha

And to think Anna said dad was unobservant... to think I thought dad was unobservant. He was the COMPLETE opposite of unobservant!

"I'll let you ruminate this!" dad laughed patting Tyler's back while getting up "This was a nice conversation!"

I shook my head in disbelief.

Oh dad...

Vanessa got back from Alex's around eight thirty and then started to pack up. Tyler was helping her so I let them alone. I could only imagine how much she didn't want to leave right away.

Her plane left in the middle of the night, at one in the morning so she had to get going around eleven thirty.

When her grandparents parked in front of our house, Vanessa was obviously trying not to cry. They were bringing her to the airport and dropping her rented car after.

"So... time to go..." she trailed, holding her bag.

It hadn't been enough... she was leaving too soon. I didn't have enough time with her. It sucked that she had to leave right away. With all the Blake craziness I hadn't focus enough on her and now I regretted it. Of course we had talked an all and spent time together, but... it just didn't feel enough. And she had been gone so long and I didn't know when we would see her again... probably not until the Christmas vacations. Or Thanksgiving maybe...

"It was nice having you around kid, come back anytime" dad said behind us.

Vanessa thanked him.

And then Tyler and her just stood there, looking at each other. They probably had already said their goodbyes, but I felt sad for them.

What if I learned that Blake would be leaving for the other side of the country? I'd get into a freaking depression! And our relation wasn't even like Vanessa and Tyler's...

They hugged each other and kissed and said something but I tried looking away to give then some privacy.

And then Tyler stepped back. I think he was trying to not cry.

"Well, I guess it's goodbye time for me now" I said half-heartfully and then hugged her too.

"Sorry for the awkwardness and all" she whispered to me and I told her it was nothing. "Thank you for everything you've done"

"Welcome. I didn't really do anything you know" I half smiled, backing up.

Vanessa smiled at me and then she said "You know, I think I was wrong"

"What do you mean?" I frowned.

"You don't like him..." she whispered so I would be the only one hearing, shaking her head.

"I don't?"

She smiled and whispered again "No, you love him"

My eyes almost popped out of their sockets and I didn't even say anything.

I couldn't say anything...

"Thanks for everything again!" she said loudly to the three of us and then said goodbye and left.

We all stood by the window, watching until the lights of her grandparent's car didn't shine in the night and then all went to bed.

And I was still shocked.

Love him?

Monday went by in a blur. Tyler wasn't speaking and I didn't really know what to say to sound encouraging. The guys had football every break and at lunch and after school since we were leaving Tuesday through Friday and they had a game on Saturday night.

I barely had any time to speak with Blake and it was a good thing because I had to straighten things in my head a bit.

Okay so Vanessa had said I loved him. It didn't have to affect me, or mean anything or actually be true. If it affected me so much, wasn't it because it was true?

But how could I love him went I just admitted I liked him. How could I love him when I couldn't even tell him?

Tyler went to Landon's house that night and I packed for the four day trip, and went to the grocery to buy stuff.

Tomorrow I was leaving for a four day trip in the middle of the forest. And Blake would be there.

And I would have to do or say something, didn't I?

Chapter 78

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (73)

Well I finally finished that fracker! LOL (there that should do it)

Anyway... I don't know I don't especially like this chapter... feels like my writing is getting suckier... blame it on the fact I'm back to writing and reading and thinking in French because of college (insert dreadful back music)

So anyway sorry for the long wait I was busy throwing skittles at random people with my Papa Bear, going to college, seeing a buttload of expositions, being sick and having the voice of a fourteen year old boy in puberty, dealing with crap,

living in crap (not literally but Chief and Big-Boy don't clean and I didn't have time to clean so we live in a MESS right now), discussing with Big-Boy the outcome of a fight between Apple and Google, making a fool of myself to scare the First Years in Art and Literature this year...

Anyway this is long and there might be a lot of mistake still, sorry but it's past 2 in the morning and I have school tomorrow morning so no complaining!

Anyway, lot of description in this... things will get more interesting soon! lol

MOUHAHAHA

I'm sure I had a bunch of crap to say but I'm tired and I have to go sleep!

So enjoy guys! :D

And again, sorry for the long wait!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

My cellphone woke me up on Tuesday morning.

Getting up in the morning.

A pain.

Getting up earlier than you should.

Even more of a pain.

I groaned in protest but then stretched my hand out of the warm comfort provided by my sheets and dragged the phone to my ear "Ya?" my voice crooked.

"Nice voice in the morning Pumpkin, you should totally call me master with it"

Oh this can't be serious?

"Honestly, calling me in the middle of the night, fine I won't make a big thing out of it, but calling me to wake me up in the morning that's just crossing a line" I groaned and rolled in my bed.

Okay I might like Blake but I enjoyed sleeping quite a lot, and I hadn't gotten a lot of it lately... because of him. And soon I would be all alone with him in the woods. Okay maybe not all alone but I totally understood my point right now...

Blake chuckled on the other end of the line "Not a morning person?"

I groaned again "What do you want, you idiot? You'll see me in like one hour!"

Silence for a second.

That prick was SO smirking right now!

"Actually, I'll see you sooner. I'll come pick you up"

Cue conflicted emotion. On one side I wanted to jump up and down in my bed, on another I wanted to curl back in my sheets and sleep till I died. And maybe smother Blake with my pillow.

"And why is that?" I asked, after taking a big breath.

"Want to leave your car in the school parking lot for four days?" Blake replied in a "duh" voice.

Did he see the illogicality if this? "What about YOUR car?"

"Josh will drive it back" Blake simply stated

I snorted "Josh is up?"

"Josh wants me to make him a big canvas so I'm using him"

Okay he was not making sense right now... I blamed it on the fact I JUST freaking woke up! Because of HIM!

Why was I pissed right now though? He wakes me up all the time? A little overreactingly bitchy weren't I?

"Can't he buy one?" I asked, yawning and rolling in my bed again

"I make BIG canvas... and he wants an octagonal one... go figure..." he ranted.

Huh?

"You make canvas?"

I could almost feel him smile "Ya it's simple you just need gesso, linen, and wood. And staples."

"Okay we're so not having a conversation right now, I just woke up" and I'm still snuggling your hoodie.

"Alright, but get your ass out of bed soon, cause otherwise if you're still sleeping again, I'll be writing much more explicit things then last time and with an indelible marker" Blake answered, and hang up.

Urg!

I trashed for a few second in my bed, kicking my legs and making big movements with my arms, and after snuggling my sheets and Blake's hoodie just a few more seconds, I reluctantly got out of bed, groaning.

"I got that honey-dipped tennis wear just for play, I got the sunset you know I always got so vain..." Blake and Josh were deliberately singing way too loudly with the radio while I was rolling my eyes at them, and kicking in Blake's seat.

Tyler, who had to get to school too and was sitting beside me, was mimicking numerous ways of killing himself out of agony, like right now he was fake-hanging himself.

"You're screwing up a cool song!" I whined, trying to grip Blake's neck in a deadlock but he just slapped my arm away.

"How many times do I have to tell you to not harm the driver?!" Blake yelled, laughing, while Josh just kept singing louder and louder.

"Why do you spend times with those two?" Tyler asked in disbelief, and making a form of gun with his

hand, pointed it at his temple and mimicking shooting himself and brain splashing everywhere by hitting the window beside him dramatically.

"Good question! WHY do I spend time with you guys?" I replied, slapping both of the idiots sitting in front on the arm.

"Sexual frustration? You want to do a threesome with both of us? You don't have anything better to do? Most of the time we force you to spend time with us? You planning on harvesting our body parts? We're AWE-SOME?" Josh started to rant but stopped when Blake smacked him across the back of his head.

"A little violent in the morning people?" Josh whined.

"Why is he here?" Tyler asked, fake-harakiri-ing himself.

"For one thing I have to drive this stupid car back, by the way Blake your car sucks I like my Audi better. And on another hand I have to go humiliate publicly my little sister. I haven't in a while and she might start to get use to it!" Josh explained and I rolled my eyes.

Poor Catherine.

It was hard picturing Josh as a big brother. He probably felt more like a stupid little brother more than a protective older one.

"You're going to be okay?" I asked Tyler when Josh made the song replay, bouncing up and down on his seat.

It did have a great beat after all.

"Sure, don't worry about me..." he trailed, looking the other way, outside

"Have you... have you talked to her since..." I couldn't end that sentence and say left. Even if it was obvious. I just knew the words would make it even more painful.

"She called last night" Tyler trailed, still not looking at me, and I felt bad again.

Because he was sad again...

"So, children, remember, when you procreate in the forest, if there's not a lot of trees around, sound carries so if you don't want to have people tapping

you doing it, like our little friend in the back, you might want to remember that" Josh warned and I closed my eyes, shaking my head in disbelief and Blake punched him and Tyler faked opening his veins and letting himself bleed out, sliding slowly off the seat, his expression in fake agony.

"Oh look at that, we're here" Josh grinned wickedly as Blake parked and got out of the car.

Tyler, Blake and I all stayed in.

"Can we hurt him? Not necessarily kill him but inflict him a lot of pain?" I asked before we all slowly stepped out.

Josh was looking straight at his sister, that little creepy grin of his still plastered on his face.

"Come on, don't be a jerk" Blake told him, slapping him on the back and walked to the rear of his car to get our bags out.

"She's not visiting, calling or even sending me postcards! What kind of sister does that?"

I rolled my eyes, taking my bag that Blake was handing me with a smile. My cheeks were warming for some stupid reason. "Why would she send you postcards? She's not on a holiday!"

"Hey! I send her postcards at least twice a week" Josh exclaimed and I rolled my eyes again, Blake too.

"That dude is seriously weird" Tyler mumbled to me and then started to walk towards his friends.

"Hey, take care while I'm gone" I called after him, not sure what to tell him actually.

"Sure. Have fun" Tyler answered, smiling a little, waved and then started to walk again.

"He'll be alright, don't worry" Blake whispered to me, swigging his bag on his back.

He had one big army sort of bag, while I had my usual sport bag and of course a cooler with food in it.

"I guess... Hey, where's your food?" I asked Blake frowning.

"Worked something out with the guys. I gave them money and they're going to feed me" Blake laughed.

"Because no one in their sane mind would let you walk anywhere NEAR something that cooks food" Josh said, still looking towards where Catherine was, a plan obviously working in his head.

"Come on man, give her some slack. If you humiliate her publicly she won't answer to all those postcards!" Blake told him, taking my cooler out of my hands while I tried to object but there was no point. And I mean it was kind of heavy with my other bag on my shoulder.

"We're family, she'll forgive me! And she's probably just going to send me a bunch of job offers. Like she always does. As if I'd get a proper job. It's like she doesn't even know me!" Josh ranted, shaking his head slightly but Catherine was looking our way now, and telling something to Mark, before walking towards us.

Blake smirked "I know those eyes, you're in trouble!"

"Josh Gilligan Torres! You are in deep deep trouble!" Catherine yelled, walking towards him.

Oh my god! Had I just heard right? "Gilligan?" I choked a laugh.

Josh narrowed his eyes at his sister and then looked at me with exasperate eyes "No that's not my second name, she's just saying it to piss me off"

"He's lying, it's his second name" Blake smirked, laughing a little too.

Josh glared at Blake this time "Shut up Blake It's NOT my second name"

"Is!" Blake kept smirking.

"NOT!"

"JOSH!" Catherine yelled again.

Josh's face turned apologetic "Ooops...What did I do again?" he asked her, when she stood in front of him.

Catherine jabbed her fingers on his chest "You're postponing your exposition? What is wrong with you? The only thing you actually do, you're even procrastinating THAT?"

Josh rolled his eye "Conflict in the schedule. I can't expose in two weeks for personal reasons and let's

not forget Lexi completely destroyed my mural" he grinned at me on the last part.

"It was a team effort..." I mumbled but Catherine wasn't listening to that.

"Personal reason?" she snorted.

"I can't be at the gallery in two weeks, that's all"

She glared at him "Josh, you need to get a job"

Josh grinned wide "Cath, you need to get laid"

"Maybe we should let them discuss that in family" I trailed and Blake nodded, holding his laugh.

And anyway Daph's car had just driven in so I made my way towards her while Blake went to see the guys, probably to know what he was going to be eating.

When she got out of her car she was cursing.

Laughing I asked her "What's wrong?"

"Kevin, that god damn HomoErection on two legs ATE half of my food for the trip! Stinking chimp!"

Aww, Kevin, her sweet step brother.

Right before I could ask what she planned on doing because obviously she would need to get more food, the end of my pony tail was swung back into my face, having been giving a shove underneath and I glared at Blake, slapping him on the stomach.

"Ass" I just said, rolling my eyes while Blake smirked. "So what are you going to do? Want to go around and beg for food" I joked but I was kind of serious in a way.

"Nah it's fine I'll go buy some. It's a good thing we're not leaving for another hour and a half" Daph said, pretty much tearing her bag out of her small Beetle.

"Huh?"

"Ya you know since we won't be there for practice for the next four days and we have a game on Saturday Coach only agreed for us to go if we went for a last meeting, sort of, this morning. The teacher mentioned it in English."

Okay I clearly DIDN'T remember that and obviously my facial expression showed that because Blake

shook his head, snorting "Wow Lexi, do you even listen during class?"

I glared a little at him "Yes"

But the real answer should have been "No. Mostly no. Lately, all I've been doing during class is stare at you. When you aren't looking of course."

But I obviously didn't say that.

Why didn't I say that though? If I said it, it would make the whole "I think I'm in love with him" deal a whole lot easier to deal with...

Or maybe not...

I shook my head, trying to clear my thoughts and frowned when I saw Daph staring past me, behind me and I turned around to see what she was looking at.

Josh and Catherine arguing. Actually Catherine seemed to be grounding him, while he seemed like the usual careless weirdo he was.

"Who is Catherine arguing with?" Daph frowned.

"That's just Josh, her half-brother. Don't mind him, he's weird." I answered, dismissing the matter.

Next thing I needed was have them hanging out together. That would make a catastrophic combination. Both of them together... oh my god, I didn't even want to imagine the outcome.

"Josh, why are you still here? I thought you had to stay fifty miles away from any schooling building?" Blake yelled, smirking.

"Your mom Blake! That's right, that's all I have to say; YOUR MOM!" Josh yelled, and Catherine just shook her head, leaving him.

Blake shook his head too and screamed again "What kind of come back IS that?"

"An AWE-SOME one!" Josh waved and then got back into the car, starting it.

Children...

"What was that look?" Blake mumbled to himself, frowning.

Again, huh?

"Come on, let's go drop our bags inside and then after giving our attendance I can go buy food" Daph urged me, pulling me with her.

Why am I being dragged everywhere?

Shrugging, I picked up my bag and followed her.

After giving our attendance to the teacher there, we all dropped our bag in the class and Blake went to the gym, and Daph and I went back outside to go get her grocery.

Daph who usually skipped around in the aisle was a little too quiet for my liking but to her saying she was just sad Vanessa had left again.

When I walked by the aisle where they had toys and stuff for kids I dropped the matter because I was SO buying the pack with four little water gun. One green one orange one yellow one red. Oh I would have fun with those!

I hadn't even thought about bringing stuff to make pranks! Heck I didn't even know where everyone was going. I knew Daph was in the big main cabin

with me but that was pretty much it. I didn't even know if Alex was camping in a tent.

And it would suck if he did because not only would we probably not see him a lot, but also, when we got out of the grocery the sky was getting dark.

Oh joy. Rain. Already.

As we drove back to school, Daphnee still quiet, only sound coming from the Weezer's CD playing, I almost prayed that Blake could be in the other cabin. Please please please! That's all I wanted. I didn't even want him to like me at this point. I just wanted to see him during those next four days and not just torture myself by thinking about him far away. Since I highly doubted I would get a late night call now.

When we got to school and back to the classroom I barely had time to put the water gun into my bag and Blake, Alex, Mark, Davis and Peter were walking in.

"Offense got out first" Alex explained, smiling at me.

I snorted "Where are Clark and Shawn?"

They were in the offense line too.

"Chasing some cheerleader to get their fills before we leave" Blake answered in a dry mocking voice while going to pick up his bag beside mine.

I should totally have snatched something from his bag, like a shirt. I didn't have his hoodie and I actually felt like it would be weird to not have his smell with me before going to sleep.

There was no point in denying I was obsessed when I was at that stage...

"Two months ago you would have been with them" Peter pointed out, looking through his bag, getting a flashlight out, opening and closing it, to check the batteries probably.

"Two months ago I wasn't even in the country, I doubt I would have hang out with Shawn and Clark" Blake replied.

"You know what I meant" Peter answered in a dismissing tone, not even looking his way, still playing with that flashlight.

If I had been Peter I probably would have pushed the matter, asked more question, where were you, what

were you doing, with whom... and on and on, but I clearly had issues. And at least with the knowledge I had of him I was pretty sure two months ago he was in visiting his family in England. Like he had mention he did during the summer.

And people said I was unobservant!

Tsss!

"Aww damn it! It started to rain!" Davis exclaimed, standing in front of the windows, staring outside.

Everyone in the room let out a sort of groaning complaint.

Personally, all I was thinking about though was "Is Blake in a tent? Is Blake in a tent?" and this little observation was perfect to answer my question without sounding like the obsess girl I was.

"Well I hope you guys aren't in tents because it's going to suck having to set them up under the rain" I said, trying not to sound like I was kind of desperate for the answer. Seriously why couldn't I just ask Blake if he was in a tent or in the guy cabin? I mean

what was wrong with asking that? I was definitely getting crazy, there was no denying in this.

"Good thing we're in the cabin then!" Alex answered, sitting at a desk, his phone in his hands, probably texting Travis. He was such a girl!

And did "we" imply every guy form the team?

"So you voted against camping out finally?" I asked remembering the talks they had during lunches. And Jimmy and Connor fighting.

"Ya, the vote was pretty unanimous when we learned that Pick-His-Nose-Danny was camping out" Blake explained, sitting on the desk next to me.

I tried to not do a happy dance right on the spot, especially for something as pitiful as this, but I was pretty happy to say the least.

But it was weird, it felt like I couldn't look Blake straight in the eyes for some reason, almost as if it was inappropriate. It felt like if I looked at Blake I would blush.

And I mean what the hell? I DIDN'T blush! Lexi Grayson didn't blush!

What was wrong with me?

Was the whole, taking in consideration I might love him making me go all uneasy in his presence? Because I was already making enough of a fool of myself, I didn't need more reason to look like an idiot in front of him. Especially since I wanted him to like me...

Other students were getting in the classroom by now though, filling it up, making it a little less weird for me to avert my eyes from Blake's.

The defence line boys got in too, I could hear Cameron and Trevor singing some girly song in that high pitch voice they sometimes, well more like often, did.

The class quickly got crowded, I guess everyone decided to not get early here, and since we were about sixty students there wasn't that much space, with the bags and the coolers and Pick-His-Nose-Danny with the whole "lets, camp outside and look

like a total idiot" outfit, with the net over his head to keep away flies, and something that actually looked like a big piece of dirt as a hat over it, and the green army camouflage clothes. Pick-His-Nose-Danny really went out of the way.

And then our Science teacher, who was in charge of our groups, and basically in charge of the whole thing got in the class too, telling us to be quiet and the got up on the front desk to start a little speech.

"Now I guess everyone has seen it's raining outside. If we believe what the weather channel says, which you shouldn't by the way, it's going to be raining most of the time we're away so if you're in a tent and the idea of being wet for four days repels you, you can always go home."

No one made a sign of moving, some girls, meaning Stacey and her click of friends were whispering how stupid some people were while looking at Pick-His-Nose-Danny and when I looked at Blake beside me smirking I just KNEW he was thinking about an innuendo because of what the teacher had said. So without him having to mention anything I slapped

his forearm and he made a fake offended face before smiling at me and pinching my side. And I had to look away again because my cheeks were threatening to go red and I just wanted to kick myself or slap myself or both because what the HELL?

Seriously?

SERIOUSLY?

Again, I DIDN'T blush!

In front, the teacher went on with his speech "So when we get there things are simple. You put all your bags in the small camp when we get there, a car will drive them all up to our cabins. I'm not going to lie it's almost a one hour walk to get there" and he added "but the scenery is beautiful!" when people started to complain, shaking his hand at us to shut up "Now I don't need to repeat the obvious right? No alcohol, no drug and no sex. This is still a school activity after all. No curfew for the camping site, unless someone screams at you to shut up. Curfew at midnight in the main cabin, the kitchen closes, meaning no gas to cook your food on the oven, at eleven. You can talk in the rooms though, and if you

stay quiet you can stay in the main lounge room. We just need to stay quiet because there's a forest guard staying in the annex room. As for the boy camp, curfew at one in the morning. But if you guys want to not sleep all along, no problem. Curfew is just for those who need quiet to sleep, so things can get rearranged depending on how you act. So I think those are all reasonable rules right?"

There were affirmative nods and "yes" said around.

"Alright then! Let's go!" he announced and we all grabbed our bags and headed outside.

There were two bus parked in front of the school, waiting for us. Before stepping out I took my red hoodie out and put it on just wanting to hit myself for being stupid enough to not bring an impermeable coat.

Real smart Lexi.

Being smart was officially out of my list of qualities...

And I still didn't have those mad ninja skills and the time machine was pretty much a lost cause at this point...

Wow, nice Lexi...

"Are we just going to stand there Miss Grayson or are we going to get moving?" Blake asked me in a teasing voice, nudging me with my cooler, and I closed my eyes, clearing my thought and got moving towards the bus.

We all stood behind the bus, the emergency door open and filled the back of it with all our bags and coolers and tents and all. I put my hood on my head, the rain pouring on us as we waited in line to put our stuff in. Luckily it wasn't raining super hard, but still I was getting soaked slowly.

After dropping my bag in, I looked around to find Daph and saw her standing behind a bunch of girls, looking back and forth between the water puddle behind them and the girls and I rolled my eyes and went to stop her before she started a cat fight or something.

Under the rain it was bound to finish ugly. Especially with the whole football team out.

"Come on Daph, let's get in the bus" I told her, while she glared a little at me.

"Because of you I won't enjoy a bunch of wet cats meowing in agony..." she finally sighed and headed for the bus.

Blake had stayed to help the guys lift the big cooler they had brought, the same one as when we had gone to the Creek, in the bus.

When I took a seat about in the middle of the bus, Daph sat beside me and I had a two seconds of "Aww no I wanted Blake to sit with me" but I didn't because for one thing something was obviously wrong with Daphnee.

"Daph, are you okay?" I asked her, frowning a little trying to guess what could be wrong.

"I'm acting like I'm okay. Please don't interrupt my performance." she simply answered, waving her hand at me.

Alright that answered it. Was it the whole third wheel thing again? Or because Van had left? Or

because her step-brother had infuriated her one time too many?

"You have your thinking face Lexi and not to bring down your parade but I'm not going to go serial killer sharing his latest fantasies with his shrink on you alright?"

"Well that was a little harsh" I told her rolling my eyes.

If she was going to be gloomy like that the bus ride was going to suck. I mean we had an hour and a half long of driving; the least she could do was humour me right?

But I didn't argue more with her because I knew her enough to know there was no point.

So I looked at the people getting in the bus, Cameron and Trevor came to seat behind us, and I turned around in my seat, trying to make them my new chatting buddies.

"Hello boys!"

"Well hello ladies" Trevor answered, smiling at me and Daph but her lack of enthusiasm was quickly registered by him. "What's wrong with her?" he asked, pointing Daphnee with his chin.

"She's PMSing all OVER the bus!" Daph answered loudly "Careful you might grow boobs if you stand too close to me!"

Both twins just shook their heads at the same time, a twin thing, obviously aware that Daph was kind of crazy; I mean who didn't know that?

"So... how's it going Mister Sensitive-Ass?" I asked Cameron, grinning.

He scowled at me a little "I thought we had agreed that you wouldn't be a bitch about that?"

"So what? I can't tease you?" I pouted.

"You can tease me all you want" Trevor offered, wiggling his eyebrows and I leaned over the seat, pushing his shoulder playfully after I burst laughing.

When I sat back in my seat, still turned to look towards the twins, someone pulled my ponytail

again, and for a moment I second guessed the pros of having made it this morning.

I turned to slap the offender, thinking it would be Blake again, but it was Alex.

I couldn't help but feel a little sad.

Which was pathetic but I was living really well with it.

And at least by turning around and slapping Alex, yelling at him he was an immature idiot for pulling my hair that way and that I would throw his cap out the bus if he did it again and I didn't care if that didn't sound mature either, I saw Blake get in the bus.

Again, I was disappointed because all the seats around me were taken now. Daphnee was sitting beside me, while I was sitting by the window. The twins were sitting behind us, Trevor by the window, Cameron by the aisle and Alex was in front, sitting by the window too while Connor who was sitting with him was by the aisle.

All the seats were quickly filling up and Blake walked slowly, trying to find an empty spot and all I wanted

to do was just get up, find a seat and go sit with him, I mean a whole hour and a half bus ride would be awesome, but it would just be rude and I had to stop being so obsess. I could like him but there were other important things in life, more than Blake and I should stop only focusing my thoughts on him.

He finally ended up sitting in the seat beside the twin's ones, "the guy who ran fast" sitting by the window. I tried to dig through my brain to remember what his name was but all I had was "the guy who runs fast". If Vanessa had been here I could have asked her without sounding like an idiot. Because let's face it, Alex would laugh at me, and Daph would find a way to embarrass me for not knowing it.

After one of the teacher who was accompanying us, our Literature teacher actually, had walked back and forth, taking our presences again and checked them with the ones from the second bus, we finally drove away from the school and to the place where we were going to stay for four days.

"So Cameron did you talk with Ashley again?" I finally asked him, when I decided I had given him enough time to cool off or something.

But he just gave me a fake grin and looked right in front of him, not attending at trying to even give me half an answer or something.

"Now, what's wrong with HIM?" I asked Trevor.

"Aww, don't mind him, he's just pissed because he knows Shelly's going to go cataclysmic while we're gone... even though he's been through all her closet to get rid of all the clothes he thought were inappropriate"

I rolled my eyes at the overprotective twin "Don't you think you're going a little over the top?"

He glared at me again, crossing his arms over his chest "I'm trying to protect her, she'll thank me later."

I sighed in discouragement "Later she won't even talk to you, idiot! Give her some slack."

"You had a slutty sister; you know how they end up!"

And here I was, not thinking about Anna! Thanks for bringing that nice memory back "Why thanks a lot!"

It was Cameron's time to roll his eyes "You know what I meant"

And of course I did. But it would have been smart on his behalf to back off a little too... but I wasn't going to convince him of that today, it was obvious.

"Sure... so? Have you talked with Ashley?" I said, grinning, bringing the subject again.

Cameron sighed but there was a tiny smile threatening to appear on his lips "Maybe"

I grinned even more, happily "Should we be expecting a date or something?"

Now he was really smiling "Maybe"

"Aww! Look at you!" I exclaimed, trying to ruffle his hair but he slapped my hand away.

"Shut up!" he laughed, still smiling.

"Now what I don't understand is why did the dumb twin get a girl? Shouldn't the smart twin win her

over?" Trevor demanded, shaking his head in disapproval.

"All about the what's in between your legs Trev, not in between your ears, sorry to break it to you" Cameron smirked and I shook my head in disbelief.

"You're an asshole. Come on, help me out here Lex! If you had to choose between brains or penis what'd you chose?" Trevor asked.

Wow, I totally wanted to get into that conversation!

"Oh definitely brain" I answered, nodding my head, trying to sound serious and not on the verge of laughing.

Trevor hit his brother on the chest with the back of his hand "See, go to hell Cameron"

"She's just humouring you" Cameron stated

"She's not; you'd definitely choose me right? Any sane girl would?"

"Of course!" I chuckled, not able to hold it in.

"You should go out with me, that way I won't turn into the lonely left out twin." Trevor added.

I nodded in fake seriousness again "I really should!"

But when I did that I looked towards Blake and felt bad, for just saying this and he obviously had heard the entire conversation and I just felt even more bad because truth is I wanted to speak with him right now, I wanted to sit by him and smell him and the whole licking his chest and back scenario was always welcome... And Blake looked sad. He looked sad right now and for one second I actually believed it was because of the conversation, even though we were just joking around.

I wanted him to look at me to see that it was just a joke but he simply kept on looking straight ahead, and just then, put his earbuds in, and started to listen to music, obviously.

"And we could double date and go to places where we need to think so he'll be totally useless with his big flappy flesh sword" Trevor went on.

Oh god..

"Ya... that would be a nice plan, but I lied. I'd totally pick the big manjunk" I informed him, still joking,

trying to push aside the fact that I was worried I had hurt Blake somehow...

But I mean if that had sadden Blake... did that mean he might actually kinda maybe like me?

"Liar!" Trevor shouted, in a high pitch girl voice and then I couldn't help it I cracked up laughing with him!

When I was finally able to get my breath back I said "We need to find you a girl Trev."

He rolled his eyes but nodded "Tell me about it"

I turned to look at the girl sitting beside me "Daph, wanna go out with Trevor?"

"No thank you" she simply answered, and the way she said it, like a girl concentrating on cleaning her nails instead of listening, was totally hilarious.

"Come on! Think about it! You could grope the other twin and have a free pass by saying we just look too alike"

"Tempting, but again no thanks"

"Damn it!"

The rest of the bus ride pretty much went on the same. I joked with the twins, Alex joined the conversation now and then, Daph just stared blankly at nothing, so concentrated it was almost scary, and Blake didn't even try to speak with us. He just kept listening to his music. And it made me sad.

When we finally arrived at the entry to where we would be staying we were completely in the middle of nowhere. There was wood everywhere, since this place was basically a park that was protected by the state. So you couldn't cut trees or kill animals in it. But you could go camping.

The teacher had been right though, the scenery WAS beautiful.

Everyone got up and rushed to get outside, creating almost a commotion. That totally ruined my nice plan to walk out at the same time as Blake in order to talk to him because I wasn't even up that he was already out.

"Why is everyone such in a hurry"

"Because first that gets there is the first to pick where he sleeps" Cameron explained, trying to push people away to slip in the row of people.

Alright that made sense...

When I finally got out of the bus I retrieved my bag, my cooler was already gone though, to drop it in the little cabin that was completely empty of any furniture except for a picnic table. I barely had the time to walk out of the cabin that I saw all the football boys break into a sprint into the trail that lead to the camps.

"What the hell are they doing?" I asked Daph, frowning, crossing my arms over my chest. I was getting cold with my damp sweater and all... and it was still raining.

"Racing to get there first, what else?" she shrugged and went to drop her bag.

There was a white pick-up truck parked beside it and two employees were filling it's trunk with our bags. Lucky bags. They didn't have to walk.

When she got out, I started to walk, definitely not racing to get there. The damn rain was cold! And I was all damp and frozen!

"We're going to have to walk under the rain for one hour..." Daphnee stated "I should have worn a white t-shirt. And take off my bra. And do a wet t-shirt competition. Do you think Stacey with her fake tits would have beaten me?"

I burst laughing, not caring to look around if the fake-booby-Stacey was close by.

"They're real, she doesn't have enough money to buy new ones, she's just been flapping them too much." Luke said appearing beside me.

I looked at him, a little jealous of his rain coat which looked warm and dry, and smiled at him.

We had been walking together for about a minute when he finally said "Sorry..."

I shook my head a little, wrapping my arms more tightly around me "You already said you were sorry" I reminded him.

"Well I'm saying it again. I shouldn't have been mad at you or believe anything that carrot said" he sighed, obviously not proud of himself.

I was never good at forgiving, that was one of my many flaws, but today I just didn't feel like being mad at him. I wasn't really mad anyway. The real problem in this thing was Stacey... sure he had been dumb enough to believe her but hey! Who was I to judge?

"You did great in the show" I simply said.

Saying I forgive you would have been a little hard, changing the subject to let him know he was, was easier.

"Thanks" Luke smiled.

"I like the song you picked" I nodded to myself.

Made me uncomfortable beside Blake actually...

"It was nice seeing Vanessa again. She should have sang though, but she didn't want to take attention away from people who were actually going to school here..." Luke started to say and then added, thoughtfully "She's home sick isn't she?"

No she's Tyler's sick...

"Ya..." I simply nodded.

By then, Katy, Janna and Catherine had caught up with us.

"Our boys really are gentlemen, abandoning us that way, aren't they?" Janna snorted, pulling a little on the hood of her plastic impermeable she was wearing to protect her clothes from the rain, and her hair most probably too.

Last time I had really REALLY talked with her and Catherine was at the Creek. I felt bad for having been too absorbed by Blake to neglect other people around... I just couldn't help the fact it was so hard to not spend every waken minutes with him...

"You guys are sleeping in the cabin or in tents?" I asked

"Cabin, definitely! I would die in a tent all four days in this weather!" Janna answered.

"Ya, it's going to suck if it rains all the time..." I trailed.

I mean I didn't mind the rain so much and could easily still go outside and do stuff but at some point all my clothes would be wet and I didn't fancy spending time in damp clothes. Last thing I needed was to get a cold.

"Good thing we brought a DVD player!" Janna laughed almost mischievously. Janna didn't have problem spending time outside in the forest, I mean after all she came most of the time to the Creek. But she wasn't a full on outdoorsy maniac either.

The whole walk to get to the cabin was long and wet. There path was in asphalt so the car that was driving our bags could go faster, obviously but it didn't make the walking easier. There were a lot of hills to climb up, like really really sharp ones, where your feet would make a small angle with your tibias. And the raining never stopped. And my hood didn't cover perfectly the front of my hair so it was getting all damp.

And after about twenty minutes of walking the only thing we kept repeating was "It can't be that far now,

we got to be close" but no we weren't and yes it did take a good hour to get there.

The camp was at the end of a little bay and when we stood at the far of the other side, we were able to see it in the distance and it was all it took us to not sprint to it like the boys had.

I had a hard time believing they had run all the way here, with the hills and the ground being slippery from the rain.

When we finally got there, we could see the back of the bigger cabin, the one where we would be staying. It was a log cabin, which had been painted in brown, and the roof was in light green metal sort of, all the windows painted white around. There was a porch but it wasn't that way that we had to get in. We walked around it, in a path, everything was pretty open but surrounded by trees. On our left was the cabin and then in front a spot to make fire and further in front was the lake, which had a breath taking view, many times nice than at the Creek since this place was so much bigger. And then there was a

path we could take on the right that lead to the guy's cabin.

For one second I thought about going that way first, to go see if I could find Blake and talk to him, but then remembered I had to go pick a place to sleep fast if I didn't want to end up in the same room as Stacey or something...

When we got in, through a single door, the entry looked a little like a bungalow sort of thing and there were bags everywhere; that was obviously where they dropped them. Everyone was crowding the room. Luckily my bag was already there so I picked it up.

I got in, trying to make a path through the people and bags and coolers and then stepped really inside the cabin.

The big room, was in fact a sort of living room if you will, with couches everywhere, the oranges brownish old type of couch, making the room feel homey and exactly the way a camp in the middle of the forest should look.

There was a bunch of shoes by the door, some muddy and most of them wet. I cursed myself for not knowing if one of those pairs were Blake's, and took mine off too.

There were windows covering the wall on the left and in front, and then on the right there was a big fire place, rocks incrusted in the wall around it and at the right of that wall, was the door, well there was no door, it was just open, that lead to the kitchen and at the right there were the stairs to get to the second floor and to the rooms and bathrooms.

Girls were carrying their bags to get upstairs; we were definitely not the first to get here. Luke wasn't with us anymore. He had gone to the boy's cabin.

And then the boys who were here were carrying their coolers to the kitchen. Peter and Justin were actually already making hot dogs, I mean, it was close to noon after all.

Connor was putting stuff in the big fridges; shirtless may I mention and let's just say that was a nice sight. But it was weird, yes he was hot, but I wasn't having "I want to run my hands on that chest" thoughts,

unlike I had with Blake. Yes Connor was nice to look at but I wasn't attracted by him...

That was bound to mean something right? That I definitely liked Blake.

I looked around to see if Blake was here or if he was back in the guy cabin, but I couldn't see him so I followed Daph who was singing "We started talking and man, it was so clear to me, there's no one else like you, you got the brains, the body, and the beauty, to top it off, you're cool"

Catherine, Janna and Katy were following us as we walked up. The stairs were small so if you slipped or something you could easily trip and fall.

When we were up we had to turn on our left and then it was an open place. There were five doors when you got on the second floor. One on the left, three on the right and one in front. Two were for the two bathrooms and the three others for the three rooms. We were too late to get one of the two small ones with six beds in each, Stacey and her little friends had already claimed them.

So there was the big one left, with fourteen beds in total. The bed bunks where made in a special way because of the roof that was in angle. So there were two beds on the first level which where perpendicular to the wall and then there was on bunk on top which was parallel to the wall. There were four set of bed bunks like that, two on each sides and then there were two single bunks, one on each side, at the far end of the room, by the window.

Catherine and Janna headed for the two single bed bunks at the far end of the room, Cath on the left, Janna on the right, while I settle in the last top bunk on my left, so I was beside the two girls and Daph took the top bed bunk on the other side and finally Katy took one of the perpendicular bed bunks, the one beside Catherine's, under me.

"Well this place doesn't suck that much" Katy said, chuckling and taking her coat off, placing it on the hook on the wood structure of the bed.

The roof walls were painted in green and the rest of the room was in wood, walls and floor. The whole place felt open, so that was nice and we had a door

that open outside to fire escape stairs so that was kind of nice, plus the window between Cath and Janna's beds was the kind of window you could sit on the side, because it there was a big front to it, so that was nice too. Plus being close to the window meant that if it got warm, we could open it and have wind.

"And we won't have to endure the Fake-Tanners" Janna joked.

I laughed a little but when I saw Felicity the Dark Priestess of the Night dropped her black bag by one of the bed close to the door I stopped laughing. Actually we all stopped talking and looked at each other with big eyes.

"Maybe we should go eat something?" Catherine offered and we all nodded and almost sprinted out of the room.

I should have changed my jeans because the bottom of the legs was all damp but I wasn't going back alone in the room with Felicity!

Downstairs people were still unpacking food. Justin and Peter had finished cooking and were sitting in

the dinning room, at one of the many tables, eating. Connor wasn't there anymore but I could hear his voice in the living room. Shawn and Clark were being the usual dick they were by teasing one of the girl in the cheerleading squad because she had brought a bunch of bananas.

Assholes.

The twins and Alex walked into the kitchen right before I could go get my cooler which had probably arrived at this point.

"So boys, had fun running all the way up to here?" I asked teasingly.

"Hell yeah we did! Clark puked by the side of the road!" Trevor grinned and I burst laughing.

"Shut up lil' dick!" Clark yelled.

"It's not his fault if he's totally not in shape" Cameron grinned too

"I mean the guy IS fat" Alex added, big smug smile in his face and the three guys laughed more.

"You know what, you can all shut the hell up!" Clark scowled but at least that made him get off the poor cheerleader's case. She wasn't the Stacey slutty type after all. Not all cheerleaders were.

"Who won the race?" Janna asked, probably hoping Dwayne had.

"I think it was a tie between Nicholas and Blake" Cameron answered.

Nicholas? Oh ya right, the guy who runs fast, of course.

"Actually Nico won. I tried a short cut through the wood and got kinda lost for a few second" Blake said, behind me and I turned to smile at him.

He had my cooler in his hands. I don't think I had to carry it at all ever since I had gotten in Josh's car.

"So you got the best bed bunk" I said, following him to the counter where he put my cooler"

"No, instead I followed your brother wise ideas and rubbed my ass in every other bed bunks" Blake

smirked, and I rolled my eyes and the three other boys didn't seem to be affected by that.

"You shouldn't follow my brother advice, that's my advice" I told him, and opened the cooler, starting to get things out.

Daph had gone to pick her stuff with Katy and Janna and Catherine had gone to find their boyfriends.

"So, you had fun walking?" Blake asked, taking some of my chocolate out and making mischievous eyes, like he was going to eat it.

I glared at him a little and snatched it out of his hands.

"Yes it was awesome, I just love being wet!" I said sarcastically.

"Ya I know that" Blake smirked and I rolled my eyes yet again.

"Are you going to make me food again Lexi? Did you bring stuff to make your awesome cookies?" Trevor asked, with a smile so big I had to laugh at that.

"I'm not your cook dude, plus with the rain it's going to be hard to make my cookies, but yes I did bring the stuff to make them"

"As long as you make them I'm a happy man"

"You're such a girl Trev" Cameron said, slapping the back of his head.

And that lead to the usual twin fight. Punching each other out of the room.

And I just shook my head in disbelief.

Blake had left to get in the little closet size room where there was a bunch of square shelves to put or food that didn't need to go in the fridge.

"So you got a good room?" I asked Alex who was still with me, while I went to put a few cans of Pepsi and the meat I had brought to make spaghetti sauce and the ham, and the vegetables and everything that needed to stay cold basically in the fridge, trying to find an empty spot.

"Ya, I'm with the twins, Connor, Justin and Peter"

"Hmm nice..." I trailed.

I wondered where Blake was sleeping though... was he with Clark and Shawn? I mean he did use to spend a lot of time with them.

"Jimmy wasn't that lucky though, he's stoked with the two pervs and the human vegetable"

Meaning Shawn, Clark and Fred.

"Poor him" I just answered.

So Blake was with whom? Probably Mark, and Dwayne...

"Naw, it's not so bad, Jimmy and him used to be friends before Fred became totally amorphous."

"Fred not a slump? That's possible?" I joked and went back to get stuff out of my cooler, the dry stuff.

"Hard to believe right?" Alex laughed and then the twins came back in and the three boys went to sit with Peter and Justin to get hot dogs.

I took my chocolate and my cookies, my coffee, my extra Pepsi, my marshmallows, pasta, bread, and everything else that fitted into my hands and headed to the little room.

Blake was still in the room, looking through food, a pack of cookies already in his hands.

"Stealing food Blakey-Boy?" I joked, trying to get to the back, but I had to squish a little since the room was so small, when I passed Blake.

Don't molest him, don't molest him...

"I paid for it" Blake just said and took a cookie out, biting in it while smirking.

I laughed, shaking my head slightly.

"Hey! You got coffee?" Blake asked, frowning.

"Ya" I just answered, trying to pick my shelf and not make a big thing out of the fact I was in such a little room with Blake.

"The guys were too dumb and forgot about it, will you share?" Blake asked with a big fake grin making me laugh again.

"Sure, but if you want some, you're going to have to ask me to make it because I'm not letting you anywhere near anything that has something to do with food"

"I appreciate your trust in me" Blake rolled his eyes. "I'll come wake you up at six in the morning to make me coffee to punish you lady!" he added pointing his finger at me and I laughed more.

But then I stopped realising what he meant "Hey! You are NOT waking me up!" I yelled at him but he just got out of the room laughing too.

After taking care of my food, I made myself a sandwich and went to eat with the guys. Daphnee was trying to trade the chicken wings she had bought for a foot rub so that was the pretty entertaining and I would have had more fun if it hadn't been for the fact that Blake hadn't been in the kitchen anymore when I had gotten out of the food stock.

When I was done eating I went back upstairs to change clothes, luckily Felicia wasn't there anymore.

I was just getting out of the bathroom when I heard girls speaking in their room, the door open.

"Wasn't Emily supposed to come pick her stuff up before going to her camp site?" one of the girl from

the track team and on the cheerleading squad asked another one.

I wouldn't have cared at all if the other girl hadn't answered.

"Oh she went to speak with Blake over at the boy's camp. She hasn't gone to the camp site yet"

My body almost froze.

What?!

Why would she need to speak with Blake? Why would she go see Blake? What was she speaking about with Blake?

For one second I had a hard time actually breathing but still got back into my room and went to sit on Catherine's bed, unable to get up on my bed bunk.

Okay there was no need to over react right? She could be speaking to Blake about his running skills, trying to have him on the track team. Maybe she was going to come back to get her stuff in just a few seconds. I mean it had been maybe an hour that I

had last seen Blake. So she couldn't have been with him longer than that, there was no need to freak.

And I spoke with a lot of boys all the time, it didn't mean anything; Blake could speak with girls...

I didn't have to picture them making out on a bed bunk! Why would they?

But then again, why wouldn't they?

Maybe Blake liked her... Maybe he was kind with me, because he only liked me has a friend... but he liked her as more...

But he had kissed me in front of the entire class! Didn't that count for something?! He wouldn't have done that knowing she was there, if he liked HER!

But maybe he had done it to make her jealous! Maybe after when they had gone together and I had ran back home to freak they had told each other they liked each other or something like that and oh my god could it actually possible that Blake liked Emily and I had no chance what so ever and I never had and oh my god...

Okay breathe Lexi! You're over reacting and over thinking!

They are TALKING! It doesn't have to MEAN anything! You can talk with someone without meaning you like them...

For a few minutes I kept arguing and freaking in my head, biting my nails.

"Girl you look like you're entire family just died in a car accident and you're now paralyzed from neck down" Daph said she walked into the room.

I glared a little but didn't say anything.

Katy, Janna and Catherine followed shortly with a plan to watch a movie since the weather was still so sucky and they were all a little tired from the walking under the rain, and it would be nice to stay here, warm.

I didn't argue and we all sat on Catherine's bed, the little DVD player in front of us and watched City of Angel.

It wasn't my favourite movie, Nicholas Cage was just way dumb in it and Meg Ryan had too much of a coming face during it, but I couldn't really help to find it sad especially at the end when Seth said "I would rather have had one breath of her hair, one kiss from her mouth, one touch of her hand, than eternity without one"

But I was too much over thinking to truly listen to the movie anyway and Daph was getting pissed at me for the nail biting.

Close to the end she actually got up and left us.

Ooops.

When we were done watching it, the girls talked for a little while and I tried to keep up with the conversation but I was just pretty out of it and Daph never came back so I finally went back downstairs.

I didn't see her anywhere, so I went to ask Davis who was in the living room, trying to start the fire in the fireplace.

"Hey have you seen Daphnee?"

"Last time I saw her she was going to speak with Blake..." he trailed and my brain went "WHAT?"

But I didn't say this out loud.

I was actually frozen.

Again.

"You alright there?" Davis asked chuckling.

I took a deep breath "Ya sure... you're doing this wrong by the way" answered and started to put the logs the right way, making a square with them, filling the space with paper, trying to keep my head from making other scenarios.

"Thanks" Davis smiled when the fire slowly started.

"Welcome... so huh, how long has been Daph gone, cause I needed to talk to her?"

To have her explain to me what the hell she was doing speaking with Blake!

"Well maybe an hour ago... well she was waiting to go talk to Blake but he was in our room speaking with Emily so she waited in the living room at our camp and then she went to talk to him... Maybe half an

hour ago, but I have no clue how long their conversation will last... Emily was there for a while" he snorted at the end, and my fists were actually clenched and if I hadn't been in public I actually think I would have punched a wall.

So first Emily and then Daph!

What the hell did she need to talk to him about?

Was Blake the shrink of the place or something?

Or... did Daph like him?

Was this why she had been acting weird lately? Why she wasn't okay?

I had never considered this but it WAS a possibility right? I mean she had mentioned she could take him and he was hot and all many times... maybe she was trying to say that she actually liked him...

Okay things were really confusing me right now!

What the hell were they all speaking about?

And why the hell wasn't I the one speaking with Blake right now? Because I hadn't had the balls to go

to the boy's camp had I screw up my chances? Had I ever had any chances?

Had I delusion myself into thinking I only had a chance at maybe Blake liking me?

Blake talked with anyone... Talking with maybe hadn't been such a big deal?

In an over thinking daze I got some food out for my dinner, but didn't feel like eating, and just went back upstairs. All I wanted was to just curl up and cry.

But I was surrounded by way too many people.

For a while I stayed in my bed bunk staring at the ceiling, trying to empty my mind. I took my mp3 out and listened to music.

Katy came to ask me if I wanted to come outside and play with everyone at Flag and Kick the Can. But I really wasn't in the mood.

I didn't want to see anyone, especially Emily and even Daph... and mostly Blake.

It was contradictory.

I wanted to see him, but at the same time I didn't.

Maybe he was just switching girl to spend time with, he had gotten tired of me, of my stupidity and my unobservantness and my over reacting and all...

Maybe he had realized I liked him and didn't want to deal with my pity feelings...

Still with what I knew that was not a way Blake would act or think. And with everything he had shared with me... with everything I knew... he couldn't "replace" me right? He HAD to care, if not romantically than at least on a friend level!

And maybe that was just it... I was just a friend...

When it finally got dark outside and I could hear people laughing and shouting outside I went to take my shower and curled back up on my bed bunk, holding my sheet tightly, wishing for Blake's hoodie...

"If this is how things are going to be during the trip I wish I hadn't come..." was my last thought before I fell asleep.

Chapter 79

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (74)

Alright here it is! Chapter 74. Ouf!

So! I always have all sort of things to tell you but right now I know some people are waiting (meaning my cheering team! lol) and I have fried chicken waiting for me in the oven and losing it's greasy freshness the more and more I wait so! With that said! Hope you enjoy this chapter!

It goes to my friends who inspired this whole trip! I love you guys! We have to go back there again! lol

So! Read and enjoy! :P

(Sorry for the mistakes, I'll double check more throughtly later but that chicken smells REALLY good!)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

That night was restless to say the least.

Every time someone walked in or out of the room I was awaken, the girls' night chatting kept me half awake too.

Anytime I did sleep though it was a light one that didn't do any good to rest me.

Finally in the morning I was shocked awake by some bug walking on my nose; probably a fly that had bumped on it, and I brushed my hand, balled into a fist around my sheet, on it. I snuggled again, wishing to sleep more; actually it would have been nice to just sleep for the next three days, just sleep through the trip as if it had never happened.

But the damn bug came back to annoy me again, and I brushed my nose again, groaning a little in complaint.

Stupid bug!

Stupid camp!

Stupid trip!

Stupid me...

I sighed heavily, trying to sleep again, trying to free my thoughts of Emily and even Daph and mostly Blake, but the damn freaking bug came back to freaking annoy me again and this time I hissed in frustration and opened my eyes, ready to go bug freaking hunting, seriously I would do MAJOR damage to the fly, but instead found myself staring into big gray eyes. Smiling warm gray eyes with just a hint of dark blue in them.

Blake just kept staring at me, folding his arms on the side of my bed, resting his chin on the top of his hands, smirking slightly.

"I need coffee" he smirked more.

I wasn't sure if I should be pissed or pissed.

I turned around, facing the wall, showing him my back and groaned "Come back in another life"

What the hell was wrong with him? Did he honestly think he could just walk in here like this and not have me mad at him?!

But then it dawned on me... it could... I mean he could not even be aware I had been mad at him, was still mad at him...

God I was so pathetic...

For two seconds Blake was silent but then finally said "Fine"

I wanted to cry out for him to stay but I just kept staring at the wall. I wasn't going to just pretend like what had happened yesterday hadn't, I wasn't going to act like I wasn't completely pissed and I hadn't fought tears all night long! But instead of hearing his footsteps leaving, I heard the wood of the ladder squeak.

I automatically turned around and there was Blake, climbing up to get to my bed bunk.

What the...

"Scooch over Pumpkin" Blake laughed at my completely confused face, getting his right feet on the side of the wood, lifting himself up, got on my bed bunk and came to lay beside me.

All the while he was doing that I was just staring at him almost mouth gaping open, completely frozen...

Now the thing was... those bed bunk were small. Like smaller than the usual single beds. And because of the roof in angle you couldn't really sit without having your head pressed on it and your back hunched. So if you went up, you had to lie down.

And that's what Blake was doing, right beside me, settling himself.

I tried to back away against the wall as much as I could, to not make any physical contact with him but it was pretty much useless. My right arm was touching his right arm and the side of my hip his... and damn he smelled good and I had missed that smell last night...

Backing my face away from his as much as I could, trying to not breathe my nice morning breath in his face I mumbled "Huh Blake?"

"What?" he asked, settling his head on my pillow comfortably, smirking with his eyes closed, way too close to me.

Had he been like this with Emily and Daph? With that thought in mind my next words just flooded out of my mouth "Get away?"

Why did it have to sound more like a question than an order though? Because I liked him and I wanted to have him here in my bed bunk with me and that for some idiotic reason it almost felt like I should just be putting the whole yesterday deal out of my head and...

And that was this exact kind of thought, that "Aww let's not make a big deal out of things" that makes you end up in your boyfriend's room with him telling you he's gay!

Blake slightly turned his head to the left and opened only one eyes to look at me, one side of his mouth rising "Gotta be more convincing than that Pumpkin"

I glared at him, and then without thinking about it, pushed him to make him fall off the bed bunk.

When I did that, Blake's body jerked, right hand raised, and then he hurled himself towards me to not fall and his right arm went to rest right on my left side and well he was pretty much on top of me inches from me face and all I could think was "Morning breath, MORNING BREATH!"

"Go ahead, say it"

Morning breath?

"Wh... wha..." I stuttered unable to form a coherent sentence.

He smells good, his body is almost on mine, I want to lick his chest and kiss his lips...

"What's bothering you, just say it" Blake smirked.

That you're like almost on top of me and I trying to not tear off your clothes right now because I'm extremely mad at you?

For some reason I didn't think that's what he wanted to know.

So I narrowed my eyes at him. I was mad at him for pete sake! "Oh and why would I do that? Why would I need to do what you ask?"

"Because you weight what? You're five eight and borderline too thin so I'd say what? Hundred and twenty pounds at the top? I'm six three, hundred and seventy something pounds and I'm squishing you right now. Well barely. So if you don't answer I'll squish more. And trust me, one hundred and seventy pounds of squishing Blakeness can be... unsettling" his eyes were almost evil when he said that last word.

"Get OFF of me!" I hissed, but made no attempts at pushing him off again.

"Answer my question"

"You know what? Some girl in here is bound to come help me out!"

"Everyone is downstairs eating expect for Felicity but she's snoring and probably humping her dark doggy prince of the night and then there's an unidentified girl in another bed bunk but she has those weird night mask and she's wearing earplugs so she can't help you and Daphnee's pretending to sleep and trying to ignore us"

"DAPH!" I automatically shouted.

But I could hear her groaning and tossing in her bed, obviously ignoring us.

"Tell me what's bothering you. Just tell me and I'll get off of you then we can go make coffee and eat breakfast!"

Okay MAYBE I was arguing more and not dropping the point mostly because in a sick perverse way I like our position right now...

Bad Lexi!

"And you know if you answer and come with me I'll let you help us set up the traps for Clark later" Blake added

"Traps?" I frowned.

Blake smirked, his hands still resting on my left side, his upper body still above mine, not really touching though "We brought saran-wrap and duck tape"

"Should I be scared?" I snorted.

I shouldn't be encouraging him but when did I ever do what I should be doing with Blake?

"No but Clark should. I know his night habits now, I heard him go pee twice during the night... well at least I hope that was it..." he answered thoughtfully on that last part.

Gross.

But something else had registered and I wanted to punch him, actually I did try to knee him on the hip.

"Blake? Have you slept?" I sighed, discouraged.

Blake smirked widely "Be more specific"

I rolled my eyes "Did you sleep tonight?"

Why was I doing this? Seriously I should be ignoring him, pushing him off my bed, heck screaming at him and punching him, I shouldn't be keeping up with this ridiculous conversation.

Really, why the hell was I doing this? I was freaking PISSED at him!

"By sleeping do you mean the natural periodic state of rest for the mind and body, in which the eyes usually close and consciousness is completely or partially lost, so that there is a decrease in bodily movement and responsiveness to external stimuli." Blake ranted.

Smartass.

"Yes"

"No"

I sighed again, closing my eyes shortly "This is going to be a thing, with us right? You not sleeping. Seriously Blake what the hell are you thinking, how hard it is to freaking sleep? You. Need. To. Sleep."

Us. Thing.

There was no us, there was not thing... I should realize that...

I should drop this; I should stop obsessing over him I should just stop it all, I was only going to get hurt! Last night wasn't a proof of that? Why was I so freaking weak when it came to Blake?

"And how would you like to have Felicity scream incantation in the middle of the night?"

I frowned "What's that got to do with anything"

"Why do you think my room is soundproof?" Blake smirked.

Oh god, can this boy get any more confusing?

"Your room is soundproof?"

"Ya... hadn't I told you that?"

"Not that I recall... You're diverting." I pointed out.

Blake sighed over me and I had no doubt that if his hands weren't supporting him he would have run them in his hair in that sexy move he did. "I scream

when I have nightmares. It's been pretty bad lately and I know the second I sleep right now I'll have nightmares and then I'll scream like a kid meeting Freddy Kruger. SO, with that said, I'm exhausted, the chances of me falling on you asleep get higher and higher with every ticking seconds"

I tried to back away from him, get away but it was useless, the bed bunk was tiny "You're an ass"

Blake legendary smirked lighted his face "Is that what's bothering you? Because it hasn't seemed to bother you lately?"

"What do you want me to say Blake?" I sighed

"I want you to tell me what's bothering you!"

Prick. Idiot. Annoying asshole. Freaking dumbass. A whole list of other names.

"Because you don't know it!?" I hissed at him.

"I do know it" he nodded, still enjoying this.

Oh this had gone too far!

So what? This was amusing to him? My feelings were entertaining?

"Then why do you want me to tell you if you already know the answer?" I almost yelled.

I hate him. I hate him, I hate him!

"I want you to admit it out loud!"

"You're an ASS!" I yelled again.

"Just say it Pumpkin"

"What? You want me to tell you it pissed me off that you talked for god knows how long with a girl, all alone in your room, that it angers me that I have no clue what you and Daph spoke about yesterday, that I hate the fact that it bothers me when it shouldn't because why SHOULD it bother me!?" I started to rant frantically.

Oh god this sounded bad to say, even for me!

Why the hell had I just said that? Why the HELL had I just admit this? What was wrong with me? Saying this was as bad as telling him I liked him wasn't it? And right now I didn't like him. He only got a confession out of me while I got NOTHING!

Nothing!

Blake smirked over me, and then let himself fall back beside me, pushing himself with his hand "See, wasn't so hard to admit now was it?"

I slapped his stomach, hissing myself up on my elbow, glaring "I hate you"

The way I said it, wasn't amused, it was pissed, utterly pissed.

How could he find this amusing!? What kind of prick was he?

Maybe I should just retrieve my pink Swiss pocket knife I had brought in my bag and stab him repeatedly!

And Blake just stayed there, in my freaking bed bunk, and he actually had the nerve to settle in, trying to slip under the covers I had brought; I couldn't find my sleeping bag, and he was smirking!

"You ARE aware that I'm mad at you right now, right?" I glared at him but there was no point, he had his eyes closed.

And his left leg was touching my right under the covers...

Gosh dammit! Focus Lexi!

"Ya" Blake just yawned.

"So what? It doesn't matter to you?!" I angrily snorted in disbelief

Okay I sounded like some hysterical not-even girlfriend! I should just drop it and ignore him... I shouldn't even have asked that question or wait for an answer!

I was pissed yes. But there was no point in showing it to him.

I let myself fall back on my back and stared at the ceiling, thinking about punching him a few times. This boy was making me violent!

"I think I've already mentioned that you're too quick to judge Pumpkin" Blake whispered beside me.

"Oh and THAT'S just the perfect answer Blake, wow!" I hissed at him, raising my upper body again, my face a little over his to make eye contact; his eyes were

open now, but I got a little worked up and then hit my head on the ceiling. "Oww, frack!"

Stupid bed bunk!

Stupid CEILING!

Stupid Blake!

I rubbed the back of my head while Blake chuckled lightly, closing his eyes again.

"You know what? Why don't we just sleep, because you obviously look like you need it too and than you can scream at me all you want, even if it's completely misplaced" Blake yawned again

"How so?" I glared.

Blake turned his head to the right and asked loudly "Daphnee what did we talk about?"

"Oh we didn't talk we mostly made out" Daph answered from her bed bunk.

I looked around trying to find something to throw at her.

Blake laughed at my reaction, I guess my face showed a lot of anger or something seriously could I be more freaking obvious! He must just SEE right now how much this bothered me, and the mentioning that it DID bother me that he was alone with other girls...

Seriously all of this sounded just like a love declaration right?

And I hated him for making me say these things, for forcing a confession out of me when he wasn't giving me anything! Was this only a game to him?

It wasn't a love declaration I should be making right now, but a hate one!

"Lighten up Pumpkin, Daphnee and I have common friends that we needed to talk about"

"Ya don't worry Lex, you can have all the football boys, I prefer the cool guys" Daphnee added.

Right now I pretty much just wanted to kill the football player beside me!

"Cool guys! Ya RIGHT!" Blake snorted, shaking his head in disapprobation.

"You know what Running-Back boy, shut up otherwise I'll help Lexi beat you up and I know she's armed"

Blake looked at me one eyebrow raised and I smirked at him.

Daph knew me so well!

"Hmm... that sounds naughty for some reason..." Blake trailed thoughtfully.

"You dumb prick!" I exclaimed and hit him on the stomach but Blake grabbed my hand and started to tickle my side so I just twitched a little, hit my knee on the freaking ceiling, seriously that ceiling had to go, and tried to slap Blake or something but my hand wasn't getting out of his grip and then other one was just trying to stop him from tickling me "Blake I will hurt you! Stop!" I breathed between laugh.

Here I was mad as hell at him and I was laughing... I seriously hated that dumb prick!

"You're already hitting me all the time; seriously I should fill up a complaint or something..." Blake said in a teasing voice.

I glared at him "Die!"

"Thanks. So point being, Daphnee and I had to talk about a few things, which you can ask her all about and as for Emily, see how cooperative I am, I'm bringing it up all by myself! Anyway, I knew her before she started to come to our school, she was going to another one before but she had to change... she's been through crap and sometimes she comes and talks to me because well... I know crap." he explained, in an almost sad voice

"What kind of crap..." I trailed.

Dead brother kind of crap I wanted to add but didn't.

Seriously bringing up things like that just made me sound mean now...

Blake took a deep breath. he was still holding my hand. "Not mine to talk about. You can always ask her too..."

I snorted a little "So what? You're like the therapist of the place?"

"Sort of... I'm observant... unlike someone else..."Blake smirked and then squeezed my hand to stop me from punching him "Now now Pumpkin, no hitting the future Dr. Phil alright?"

I glared again, but it wasn't as filled with anger as it had been anymore "I hate you"

Blake smiled and closed his eyes, placing my hand he was still holding on his chest over his heart "Ya I know. Love you too. Anyway, can we sleep now? It would be awesome"

"Whatever" I mumbled, trying to keep my voice levelled, but it was hard with Blake's heart beating on my palm.

Why was it that I was so bi-polar with him? How could I jump from wanting to murder him to almost melting with his touch?

"Thanks... your bed bunk is surprisingly comfortable, more than mine anyway" Blake smiled, his eyes closed.

And back to the "I want to attack him with my lips" scenarios.

"My bed bunk rocks" I nodded, trying to distract my head.

You hate him Lexi, remember?

Ya probably not...

Blake yawned before answering "Ya it does"

"Question like that," I frowned "won't you have nightmares if you sleep now?"

The corner of Blake's mouth twitch upwards a bit "Well for one thing I won't be waking up everyone in the middle of the night, I'll just be screaming in your ears. And I trust you'll have the decency to wake me up if I do start screaming"

And I was completely softened again "They're really bad lately?" I asked in a small voice.

Blake nodded just a little.

"Is there a reason or something?" I said, my voice still as low.

"I stopped trying to make sense of my head, you should too Pumpkin" Blake chuckled silently, his chest shaking under my hand, and I couldn't help it,

my thumb was rubbing his chest, just lightly though, trying to be comforting somehow.

"Would you two shut up!? I'm trying to sleep here!" the unidentified girl from the bed bunks below screamed and Blake and I muffled our laugh.

"I'm sleeping now" Blake mouthed to me, and I smiled at him.

I nodded in agreement and turned my head, to stare at the ceiling again, my hand still on Blake's chest.

Wow... I had SERIOUS problems now...

The whole bi-polar thing... and the "confession"...

Oh crap...

Of course I wanted to slap myself right now. What an idiot!

But what could I do about it... I liked Blake, and when it came to him there was nothing rational about it...

In the end Blake didn't sleep, I only mentioned Blake in this scenario because there was no way in hell I could have slept in my tiny bed bunk with Blake

beside me like that; to say I was tense was the understatement of the year.

People had started to come up and they were talking loudly and there was Stacey definite high pitch voice we could hear even when she was outside the room. When we had heard her, Blake had hid his head under the cover. The face he had made was priceless.

So we had finally gotten out of my bed bunk and went downstairs to go eat and to make coffee.

Alex had made way too many eggs for the guys, like three dozens, so we eat the remaining with a bunch of toast with strawberry jelly on it, I had thought about that one.

I tried to show Blake how to make coffee but it was pretty much useless because the minute I started talking he leaned his arms over the counter and he rested his head on them.

Lazy boy!

"So where were you yesterday?" Alex asked when we were all sitting around the table.

I sighed a little, not wanting to get back into this conversation and I could just see Blake smirking behind his toast, sitting beside me.

I kicked his leg under the table.

"I was skinning dead deers" I mumbled and took a big bite of eggs.

That wasn't a smart move because Blake kicked my leg too and I almost chocked on the food. And I burned my tongue by downing coffee to make it pass.

"Anyway, what are you guys up to, today?" I finally asked, still coughing a bit, to try to get the attention off of me.

And then they all started to argue.

At this point I just laughed and kept eating, slowly this time, enjoying this. Last time we had been all together like this for a long amount of time was at the Creek. It felt like an eternity ago.

I didn't really try to keep up with the conversation; I knew that at one point I would just be dragged into one of the scenarios.

Plus my train of thoughts distracted me a bit. Most boys were still wearing their night outfits which for most were sweat pants and t-shirt but Connor was still shirtless.

Now why couldn't Blake be shirtless? Okay that white t-shirt of his was just as hot, well hotter than Connor shirtless but I was biased. Why couldn't Blake be just a little less hot, that way it would be easier to not go totally cuckoo in his presence, plus I wouldn't have to worry that every girl would steal him away from me if he was ugly... Okay I was SO not wishing for him to be ugly, because let's face it he was nice to look at and it would be a sin to lose such hotness...

Okay shut up Lexi...

"Where did you get that food because Polly wants a cracker?" Daph said behind me, taking my mug of coffee.

"Might be some left in the pan" Alex told her.

"Ate it all" Blake smirked with a big mouthful in his mouth.

Gross.

I slapped him behind the head and he almost chocked the food out.

I was grinning like a kid on Christmas over that one. And Blake was narrowing his eyes at me but in that playful way that you just know you're in trouble of his.

"You wanna play that game" Blake asked his voice playful.

"Aww please keep the foreplay for the bedroom, I'm trying to eat here" Cameron whined and I narrowed my eyes at him now and Blake just took two toasts from his plate.

By then Daph had walked around the table and was sitting on Alex's lap, looking around in everyone's plates and before I could call Cameron a dick or something she announced "Alright, I'm ready to show my boobies to however feeds me breakfast. And I mean real food now! Real nutritious consistent food. No playing with words."

The way all the guy looked down at their plates, pretty much simultaneously and then back up to

Daph with almost desperate eyes because their plates were empty was to die for!

Trevor, Connor, Jimmy and Davis actually got up to find food somewhere else obviously.

"Not going with them Alex?" Blake asked his voice a little smug, eating more.

"I've seen Daph's boobies quite enough" Alex laughed.

Daphnee pinched his cheek "Aww Papa Bear don't say things like that! You're hurting my feelings. And my boobies' ego"

Alex just rolled his eyes at our favourite hippie and then grinned at Blake and asked "YOU'RE not going?"

Blake snorted and took a big bite out of his toast after answering "I don't like sharing"

"Well I'll go make myself something decent to eat so I won't have to flash for fruit or anything less elaborate" Daph snorted and got up from Alex's lap and headed to the kitchen.

While she did that I stared at Blake because what he just said wasn't completely true. "You share your food with me sometimes" I pointed out.

Blake smirked "You're the exception that proves the rule"

I rolled my eyes at him and drank some more coffee, careful to blow on it before to not burn myself again "I bet twenty bucks you don't even understand what that means"

Blake laughed, but frowned a little after "Not fully, no." and then he automatically added, poking me in the ribs "Stop being a smartass" because I had a mini smirk working its way up my lips.

Seriously all that time I was spending with Blake was making me smirk!

I grabbed the hand he had used to poke me and tried to get his head in a deadlock "Oh? I'M being a smartass now?"

Cameron groaned in complaint again "Seriously will you two just get it on somewhere else than in my face?"

I let go of Blake's head, and we were both chuckling lightly when I asked Cameron "Want to talk about what's really bothering you Cameron? Mister Sensibility."

The twin in front of me glared and pointed me "It's not because you're a girl that I'm going to restrain myself from kicking your butt, you are aware of that right?"

I grinned "Blake will beat you up for me!"

And Blake nodded in confirmation.

Funny... few weeks ago I would have said Alex. Now I said Blake. Totally healthy and none obsesses...

Cameron snorted "I could take him down"

Blake laughed, seriously laughed "I doubt it"

"I have an evil twin that will help me" Cameron offered.

And that's the moment when the evil twin reappeared "What am I supposed to help you with?" he frowned, eating whatever he had brought for Daph probably.

"Beat up Blake to go kick Lexi's butt" Cameron grinned

Trevor laughed "You on your own Doctor Evil"

"Oh ya?!" Cameron asked getting up.

"Yup!" Trevor smiled and that lead to more twin fighting.

I shook my head in disbelief, laughing quietly and resumed to eating my breakfast which was getting cold pretty fast, unlike my coffee.

"So anyway, what are we doing finally?" I asked Alex, because I had been too busy drooling over Blake's outfit to listen to their conversation.

"Well it's still raining a bit so the whole Peter and Justin wanted to go on the lake with the canoes, is moot and I'd rather do something else..."

"Like what? Watch the fire take in our camp?" Blake snorted and ate the last of his eggs.

"Got a better idea?" Alex asked, leaning back in his chair.

Blake raised his hands on his side like a overly girly-girl and took a high pitch voice and I had a serious time not losing control on my laughing "Ya maybe we could play dress up inside and all be princesses and put on tiara" and then he frowned and took his normal voice again "Seriously when has raining ever been a problem?"

With all the gay joke Blake made with Alex you'd think he knew about Alex's dirty little secret. But this was one thing that for some reason I had no doubt about; Blake didn't know Alex was gay. Even with his all knowingness of his I was sure Blake didn't know. I didn't know why he didn't I mean he had been there when Alex was drunk and calling for Travis... maybe he had a mental blockage or something... maybe it was just a scenario he wasn't considering... nevertheless I was sure he didn't know. Because if he did he would have told me. I knew that.

I finally answered for Alex, snorting behind my mug of coffee "Since his cell phone doesn't like getting wet"

Mouhahaha

I was sure he have most been texting Travis. Heck he had been texting him all during the bus ride.

"Alex, you're a wuss" Blake just stated, smirking and then turned his head and called behind him "Tweedledee and Tweedledum, you game to go outside?"

I turned and saw the twins, that weren't fighting anymore.

"Sure, let's go walk in the trails... we could go crap in Pick-His-Nose-Danny's tent" Trevor shrugged.

"Sounds good to me" Blake nodded, chuckling and took a gulp of coffee before getting up. "Alright who's coming?"

I rolled my eyes and stated "Innuendo"

Blake smirked "Always"

"Well, I'll... accompany you guys" I said, laughing careful in my choice of word.

And I mean I ought to get out of the cabin! And who cared, it was just rain.

I went up to get dress and the boys went back to their camp to do the same. We all met up where there was a spot to make a fire, which we obviously hadn't used yet because it was still raining.

The trees' leaves were filled with raindrops and the sky was still gray but it wasn't pouring heavily so that was good.

In the end Blake, the twins, Dwayne, Janna, Daph, Davis and I left to go walk in the trails.

"Come on babe, it's just rain" Dwayne laughed, walking beside his girlfriend.

Janna was wearing her hood tightly around her head to not get her hair wet, she almost looked like a Teletubies.

"Just rain?" Janna snorted and held the bottom of her hood, at her chin, tightly.

"Yes, just rain. I mean look at Daph, she's not making a big deal out of it..." and then he looked over at Daph who was running around, twirling on herself and trying to drink water drops I think, with her tongue

sticking out so he shook his head and continued "Okay bad example, but see Lexi is fine too"

I laughed at that, of course I was wearing my hood, but it was just resting lightly on top of my head and my oh-so-long hair was coming out of it on both side, curling more as it got damp.

I didn't give a crap about rain for some reason right now, I was just happy that I had been freaking out for no reason and that things were back to normal with Blake and okay, I still needed to talk with Daph to know what was going on and I definitely wanted to ask that Emily girl questions too... but I was oddly happy at the moment nevertheless.

Blake was walking a little ahead of me and I ran to catch up with him and jumped in a little puddle of water to splash him and smirked when he glared a little at me.

"Two year old Lexi?" he said, shaking his head but then laughed and I just grinned and kept purposely jumping in the water puddle the rain had formed, splashing everyone as I went, completely wetting the

bottom of my pants, and of course my shoes. And mud splashed too.

"Why don't you just sit in the puddles Lex, it'll do the same thing but faster" Davis laughed.

"Hey! I'm having fun alright!" I pouted and kept running from puddle to puddle.

All through this Blake was just basically laughing at me, trying to get away from all my splashing but quickly understood there was no point. So now his pants were all muddy and wet too!

That was for scaring me yesterday and making me want to cry!

"There's another trail there" Trevor pointed out after about half an hour of walking. We had passed the first camping site, the one where Emily was sleeping, and we had almost reached the second one, where Pick-His-Nose-Danny stayed.

"And?" Dwayne asked. He wasn't wearing his rain coat anymore, Janna was.

"And? Let's go SEE that trail" Trevor yelled in a high pitch voice.

Seriously all the boys were using that voice way too much lately. It was getting scary.

"No thanks" Janna mumbled, and Dwayne followed her, keeping up in the main trail.

I shrugged and followed Trevor "I'm going"

I mean I pretty much had my fill of puddles for now.

Daph was too concentrated in jumping in the puddles and Davis was kicking water at her so they didn't follow but Cameron and Blake came.

"What if we find some haunted house at the end of the trail" Trevor asked laughing.

"We'll give your soul up for trade" Blake snorted, shaking the trees to make the water drops on the leaves fall down on me and get me even more damp than I already was, smirking.

I glared at him and kicked his knee, before running away.

Blake ran after me and I ran faster, skipping over the roots sticking out on the mud trail, trying not to slip, but I kind of did once and now my butt was completely covered in mud... oh well...

Anyway I had to stop running at one point because we reached some "not-deep-just-filled-with-mud-and-old-leaves" looking pond.

"Now look at that nice little pound" Cameron yelled behind me and smiled and the way he looked at me...

Oh hell no.

My eyes widen and I tried to get around fast, to find another trail somewhere that would bring me far away from this one.

But Cameron was fast and had anticipated that. He grabbed me around the waist and as I trashed in his hands, he yelled over his shoulder. "You helping me?"

Trevor was climbing in a tree to not get thrown in the pond, or just to not have anything to do with the whole situation.

Wuss!

But Blake seemed to think about it for a second and then shrugged "Sure"

OH HELL NO!

"BLAKE EATON! I SWEAR to god! Don't you DARE help him!" I shrieked.

But Blake juste smirked and then picked up my feet, helping Cameron.

Oh NO. Oh HELL no!

"Feisty isn't she?" Cameron laughed

"You were supposed to kick his ass not HELP him!" I yelled squishing in the boys arms but there was no point really. They had picked me up from the ground and Blake was holding my lower body tightly now while Cameron was holding my upper and I was trying to bite him.

"You honestly think I would miss an occasion to get you wet?" Blake laughed and then they both swung me into the dirty pond.

Chapter 80

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (75)

So if you haven't heard by now "I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know" is ONE YEAR OLD! My baby is growing up so fast! *insert me covering my mouth to stop the sobbing*

;P

Anyway, before you read on I just want to thank you all, my faithful reader, those that always have kind encouraging words, you made me write this story for a year, you can be proud! lol

So... sorry guys, for making you wait, schedule is pretty full lately... And it's just going to get worse for the next two weeks because it's my mid session week

break from October 10th to 17th and I have exams and dissertation and critique and sculpture and art project and all sort of fun crap like that to do before it! -_-

So... sorry if the uploading is slow... but during that week break after I sleep for forty eight hours and then sleep some more I'll try to get more chapters out for you guys! But ya... I mean those grades I'm getting right now sort of will decide which next course I will be accepted in so it could be nice if I didn't fail... It would completely rock actually... cause I mean writing here is fun and all but I doubt it'll get me anywhere and help me pay for all those debts I'm getting to buy my CDs! lol

Oh and ya, sorry for the mistakes but I honestly don't care I'm not a freaking professional editor, nor intend on making this book publish, it's almost 7AM, my eyes are getting dry and I have to get up in 4 hours. So ya... there's plenty of mistakes deal with it.

On a side note, did you guys know that burned rice looked like diarrhea? Ya... gross.

Read and enjoy!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

They are dead.

Plain simple.

And after I killed Cameron and Blake, Trevor was also going down for not helping me. And I would make my life goal to dry off the water of this muddy pond for ever. Muddy and full of leaves. And gooey white dead worms on the banks.

Oh god, the worms...

They threw me like you'd throw away a log or something so I barely had the time to try to erect myself and half of my body was falling in the pond water reaching to my waist but since I had been thrown in it I pretty much got soaked to my shoulders.

And because I was shrieking at them to stop I got filthy water in my mouth.

Oh this was just awful.

I take back everything I ever said. I don't like Blake Eaton AT ALL. And twins aren't cool. THEY SUCK!

The second they weren't holding me anymore I automatically ran to them and by running I mean tried to move forward making those hand moves you do when you're in water and trying to run but it just doesn't work. Not to mention my feet were sinking into the muddy button.

Still Cameron was too busy laughing his butt off that he didn't have the time to run away before I grabbed him by the arm, trying to pull him back with me, and into the pond. And since I was a little lower than him and I didn't give a crap about getting wet again, because let's face it, the damaged was done at this point, I pulled him back with me. I had the slicky bank on my side after all.

While Cameron was still in shock from having been thrown in, heck, even I was; I hadn't expected it to be this easy, I did the little hand feet coordinated move and got out of the pond, and sprinted after Blake, who was trying to get away. But he was laughing at Cameron's expense, and mine of course, little bitch, and again, the ground was slicky so he slipped, he

didn't fall down but it was just enough slowing down that my furious little self caught up with him.

And when I did, well sure I was slipping too and my shoes were making those awful squishing-full-of-water sounds, but I was determine to drag his nice looking ass right back to that pond and then throw him in. Even if I had to roll him there.

So I bumped into him, trying to circle my arms around his waist to drag him back, but I slipped and I think his feet caught a root on the ground because next thing I knew we were falling on the damp earth.

And he was still laughing and I obviously wasn't.

You are SO going INTO THE POND Mister Eaton!

We had both fallen on our side so I tried to crouch up and then grabbed Blake by the back of his jeans, trying to tow him to the muddy water where Cameron was getting out.

"TREVOR WILLIAMS! Come HELP me!" I yelled.

I was offering him a chance to redeem himself.

I mean, Blake was heavy and my clothes were completely wet so it was a weight on my shoulders, not to mention my shoes were making it hard to walk without slipping and falling.

I kinda needed help...

"I'm stuck in the tree!" he screamed back.

Oh what a wussy!

"HELP!" Trevor screamed this time, but oh he could forget me helping him.

"You're not winning this Pooky" Blake laughed, easily freeing himself from my grasp and then threw me back on the ground, crouched down too and wrapped his arm around me, over my arms so I couldn't punch him or something and got up, dragging me...

Back to the pond.

Bitch.

"I swear to god Blake, throw me back in there and I will never speak with you again!" I yelled in his ears, trashing in his arms, my feet kicking in the air but all

that nice arm muscle of his wasn't just for showing off, he was actually quite strong.

Blake lifted me for a second, so my feet stop trying to get anchored on the ground, pressing me more against his chest and for just one tiny second I enjoyed the fact I was in his arm, but just one TINY second "I think I'll take my chances!"

Bitch!

I trashed even more forcefully, moving my torso, trying to free myself "You dumb freaking prick!"

We had only been about fifteen feet away from the pond to begin with so at this point we were barely standing five feet away from the banks.

Cameron had gotten out and was twisting his hoodie, trying to get the extra water out, un-sticking the leaves form his jeans. I was hoping that the squishiness from my damp clothes would help me slip out of Blake's grasp but he obviously didn't mind about my wetting him... okay that sounded really wrong... anyway! He was going to throw me in soon, and there was no way in hell I was letting him do

that! If I was going down, he was going down with me!

I tried to squish more out of his grasp, screaming a bunch of profanities and then realized I had enough leisure to move my arms and I pinched his forearm as hard as I could.

Blake yelled "OUCH!" and his hold on me un-tighten a bit, but not enough for me to get out but it destabilized him enough that I did the only thing I could do; threw us both in the pond.

Suicide throwing in water like that seemed to be one of our many "things".

When we were both in, I tried to sprint out as fast as I could again, but Blake grabbed the back of my hoodie saying "Oh you're not going ANYWHERE"

"Blake BLAKE! This is GROSS! Please!" I whined this time, wiggling and trashing, water splashing.

I didn't even want to think about what kind of rotting things there was in this pond... I honestly hope I didn't have cuts on myself because I'd probably get an infection or something!

And now my shoes were getting sucked in the bottom of it, the mud becoming almost like quick sand or something!

Seriously?

"Okay okay Blake! You got me wet! Good enough now? HAPPY now?" I whined, elbowing him in the chest.

I honestly hated him right this instant.

For a good ten second I kept fighting against him, to get out of hold.

"Tremendously!" Blake finally smirked and let go of me, so I just punched him on the chest scowling and after un-trapping my shoes from the mud quickly got out.

"Hey, come on Pumpkin!" Blake yelled after me, getting out too, but I just kept walking faster, ignoring Trevor's pleas in the tree, and Cameron laughing at him under it, pointing at him.

Aside from the awful squishing sound the sole of my show did -seriously I probably couldn't wear them

for the rest of the trip, they were completely filled with water with mud on top- I could hear Blake running behind me.

Without even turning I yelled out mad, "Don't you Pumpkin me you prick!"

Blake caught up with me and laughed "I think I heard that before"

I stopped dead in my track, turned around and poked him on the shoulder, glaring at him "Oh you heard that before? Maybe because you were being an imbecile that time too!"

A smile warmed his face "Lighten up Pooky!"

"Oh that's it!" I sighed loudly and started to walk again, to head back to the main trail and to the camp and just hide in my bed bunk for a while. I mean did he HAVE to throw me in TWICE?

"Well today is really not my day; you keep being mad at me!" Blake laughed still following me

"Maybe because you keep doing things to make me MAD!"

Mad in every sense of the word. Seriously why was I even doing this to myself? Liking Blake was seriously going to make me crazy, heck liking Blake already made me crazy!

I quicken my pace, almost losing my shoes because they got stuck in mud of the trail this time, but Blake grabbed me by the arm, stopping me from getting away and turned me to face him. "Lexi..." he said, looking straight into my eyes. And then he raised his hand to my hair, brushing his fingers through them at the level of my jaw.

Oh crap...

Breathe Lexi?

"You got a worm in your hair" Blake smiled, just a little amuse one and I automatically scowled at him, trying to get out of his grip and away from him, that PRICK, but he didn't let me and made me look at him again.

"Wait, Lexi, don't... look I'm sorry alright... I'm sorry for making you mad and annoying you okay? Look, I'm just not good at... I don't know how to say..." he

started to babble, his eyes unable to stop at one spot on my face almost like he was nervous.

And his grip on my arm soften and I could have gotten away if I had wanted but my mind just keep saying "YA, like you're going to get away NOW"

He stopped speaking, and I just kept staring at him, frowning a little.

Was he...

Was he trying to... say something?

My mind was going a hundred miles per hours. Was he trying to say what I so desperately wanted to say myself?

We were both silent now and he was giving me the deep meaningful piercing through my soul look and I couldn't even begin to form coherent thoughts in my brain. Just beginning of questions I shouldn't dare to ask myself.

And I could feel it, our body moving closer, my hands just hitching to touch him, our faces inches away.

My brain was already thinking about how his lips would feel against mine, how warm they had been and soft and how soft and warm they would be again, and this time it was just him and I, no audiences, and if we kissed neither of us could deny it meant something...

And I mean, big bonus here, this whole scenery was hot; our second kiss could be novel worthy, with the drizzling rain and all. Okay I might still have unidentified life forms in my hair but heck it was raining so it would be hot like in all the CW series that did that. Because they all did it. At one point.

I was going to kiss Blake again, well he was going to kiss me again, seriously, if I hadn't been completely frozen because Blake had that affect on me sometimes I would be jumping up and down with joy, and well the jumping up and down thing would ruin the kiss subconsequently making the jumping up and down meaningless now...

Okay I'm rambling because I'm freaking out!

Seriously, bi-polar much though? One minute I wanted to tear his freaking head off and now I

wanted to make out with him under the drizzling rain?

I needed professional help, really...

Blake kept inching his face closer, his hand cupping my neck now, his lips just slightly parted and my body temperature was increasingly rising.

I'm going to kiss him, I'm going to kiss him, I'm going to kiss him...

And that's when the rain started to pour, and pour HARD. And that made us both jump back.

Fraaaaaaaack!

Jumping. Really did ruin the kiss. Damn rain!

Okay rain was SO not cool and hot right now! Screw you CW!

We both looked up at the sky and then back to each other and started to laugh.

Laughing was good, laughing was simple.

Okay kissing would have been better but I had to take what I could right.

No, no!

I wanted to kiss him! I just wanted to kiss him now, seriously, it truly hit me that second; I wanted to kiss him badly, I NEEDED to kiss him!

And I had to stop for him to make the first move.

And I'll be damned but I wanted my god dammit CW kiss under the rain!

So I stopped laughing and grabbed his hoodie, towing him towards me.

"EVERYBODY RUN! IT'S PISSING CATS AND DOGS!" Trevor yelled in his girly high pitch voice and I was seriously startled, I actually did a little surprise scream, backing away from him; it was like some outside force really didn't want me to have my fracking CW kiss!

Trevor and Cameron were running towards us, slipping now and then in the mud, and quickly caught up

"Let's GO!" Trevor added, slowing his pace a little urging us to follow is lead.

I want my fracking CW kiss, I wanted to whine but instead roll my eyes and started to run with the twins and Blake, back to the camps.

Okay so in the end, going back to the camp had been sort of smart.

Because staying out longer would have been really really unwise with the hard pouring rain. Actually just staying outside without the hard pouring rain would have been a problem because of the whole getting thrown into a cold pond during October.

My teeth were chattering when I finally step inside the girl's camp, letting my wet and muddy shoes outside and taking my socks off too because they were just as soaked.

The boys had gone straight to their camp too and I practically ran upstairs, but it couldn't be exactly qualified as running since I was trembling too and didn't have a lot of coordination because of it.

I went straight to my sport bag, took some clothes out, curse myself for only bringing one hoodie with me, and went to the bathroom to take a warm

shower to get rid of the worms and try to not die of hypothermia.

And just my luck there was Emily in the bathroom, standing in front to the mirror,. The way those bathrooms worked was, there were three showers, like separate showers, and then three toilet stalls and three sinks all into one room.

So Emily had probably just gotten out of her shower cause her showering crap thingies was there and her hair was damp.

Part of my freezing brain was thinking about ways to smash her head on the porcelain

sink but then I remembered Blake had said she had gone through crap like him and I felt bad for making harming plans in my head but heck what could I say, I liked Blake... I didn't want anyone in a room alone with him!

So I just said "Hey" and looked at myself in one mirror too, before going in the shower because for one thing I wanted to see how awful I looked to know

what Blake would have actually kissed, and also to take out more worms if there were any left.

Gross.

You will not ask questions, Lexi, I repeated to myself as I did that, you trust Blake and you won't make a totally fool of yourself, more than you already have I mean, and ask her question about Blake went you aren't even going out with him! You might have almost kiss him and wished for a CW kiss but you didn't get it so you have no right to break that poor girl skull on the sink.

"Oh my god, what happened to you?" she asked, but not in a mean way or anything just in a slightly amuse but concern way.

And I couldn't even hate the bitch. I hated when things like that happen...

"Got throw... into a pond... it's raining... CW sucks" I mumbled, my teeth still chattering.

I needed hot water.

I was seriously not making sense anymore. Old-Lexi was COMPLETELY back right now.

And I was almost biting my tongue to keep from going Batman in Dark Knight interrogating the Joker on her...

So I headed for on of the showers.

"Are you going to ask me?" she stopped me, looking at me through the mirror.

Remember the Joker advice; never start with the head, the victim gets fussy. Okay why am I even thinking this? I think I'm getting delusional from hypothermia.

So I just went with a good old "Hmm?"

"What you're dying to ask." she half smiled.

Why do you want to kill me? Okay seriously enough Dark Knight...

"I don't..." No point in denying the truth Lexi, the girl is OFFERING you! "Okay so... well... I don't want to sound... I just... I'm not sure... look I..." I started to

babble but her laugh stopped me from keep on making a fool of myself.

Thank you, thank you...

"I'm not going to steal your man, don't worry" she smiled, turning to look at me, chuckling a little more.

I frowned "I didn't..."

But she cut me again, raising her hand in front of her, the smile still on her face "You don't have to. And honestly don't worry, Blake is definitely not my type. I like boys with dark hair and dark skin and that can laugh when I say "Have you heard that entropy isn't what it used to be?" and doesn't look at me with a frowning face and goes "Ooookay..."""

Ha ha, good one.

"Blake really doesn't understand physic, does he?" I laughed.

"Not even if the apple knocked him unconscious" she answered and we both laughed together.

"Anyway, thanks... and I'm sorry... I just... you talked with him and I have no idea what it is and I... got

worried? I know it's sounds bad I'm just stupid I guess"

I should stop trying to explain myself to her I just sound worse and worse.

I really hoped she wouldn't mention this to Blake.... Even though Blake probably already knew I had issues...

"Don't worry, I know the feeling..." she answered, and for a second the way she stared in the distance almost, she looked miles away

"You do?" I just asked.

She smiled and looked at me "In my old school there was this boy, tall, lean, cute as hell, and funny and outgoing, you just always felt at ease around him"

"Kind of like Blake?"

Oh dear god shut up Lexi!

I seriously wanted to punch myself right now and I had a little trembling fit for a second.

I need warmth. But this seemed interesting.

"Ya but Blake has this sad aura around him sometimes, Fred never did" she answered, smiling almost sadly.

"Fred? As in our vegetative Fred?" I snorted.

Seriously, stupid much Lexi? She's talking about some guy! You should listen!

"No another one... anyway I've always been a little freak when it came to my grade and he was the best in our class in science so he offered me to help him... and well... after a few weeks we started to go out. He was just... so happy all the time, so full of life and smiling and laughing, always cracking jokes and just... kind... you felt at ease around him, comforted." she explained and just the way she talked about him, still wearing that smile, definitely sad smile actually, but they way her eyes glowed...

"You loved him" I just stated.

She nodded, looking down "I still do..."

"What happened? He doesn't anymore?" I asked, my voice I hoped soothing and not trembling from the cold.

She shook her head and the next words, she whispered them "He died. Cancer."

My eyes bulged.

OH SHIT!

NO!

"Oh my god..." I covered my mouth with my palm "I'm SO sorry"

Oh god, that was SO awful! Poor POOR Emily!

Okay I SERIOUSLY couldn't hate her now, heck she could have a crush on Blake I wouldn't be mad at her... the guy she loved DIED!

"Don't worry..." she did that sad smile again and then took a deep breath and went on "so... that's why I was talking with your man. We hang in the same cemetery...You know... when someone close from you dies... Has it happen to you yet?" she asked, cutting her last sentence.

I shook my head "No"

Luckily.

She sighed "Well time will come. Nevertheless, when it happens to you, you find yourself being closer to people to whom it happened. It's stupid but it's like they are the only one that can fully grasp it, that you need to live it to know it, even though you can kind of know the feeling, you never fully grasp it until you lose that person you loved... You're lost and you need people to tell you things will be okay because it got okay for them... You need something to hold on to, to not lose yourself, and then person you loved in the end... I can't lose him there too..."

The tears were building up in her eyes and I couldn't believe I had been picturing myself hitting her head repeatedly on the white sinks just a few minutes ago.

Right now I wanted to hug her. And tell her everything would be okay.

"I'm sure he would be proud of you... you smile for him now" I told her, trying to be comforting somehow...

When I said that she half smiled genuinely "You know what? He's so right"

Confuse alert.

I frowned "What? who?"

"Blake. He says you just have that "come on, confide in me" vibe and you really do. It's like I just want to tell you all my secrets right now" she silently laughed saying that.

"That's a good thing?" I asked, my face almost guilty.

She nodded while answering "For people who lost someone they love, quite a lot"

"I'm really sorry for your lost Emily... you didn't deserve that and he didn't either..." I added again, unable to find anything appropriate.

"Thanks, and thank you for listening... It's hard to want to constantly talk about someone..."

I know the feeling sister!

"Well I'm always there to listen" I informed her.

"Thanks" she smiled and then she grabbed her stuff around the sink and I got in to shower stall and locked the door behind me, shuddering for a few seconds, still freezing and sad for Emily and proud of

Blake for being there for her, and happy that he thought I had a confiding vibe and just... drained of energy seriously...

I got under the warm water with my clothes on, to was them in the shower, cause I mean who knew what had been in that pond and of course there was mud everywhere on my jeans. So I washed my clothes and then myself, staying under the warm water longer than necessary to try to get rid of the cold, trying to swallow the warmth or something, I was seriously freezing, and when I felt like I was better and my fingers were crumple I got out.

I put on my warm black sweat pants and a gray shirt, a big collar ballerina kind of thing that had the tendency to fall a little off one of my shoulders. There was hardly a shirt more comfortable than that one.

But I didn't have a hoodie anymore. And I felt cold again, now out of the warm water. And my only hoodie was completely wet right now, clean but soaked. And there were no dryers here.

I could always borrow Janna's hair bow dryer and dry it by hand...

With that goal in mind I stepped out of the shower stall, wet clean clothes in hands and almost shriek when I did and dropped the clothes.

"I thought you'd be the kind to sing in the shower. You know people who horribly sing usually do in the shower" Blake smirked, leaning against the wall by the door, inside of the bathroom.

Wow, this is... ya my mind went blank.

"Oh my god seriously Blake I think that's crossing a line, even for you" I informed him, trying to get my heartbeat back to normal.

"Hey, don't try to make me believe you think you sing well" Blake smirked wider.

I groaned and rolled my eyes "No I mean stalking me when I take my shower"

"You love it"

"You have issues" I snorted.

"Ouch" Blake said, putting his hand over his heart like I hard actually hurt him.

"Don't take it bad Blakey-Boy" I told him rolling my eyes and walked out and to my room.

"What are you doing?" Blake asked, following me.

"Gonna dry my hoodie, since I don't have a dry one anymore" I informed him, looking at him pointedly, his hot looking self wearing dry clean jeans with a nice belt his hot white shirt again and a gray sweater with a hood and a zipper in front "You're giving me that hoodie by the way" I gladly informed him.

If I had to take it off of him I seriously would. It was cold in here. And it was his fault. And I wanted a hoodie to smell and this was the perfect occasion.

I didn't have to tear it off him though because he just chuckled, shaking his head slightly, took it off and gave it to me.

I tried to not have an overly content smile when I put it on, enjoying the smell much more than I should. It would get into a problem actually... I'm getting addicted to his smell...

And there was no way I was drying mine now. Anything to be able to keep his longer!

I hang my clothes around on the hooks for that while Blake climbed up in my bed bunk.

"You like my bed bunk, don't you" I teased him when I was done.

"It has a lot of desirable aspects..." Blake smiled, and I got up too, and laid beside him.

Why am I doing this?

No rain, so it's no time for my CW kiss. My CW kiss is dead and I should remember I don't want to screw things up!

But it was hard to think that while wearing his hot smelling warm hoodie.

We were both silent for a few second, both lying on our back, looking up at the ceiling. Well Blake had his eyes closed.

"I talked with Emily..." I said, finally breaking the silence.

"Tied her up and beat the confession out of her?" Blake smiled, not moving.

"Nope, she blurred it out, all by herself" I smiled proudly.

We didn't talk for another few seconds.

"So you know?" Blake asked.

"Ya..." I trailed.

Silence again...

I wondered what he was thinking... What I would give to read his mind...

And then Blake started to speak, his voice a whisper "The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed."

My voice took the same tone "Who are you quoting?"

It was heartbreakingly beautiful somehow...

"Robert Louis Stevenson in his essay; Aes Triplex."

This meant something; he wasn't saying it for nothing "You're both trying to conceal the missing part?"

"Ya..."

"How's it going for you?" I asked him and my hand somehow found his, my fingers lightly touching the skin of his warm palm.

"Better and better every day"

"She said she was glad to talk about him... Is it that way? With you? Do you always want to talk about him?"

Blake sighed and closed his hand around mine, putting them on his chest and I felt his heartbeat like this morning "Well sure I want to talk about him, but it's not the same you know, losing your brother compared to losing the one you love because sometimes you don't even like your brother, or you just aren't that close, but of course you might actually love your sibling but it's not the same connection you know? When you love someone you want to shout it to the world and talk about her all the time to the

point you piss off people and you sound obsessive so it's already bad..."

"Talking from experience Blake?" I asked, my voice almost getting stuck in my throat.

I like Blake...

I like Blake...

I love Blake...

Blake smiled and started to trace patterns over my hand with his other hand "Always"

I smirked a little "You mean you and Stacey, it's the real deal?"

Blake laughed "Oh yes, I can't resist her carrot tan and annoying voice, Stacey is just the epitome of woman beauty"

And oh joy, the annoying voice sounded at the door of the room, wanting to poop anyone's party, like she always did "Did you just say I was hot?"

"I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant" Blake spoke up, not even

trying to look at her while I on my side had turned on my stomach to see where she was, still holding Blake's hand though

And she went with a confused "What?"

"If I asked you if you were the most patronizing yet dismal living organism, vegetable included to ever crawl, something you do a lot, the Earth, would your answer be the same as the one to this question?"

Wow... that was a good one...

"Are you like dumb?" Stacey asked, doing some sort of bitchy squishy face and walked away.

I went back on my back and then Blake and I just looked at each other and burst laughing

"Good ones." I finally told him, nodding.

"Second one was a pick up line actually" Blake snorted.

Of course! Why wasn't I surprised?

"And how's it working for ya?"

"When I ask for sex it's better..."

I don't like this... thinking about him saying pick-up lines to future one night stands...

But I just said "Wow" mostly because I had nothing else to say and was trying not to scowl.

"Don't worry pick up line night." Blake told me, like this was answering something.

"Huh?"

"Josh and I go out and try pick up lines on girls to see how pathetic some are and which lines actually work." he explained.

Make sense. That's totally something I'd see them do...

Idiots.

"And? You're getting a lot of girl home?"

Blake chuckled "It's more like we're getting a lot of slaps"

"So what? It's like one of you and Josh's activities."

"Yep."

I sighed, "I honestly don't know a lot of thing about you... I mean I don't even know what you're favourite colour is!"

I was mouthing one of my problems with Blake. I knew so much yet so little. I knew big things but not details and yet some big things I still needed details, like that one girlfriend of his...

I needed to know so much about him... I wanted to know everything about him...

This sounded like a stalker to me...

"Try and guess it." Blake chuckled

Alright... well he usually wore dark blues and grays, black or white, sometimes green... But I mean guy favourite color wasn't going to be guessed from their clothes...

His car was blue. Dark metallic blue...

The answer was obvious "Dark blue"

"Yup, good guess"

I squeezed his hand I still hadn't let go of "I want to know why now."

"Clever little girl." Blake smirked a little but it was more of a smile than a smirk and put our hands back on his heart "The sky at night, you know right before morning when you can see Pluto. The sky is this dark blue. And there's just this split second where the time seems to stop and everything is so peaceful and for a split second I actually believe things will be okay. That's why I love dark blue."

"When you say things like that I feel so stupid..." I sighed

Why did he have to be so freaking perfect?

"I'm sure you have a good reason why green is your favourite" Blake smiled.

Wait what?

"How the frack did you know that?" I almost exclaimed.

"When we were younger you used to wear a green dress almost everyday for a while"

"It could have been some phase or my mom forced me"

Oh my god, how could he have remark that? How could he even remember?

"You still wear that color a lot..."

"You're freaky" I just stated.

Maybe he was some superhero, unnatural boy after all... and this was just a scam...

"Thanks. SO? Story?" Blake asked, urging.

"Green looks nice?" I tried, looking a little guilty.

Yes I loved green but explain why to you... no reason, I just did.

"On you it does" Blake smiled the dimple smile and I could feel his heart beating... was it faster?

Chapter 81

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (76)

Sorry for the long wait but as I had mentioned I had exams, lots of them, and now this week I don't have classes but I have been busy pretty much every day so no time for writing. Sorry I do have a pretty busy life and writing isn't a priority at the moment. I have a lot of things to do and problems to deal with so bleh! -_- Life sucks. And writing is supposed to be a way for me to escape and un-stress. Not stress. If I'm stressing over writing because I feel overly pushed I won't enjoy it anymore...

Now I'm not telling you guys I don't want you to stop messaging, I actually enjoy your messages quite a whole freaking lot and will answer to the ones I still

haven't had time to get back to, but just understand that at the moment it's hard for me to concentrate on writing, and if I do write, it might be something else than this story. I have been in this "world" for over a year and it's getting straining on my brain... I have too many ideas bubbled up in my brain just waiting to have a chance to be heard and put on paper so I want to give those a little chance before I forget about them completely.

Now don't worry of course this story is my priority and of course I know you guys need Blake and of course I will still upload I just want you guys to understand how messed up my brain is lately! lol

On the other hand want me to show you guys the wicked tricks I can do with my tongue? Oh and I emptied a pumpkin today and let me tell you playing with the inside of a pumpkin is freaking awesome! It's all squishy... okay shut up Kay... lol

Enjoy! There's a nice part about Daph here I think you might like! ;P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I don't know why but for some reason at that moment it was like there was some kind of collective "Aww" and "KISS HIM!" all jumbled up, ringing in my ears. Would thinking "Listen to the voices" make me even crazier than I was already becoming?

Why was Blake saying things like this? Why was Blake even with me right now? Why was Blake always there? Was it possible that for some out of this world reason Blake could actually, kind of, sort of, maybe like me? Because why would he always come back? Why would he spend all this time with me? Why would he hold my hand all the time? Why had he kissed me in the first place? Because Blake had said it once, he didn't kiss the bimbos because he didn't care about the bimbos. Why would he have kissed me, even if it was for the play, if he felt like you needed to care about someone to do so?

But he had kissed Stacey in the library. Well she had shove her tongue in his mouth, but still hadn't he left her do it? Had he been lying when he had said the no kissing thing? It was Clark who had brought it all up though... but could I trust Clark... Could this all just be

some kind of really mean set up? Seriously why the hell would someone do that? I highly doubted Blake could have done that...

And I was seriously over thinking right now wasn't I?

And I could still feel his heart, his heart beating faster. Shouldn't that mean something?

I HAD to right?

Right?

Blake's chuckle brought me back to reality.

"What's funny?"

Oh my god could he listen to my thoughts and he found them completely ridiculous! I mean if he could read my thoughts it would explain SO many things!

Please, god, don't make him able to read my thoughts that would be SO embarrassing I begged mentally. I mean that's exactly what I needed having Blake know I picture him shirtless all the time.

Blake shook his head, smiling as little "Nothing"

Blake wearing a tutu. With a tiara. Singing some Barbie movie theme songs. Are there Barbie movie theme songs?

Okay that's good right? If he's not laughing that means he can't read my mind right?

So what IS he thinking about to laugh for no reason?

I propped myself on my elbow to take a better look at him "Spill it Blakey-Boy"

Blake closed his eyes, still an amuse smile on his lips and ran his hand through his hair "It's silly really"

I don't care I want to know every silly thoughts that cross your mind... okay that sounded bad.

"Then you won't mind sharing it won't you?" I pushed.

Blake turned his head to look at me, his fingers playing with my own still on his chest "I'll tell you what I was thinking if you tell me what you were thinking"

I snorted silently "Why would you want to know what I'm thinking?"

The corner of Blake's mouth twitched up a bit "Why would you want to know what I'm thinking?"

"I asked first!" I chuckled, slapping his stomach by freeing the hand he had been playing with. It was distracting me way too much and it was hard to keep coherent thoughts when all I could think about was his fingers on my hand. It was maddening. And it was silly.

"Because your head is still a mystery to me. Of course I know you over think but sometimes you just... get lost into your thoughts I can see it and I wonder what the hell is happening in there." he whispered the back of his fingers trailing lightly on my temple "Can I be invited?"

I almost didn't get the last part cause my mind went blank. Completely blank. This touching thing was driving me mad. But what he was saying even more...

"Fine I was thinking that making Stacey drink Coca-Cola while she's eating Mentos would be awesome?" I blurred out, trying to make something up and trying to take the heavy feeling away.

"So all I get is a lie and no answer to MY question?" Blake laughing, pinching lightly my side.

"Prick" I laughed and poked his side. "I was picturing you in a tutu singing girly songs actually."

"Alright I guess I can work with that? What were you dressed up as?"

"Dumbass" I laughed

Before we could talk more though we heard Daphnee's voice ran has she walked from the stairs and to the room loudly "I don't care that as Charlie Brown said nothing spoils the taste of peanut butter like unrequited love, I will NOT respond to those feelings Stacey! I'm keeping my lesbian phase for college. Luckily with a chick that isn't used up already by an entire football team, no offense boys"

Oh dear mother of god...

"Do I want to know what brought this on?" I asked her, raising my head a little, but still staying in my bed bunk. If I didn't get out Blake was trapped. I mean sure he could try to get past by going over me

but if he did I wasn't letting him go anywhere. He wasn't going anywhere.

Daphnee walked up to the bed and stopped to stare at me "She elbowed me in the boobs"

I laughed "She's jealous"

"She'll be bald at the end of this trip too..." Daph glared staring in the distance.

"You need help with that plan?" Blake offered, still laying beside, eyes closed, smirk on his face.

"No thank you sexy running back I will do just fine without your help" Daph nodded to herself and then she turned around and got into her bed bunk, humming some song I didn't know. Maybe she was making it up; with her it was a possibility.

"You should go talk to her" Blake whispered to me, giving me a little shove of the elbow.

"But I want to stay with you" I wanted to whine dragging the ouuuu sound like some kind of three year old on sugar rush that wanted to try the roller coaster for the hundredth time.

But I restrain myself... to keep some dignity or something...

"She's singing. You don't disturb Miss Harrison when she's in her singing trance" I whispered back.

Yes yes this was a totally plausible argument. Shut up brain.

Blake seemed to find this argument a little weak too because he smiled in amusement but then added "Go talk with her"

Okay so yes I knew it was the right thing to do, go talk to Daph, but I was just beginning to talk with Blake now! Ugh!

"Since when am I supposed to take order form you Mister Eat-" I didn't finish my sentence because Blake pushed me and I almost fell off the bed bunk.

Little bitch!

"What the hell was that for!?" I hissed at him, kicking his leg.

Blake smirked before grabbing my hand to stop it from punching him and said "Call me Master"

"Jerk!" I scowled and after releasing my hand, I punching him, to his amusement, and I jumped off the bed bunk. And then I turned back to look at him, still laying in my bed bunk, actually settling in "Get out!"

Blake turned his back to me, sliding his arm under my pillow "Nope"

Okay he was starting to annoy me now.

I came to stand by the edge of the bed and then grabbed the back of his pants to pull him out. "Huh, YES!"

Blake laughed and slapped my hand, not moving "Let me sleep pretty please"

I slapped the back of his head and whispered harshly "I don't want Gossipy-Blakey around while I talk with my friend"

I mean he was the one who had pushed in the first place for me to go talk to Daph and now he wanted to hang around to listen? Prick!

The last thing I wanted was having HIM stay and listen to our conversation because for some reason I was pretty sure we would be talking about him! Ugh!

Blake turned around, fighting a laugh "I'll listen to music. Got your MP3?"

I narrowed my eyes at him "Ya"

"Alright so let me sleep and I'll listen to music and I won't listen. Good?" he laughed.

I glared this time and gave him a flick under his nose "You're a prick"

Blake mouthed "Ouch" and then pinched mine smirking "You love me"

Every time he said that I had butterflies in my stomach so I couldn't fight the tiny smile working its way up the corners of my mouth "Less and less everyday"

"Liar!" Blake laughed and I took my MP3 player which was in my bag and then threw it on him.

"You better listen to it." I told him pointedly and Blake just smiled and put the ear buds on, settling in my bed.

In a sick twisted way I liked the fact that he was settling in my bed, holding my pillows that way, snuggling in my sheets; they would all smell like him tonight. Plus I had his hoodie. That called for an excellent night of sleep. Or maybe not. Maybe all that Blake-hot-smelliness would unsettle me?

Diverting from the task at hand Lexi?

Shaking my head, I went to stand by Daph's bed bunk, pushing away thoughts of the really sexy running back listening to my music in my bed.

Daphnee had been singing all through our little fight scene, but stopped when I just stood in front of her with a big fake grin on my face.

"Were you two having sex before I walked in? Or at least making out. You're wearing his hoodie. You know I never got that thing, in movies and stuff where the girl always put the guys' clothes or wrapped herself in the sheets after they did it to go to

the bathroom or walk around the place. I mean please who does that? When you just did it with the dude, you get to his shower naked and you wiggled your ass doing so, unless you're like really unattractive in the daylight, then do cover yourself with shit. Well not literal shit, unless you're into that type of things..." Daphnee ranted as I got up to her bed bunk and went to lie beside her. I mean I wasn't going to just stand beside it the whole time.

"I'm going to ignore that whole statement." I laughed, shaking my head.

Oh dear Daphnee...

Daph poke my cheek "So you WERE having sex?"

I slapped her hand, laughing "No we were not"

"Shame. It's obvious you both want to exchange bodily fluids. You should, you know, work on that actually. Maybe in another room though, I'm pretty fund of my bed bunk"

I ignored that. I wasn't here to talk about me and Blake. And especially not about doing it with him while he was just few feet away. Thinking of that, I

turned my head to see if he was listening but he had his back to us.

I really hope he wasn't listening.

I turned my head back to look at the blond hippie beside me "Want to share what's on your mind Dada?"

Daphnee blew out a breath, and ran her hand through her hair "You mean you want me to tell you what I talked about with your sexy football player?"

Okay I kind of did want to know that but it wasn't my priority. Right now I really wanted to know what was up with Daph. Heck I wouldn't have left Blake side if I didn't want to speak with her, she had to know that. "No I want to know what's up with you"

"Sure, keep telling yourself that" Daph snorted.

"Daph..." I trailed.

"You know we did talk about you, of course we talked about you, why would I speak with him if it wasn't about you? I told him he was a total idiot for not seeing you were crazy about him, and the cool crazy

not my scary crazy. So there. You're happy? We talked about you. I don't want your boy, don't worry. I don't want anyone."

I shook my head. The way she was saying this... "Daph you're omitting things"

Plus she actually sounded like she was... mad at me.

"No I'm not. It's true I don't want anyone. I don't want to be with anyone. Occasional one night stands sure, but I don't do second dates."

"Come on, be serious" I sighed, rolling my eyes

"What? You think I'm not? Want to know who in this nice camping trip had the chance of exploring Daphnee's caves?"

"Oh god..."

"So there was Davis once, you guys had gone to the Creek and he hadn't come and I was alone he was alone so I banged him. We'll technically you should say "He banged me" but whatever, I'm the daddy! Anyway we're totally cool about it though. I actually did Trevor too. I wanted Cameron but instead ended

up with Trevor and doing the two twins would have been way too cliché for my liking and by the way his dick is not small trust me. With that in mind you wonder about Mini-Cameron. Now there was Peter too once, and let me tell you the shy boy isn't that shy went it comes to coming. Also, Fred is anything but a vegetable. OH also-"

"You know what I think that's fine; you proved your point actually had sex with a lot of guys." I cut her.

What the hell was she trying to prove? Seriously? And that rant kind of unsettled me. I always thought Daph was joking when she was saying she was going to drag someone in a bathroom or do someone in a dark alley. I didn't actually think she'd be up to do it...

"Yes I did. I'm just smart about it and don't shout it around to sound like one of those overly-tanned sluts. One night stands are an art you know" she said, smugly, but a weird smugly. She seriously sounded mad right now.

"What are you trying to prove to yourself Daph? Seriously what's wrong?" I asked, looking at her.

She was staring at the ceiling, taking deep breathes.

And then she started to whisper, in a rush "You know, I just don't care about physical relation it's... it's meaningless without the emotional attachment and you see, I just don't get attached. So I don't get hurt. Everyone leaves you at one point anyway, as good as you are. They all leave you.

"Look at you! You've never done anything who could be judge as morally incorrect, I mean for Christ sake your only boyfriend was gay, I know you didn't do anything with him, anything. And what do YOU get? Your mom left you, Alex sort of left you, anyway he sure broke your heart and left a scar. If you get shit like that what am I going to get?

Totally nice reminder, I thought but let her went on with her rant.

"And I mean I never knew my father, I never had any kind of real relation with a guy, people don't take me seriously, and I mean just look at you and Vanessa you were always like this." she said doing the two finger tangled motion "When she was here, it was the two of you, you were besties and don't worry I know

we were a quatuor you me her and Alex... but it's the truth Lexi! You two were closer because you dealt with things the same way.

"So while you two sat down and spoke about your feelings and tried to over think everything I go out and do without thinking. Am I brilliant for acting this way? No. Do I feel good about everything I've done? No. Can I change that? No. I can't help it that heck, I don't care about doing it with anyone because it doesn't mean anything because anyway I don't love him, I'm not attached and it's just... meaningless, all is meaningless...

"I don't trust myself to be what someone would be looking for. I'm not the girl people pick okay, quite frankly I scare the shit out of people. They wonder "oh who's that lunatic who seems like she just escaped from of the cuckoo's nest and is chanting gospel songs while throwing holly water on herself" and I don't blame them because it's true I do look and sound like a lunatic when I do that. And I scare people away because of that. Heck who knows, maybe when my mom gave birth to me I rocked

some LL Cool J dance move and that's why my father ran away screaming for his mommy.

"And I'm so MAD at you, so JEALOUS! You TALKED with him! You spent TIME with him you KNOW him!" Daph added, and she definitely looked mad, but more sad... it actually looked like she could cry.

Wait WHAT?

"Huh. I'm confused now... what was that last part about?"

"LL Cool J rocks, alright" she said in a pouting voice.

I frowned "I don't know LL Cool J, personally I mean"

"His name stands for "Ladies love cool James". Did you know that?"

I look pointedly at Daphnee "You're trying to change the subject, it's almost working because no I did not know that, but I still want to know what the hell you meant by you're jealous of me because I know him... oh shit!" my eyes bulged.

No no, that can't be possible. My brain just made a bad connection. That can't actually be what's

happening right now... common friends... all of Blake's remarks... the parking lot incident.

I covered my mouth with my hand looking at Daph like she was a stranger or something "Oh god... the flea market guy"

And the hippie beside me covered her face with her palms and whined "Shut up"

Oh my god! I can't be right, this can't be true!?

"It's Josh, isn't it?" I asked, in complete shock.

Seriously in what world my completely crazy friend would have a crush on the guy I liked completely crazy friend?

"Just... shut up please" Daph whined again, trying to cover her face with her sheets but since we were both lying on them they were stuck so she ended up just hiding her face in her shirt.

I fully turned my body to face her "Oh my god! You like him don't you?"

"I don't like anyone." she mumbled in her shirt

"Oh my god, you do! You LIKE him!" I repeated. This just seemed really hard for my brain to actually accept. And then something else hit me "Hey! Why the hell didn't you tell me you made out in a bathroom with the flea market guy?"

"I said I had nailed him hadn't I?" Dada whined again, and then popped her head out of her shirt, with a confused face "And how do you know that?"

I smirked "He mentioned it"

Her eyes opened wider "He talked about me to you?"

"We forced it out of him actually..." I answered thoughtfully "but yes he did mention you. Didn't Blake tell you that when you talked about him yesterday?"

Daphnee's eyes narrowed a bit "Well Blake was mostly smirking"

I laughed "Of course he was"

"Anyway he omitted to tell me that he had freaking mention me!" Daph added, eyes still narrowed.

Wow... seriously... Daphnee liking Josh... what kind of children would those two make together? Okay that was jumping to conclusion fast but one could wonder...

"You know you're going to call him right"

"No I'm not" Daphnee snorted.

"Oh and why is that? You obviously like him, and he likes you too so freaking call him" I pointed out.

This was simply right? And I mean just calling him wasn't forcing him into anything. Blake had said Josh had never acted this way. He just HAD to really like her right?

"Haven't you heard anything I just said?" Daphnee sighed, covering her face with her hands again.

"He's not going to hurt you"

Dada took her hands off, looking at me, eyebrows raised "Can you bet your life on that?"

I sighed in exasperation, rolling my eyes "Fine! Be a freaking baby about this! But you two would be perfect together... well totally chaotic actually...

thinking of it I might not want to hang around with you two together. I mean the guy apparently traumatized a catholic school girl, I didn't ask for the specifics but knowing him it most have been pretty imaginative. Pretty much everything he says is in a way offensive and ya... he's crazy, but you're crazy too"

Daph rolled her eyes too "Thank you I feel all better now"

"You're welcome!" I grinned "You have to call him"

"I don't have to" she laughed without humour.

"You have to! If you don't I'll drag you to his place myself and lock you guys there." That might be a bad idea "Okay I might not do that... but I'll figure something out" I added, nodding enthusiastically, making grimaces for really no reason. I must have issues. Actually I did have issues!

For some reason Daph smiled, looking up at the ceiling "Old-You is completely back now..." she turned her head to look at me "You're aware he brought you back right?"

Huh?

I frowned, confused "What do you mean?"

"You lost yourself when your mother left Lex... he brought you back."

Now how did we get into this topic again?

"You're totally diverting again!" I pointed out.

I didn't actually want to talk about my mom leaving right now... and not about my feelings for Blake, especially with him so close.

"You know instead of thinking about everyone else's love stories, like Alex's and Van and Tyler's, heck even Cameron and Ashley, and now me, you should think about you and that sexy football player in your bed bunk." Daph smirked, poking my cheek again.

I glared at her "We don't need to bring everything back to me you know, not everything is about me"

"I know that. It's about him too. And he cares about you. And he might need to see that you care about him too"

"He knows that" I breathed.

I mean he must knew I cared for him, at least on a friend level... Because he must care about me too, only on a friend level. Right?

"But maybe he doesn't know just how much you do"

Okay had enough. "You know what? Call Josh and then you can tell me what to do!"

Daphnee laughed "You're such a baby!"

I narrowed my eyes at her yet again, and made my way out of the bed bunk "Thanks! This conversation is over"

The hippie smiled smugly, and then jumped off the bed bunk too "Of course"

Ugh!

Daphnee started to sing again, skipping this time, while heading out.

God damn happy hippie. How the hell did it work in her brain? I mean I was still freaking out about Josh being her Flea market guy and her being his mystery girl! I mean how effed up WAS that? But her, no,

everything was fine, she was skipping now! God damn hippie!

"I'm going to go see what our pimp is up to. You coming?" she asked, by the door.

I was still standing by her bed bunk and look at Blake still in mine. I could hear the music still playing, faintly, it was just a buzzing of some sort but at least I knew he hadn't been listening.

"Ya ya, just give me a minute" I waved at her, and she just shrugged and left while I walked to my bunk. Again, god damn hippie.

But my thoughts were suddenly elsewhere preoccupied. Blake had his back to me, and with the way he was slowly and evenly breathing, he was probably sleeping. I don't know why but I just leaned my arms on the side of the bed bunk, resting my chin on them and looked at him sleeping. It was definitely a new thing to put up in my "Lexi is crazy" list but I couldn't help it. For some reason I had this sick feeling deep down inside of me that like this he was all mine. He was in my sheets, holding my pillow, I was the only one looking at him, he was oblivious to

me and he was all mine. It was wrong to think that way but it still gave me butterflies.

I like him...

I like him way too much...

And... I might be in love with him... ya I was probably in love with him... definitely...

I sighed, and after brushing my fingers through the back of his soft hair, and let him sleep without my crazy stalking.

When I got downstairs, Daphnee was sitting cross-legged on the floor trying to show the clapping little things we did when we were younger, with the little song with it, to Connor, but for some reason he seemed to have a hard time being coordinated.

I laughed at them shaking my head and went to see the twins, Alex, Mark and Cath sitting around a table.

"Hey! What are you guys doing?" I asked, standing behind Cameron, giving him a flick on the ear. He slapped my hand, but chuckled.

I still needed to find something to make him pay for the pond incident...

"Playing Asshole... without drinking..." Trevor answered, shaking his head in fake disapproval.

"This is a sad day" Alex approved

"We shouldn't be playing this game without alcohol" Cameron added.

"Want to play?" Mark laughed, ignoring them.

"Sure" I laughed too and went to sit beside Catherine.

So for the next I don't know how long, we played cards. Cameron was stocked as the asshole for a while so that was definitely amusing. And at one point, Daph came to watch us play, sat on Alex's lap actually.

And then after a while, when I was the doomed asshole and was dealing the cards, Blake let himself drop beside me, his eyes still sleepy, and leaned his head on my shoulder.

"You have La Bamba on your MP3?" he just said and I almost burst laughing but at the same time with his

sexy deep morning-sounding voice I wanted to have him speak more.

I have issues...

"Yes you got a problem with that?" I smiled.

Blake smiled too "No I just find it highly disturbing"

I laughed again, and gave him a little shove on the side with my elbow "Shut up"

"Fine" he groaned, closing his eyes. Why had he gotten out of bed if he was still tired "What are we eating tonight?" he added in a yawn.

"Ya I'm hungry!" Cameron called out and then all the boys around approved so the card game was quickly forgotten and everyone headed to the kitchen.

"You're welcome" Blake smirked as we got up after everyone.

"For what?" I frowned.

"I got you out of being the asshole" Blake smirked even wider and took my hand, dragging me to the kitchen with him.

We ended up eating all on our own, making sandwiches and such. The boys were hell bend on making hot dogs on the fire but there was still light rain, though very light it made it hard to cook anything so after trying for a good half an hour they came back pouting and turned themselves to the sandwiches.

After eating and digesting for a few minutes, waiting for the sun to set down, everyone decided to go outside to play game. Yes saying it like this sounded totally childish but we were totally childish that way.

Before going outside I ran up to go to the bathroom to get a warmer shirt to put under Blake's hoodie, because I had totally claimed possession on it and there was no way in hell I was giving it back to him, at least not on this trip. I'd go back to the other one when I would get back home. Though the one at home wouldn't smell as nice as the one I was wearing now; the smell was wearing off.

When I opened my bag, that's when I saw the water gun I had bought, while grocery shopping with Daph. A smile automatically lit up my face and then I ran to

the bathroom and filled the four of them with water, putting them in Blake's hoodie front pockets.

I all but skipped outside, and my eyes immediately scanned the scenery, trying to find Cameron and Blake. It was dark but there were outside lights in front of the camp and people walking around with flashlights. I could see Katy holding one while speaking with Janna.

And then just my luck, I saw Cameron who was sitting on one of the picnic tables around the spot where the fire should be burning.

I walked slowly to where he was, putting the hood on from Blake's sweater, and then, standing just a few feet away, took a water gun out and shot it straight on Cameron's face.

His reaction was automatic. He yelped like a little girl, and literally fell of the picnic table in surprise.

And then when he got on his feet and saw me laughing, he was sprinting after me.

I kept laughing and running and turning to shot him with water, running around in circles sometimes, trying to keep him away with the gun of water.

I was holding my own not so bad, the water was obviously slowing him, until I bumped into a chest I hadn't seen because I had been looking back and shooting at Cameron and then warm arms wrapped around me, a nice smell surrounding me.

Blake.

I shot water straight in his face; that surprised him, but he didn't let go and I was laughing like crazy at the shocked expression he was making but I stopped laughing and started saying "Oh CRAP" when his hand reached for the front pockets and he took one of the gun stashed there.

I punched my way out of his arms and started to shot him again but my gun was out of water so I switched with another one but Blake had one too now so I was getting shot too and they were two against me; again. This had been a very bad idea...

"Not laughing anymore aren't you" Cameron laughed, while Blake and I just ran around, shooting each other, trying to hide behind other, using them as a shield. But at one point Blake didn't have any water in my little gun anymore. I smiled smugly when I realized it.

"I say we grab her throw her in the big lake" Cameron grinned and I gasped.

"No! NO NO NO! Truce! I'm calling a truce!" I yelled, holding my hands in the air.

I was NOT going to be thrown in water again today!

"Fine truce" Blake agreed, smirking, and then came up to me, took the gun out of my hand, slashed water in my face once or twice, before I punched him in the stomach.

"Prick!"

I was about to take my last gun out but Mark called out to everyone to gather up to make teams, explain the game and rules and arrange things.

Everyone gathered around, there was the whole football team, and the cheerleading girls, which had complained quite a lot about our water war, and pretty much everyone who had came to the trip so we were a lot gathering there.

I couldn't see Felicia though and didn't ask too much questions... she might have been making animal sacrifices in the middle of the woods.

Alex and Mark stood in front, while everyone was standing in a half circle around them, listening to instructions.

I tried to settle on a spot but wasn't going to make my way through the mini crowd to get to the front and then saw Blake standing, looking like he was actually concentrating on what the guys were saying so I crept up behind him and then I don't know why I just had one of those stupid urges I seemed to have way too much lately and wrapped my arms around his waist, from behind, pulling him up his feet, to try to throw him on the ground.

He was heavy so it was stupid but hey what could I say; I was stupid.

Blake yelled a swear in surprise and then narrowed his eyes at me playfully, pointing a flashlight straight into my eyes, though we could see pretty well with the lights of the camp. "Wanna play that little game?" he asked his voice playful, and with his hand still holding mine, he wrapped his arms around me, his chest to my back, and lifted me off the ground, to throw me off, but I was holding his arms too tightly, balling my legs up so he couldn't make me fall.

"Stop and listen Blake!" I squealed when he lifted my feet off the ground again, laughing.

People were staring at us around, but not for too long and anyway I didn't care.

"Fine!" Blake laughed, his arms still around me "And you stop being a baby"

I hit him with my elbow though lightly "Shut up" I laughed shaking my head a bit.

And Blake kept his arms around me, while we listened to the guys speaking, though lightly but I wanted to have him holding me tighter. I wanted to hold him tighter. I wanted to squeeze him and smell

him. He smelled so good. His hair must be intoxicating, his neck... I wanted to burry my face in his neck and hold him tight. I didn't have enough of our simple touching now and then I wanted more and more and more... I wanted Blake. All of him. And it scared me, the intensity of this feeling, this need, it frightened me.

After a few minutes, names started to be called, Blake was in the first; they were making teams, so he finally let go of my waist, leaving some kind of ache behind.

I ended up in the same team as Blake, so I was glad with that but then someone yelled out "Go" or something and then everyone from my team were running the frack away and into the forest.

What I had gotten was that the point of the game was to hide and then go and try to get the flag from the other team... well at least I think that's what it was. I obviously didn't know all the specifics though. I really wasn't listening when the guys had explained the rule; I had been too busy thinking about Blake's hands on me.

Crap!

Why did he have to run so freaking fast! Now I had no idea where he was and I wasn't so sure about what I should be doing. And I wanted to be with Blake now, more than anything.

I was hopeless really.

So I just ran towards the forest, hoping that the game would end fast and I could have Blake's arms around me again. It had felt so natural and so... nice and perfect and RIGHT!

God... I really liked him didn't I?

Ugh!

After a minute of running maybe, I could see people trying to hide around, it was hard to see right I didn't have a flashlight with me and anyway people weren't using them right now, because the whole point of the thing was to hide... well at least I think... I really should have been listening to the rules!

Anyway I slowed down, looking around and almost yelped when arms wrapped around me, pulling me back towards trees, hand over my mouth.

"They started to look for us, you gotta hide. Light grey is kind of flashy right now you know" Blake whispered right against my ear so no one could hear.

Was it wrong that I just wanted to close my eyes and cuddle against him?

I didn't think so but I really wasn't a reference these days...

I just nodded, not trusting my voice or anything about me at the moment. So this game really was hide and seek? Not something with flags? I'm sure there was a flag mentioned... It wasn't hide and seek, I would have understood that right?

Anyway I really didn't mind which game I was playing right now because I was in Blake's arms again, like he had knew that's exactly what I wanted now, and I was pressed against his warm chest, crouching behind trees and high kind of bushes, waiting for I really don't know what.

After what felt like really not that long, Blake got up, back hunched a little, dragging me with him, still holding my hand, and I could see other people around, getting up too.

Okay so definitely not hide and seek right?

We started to walk back towards the camp, very slowly, hiding behind trees all the while, and I could definitely see others following, making hands move the kind of thing like "You go!" "No YOU go" "Effe You!" Ya that kind of gestures.

At one point, someone yelled "Shawn" for some reason and then I could hear Shawn starting to curse.

Okay... so Shawn was on our team... so I guess that means having your name yelled was a bad thing? Maybe I shouldn't be ruling out hide and seek just yet...

Blake was still holding my hand and now I could see the spot where we had all been gathered and one person from the other team, still standing there, walking around a branch with a flag on it!

Ah! See! Totally flag!

"When I start to run you run alright?" Blake whispered against my ear again and for a second I had a hard time staying up right, my legs were feeling like jell-o.

But the second Blake let go of my hand and started to sprint I followed right behind him.

Blake and I had our names called out but the guy who had been with us, Dwayne I realized after, hadn't he had caught the flag.

We played a few other games like that, I followed Blake most of the time because I had issues, never got to catch the flag but Blake did, twice, of course, why wasn't I surprise?

After a while though even with Blake's warm chest and hands, the light periodical raining and the crouching in damp bushes, our hands on the cold ground, had me shaking in cold.

So I decided to go back inside and let other people play. They were going to change game anyway and it wouldn't affect the teams because since they were changing game they were changing teams too.

I got inside, my arms wrapped around myself. My socks were filled with water again, another pair that was no good anymore, it wouldn't have the time to dry.

I was seriously freezing so I let myself fall on one of the couches beside the fire place. The whole camp was quiet with almost everyone outside, maybe there was two or three people upstairs but they weren't making noise really, so I closed my eyes enjoying the resting period. All the running today and the cold and the bad night of sleep I had spent was hitting me all at the same time and I could have fallen asleep right then.

But I didn't because Blake came back in.

"Want something more comfortable to sleep on?" he offered a smile in his voice and walked up to the couch. I restrained myself from saying "Huh?" with a confused face and then let him sit at the end of the couch, beside where my head was resting and then, putting a cushion on his lap and practically dragging my head on it.

"You aren't playing anymore?" I mumbled, my eyes closed, just enjoying this.

I was too tired anyway, it was like it had hit me in one shot.

"I had to make sure you weren't passing out here... your teeth were kind of chattering outside... I was worried..." Blake trailed, one of his arms resting against the length of my body.

It was warm and it felt nice. That was one of the great things about Blake; he was so warm. Just the kind of guy you want around when you're freezing your butt off in a tent.

I sighed in contentment, taking a deep breath, settling in, making Blake chuckle lightly but then of course, annoying voices rang by the front door.

Stacey and Miriam were coming back in.

"Teachers are just so dumb and I hate the wood, what kind of activity IS this and I can't even believe they still made us come here, it's always raining it makes my hair frizz and I just hate it and have you seen what that stuck up girl was wearing for..." Stacey was

complaining to her other overly tanned friend as she passed; completely ignoring us... well that was a good thing I guessed...

"Why are girls always whining... and bitching about stuff?" Blake asked and I looked up to see him frowning.

"Shut up" I snorted and slapped his stomach "Not all girls whine and bitch"

Blake looked down at me and laughed "Ya but you have to agree that a lot do. And blow things way out of proportion."

"Female hormones, just like you boys need to claim that you're the Alpha male all the time. And I'm going to state again that all girls are NOT that way. Plus boys do what you just said too" I told him and slapped his leg this time.

"But girls do it more than boys, admit it" Blake said in a teasing voice, brushing one of my strand of hair on my face.

"Shut up, you're getting annoying" I narrowed my eyes, slapping his hand though not forcefully and

Blake laughed "You know what?" I turned on my back to look at him fully now "I never understood why boys get all emotional during the father and sons scenes in movies. Seriously! I mean we rented A Walk to Remember and force the boys to see it, in the times the females were in majority in the house and well Tyler slept through it but dad got all teary... at the part Landon and his dad make up. Seriously! The girl has cancer? Who cares? The son and the father work their issues; bring me a box of tissues!"

Blake tapped my nose with his fingertip and smiled "You should be ashamed of yourself!"

I grabbed his hand, held it for a few second too long and then let it go and turned back to my side and mumbled "You so cry during the father and son moments right?"

And of course Blake laughed.

We stayed like that for a little while. Blake started to play with my hair at one point. I would have liked to start a conversation but every time I opened my mouth I would yawned so I just settle on enjoying the

moment. It wasn't demanding and again it just felt normal...

Was Blake feeling the same way...

He had to... right?

When I started to yawn too much Blake ordered me to go to bed. It was unfair that the boy hadn't slept last night and barely this afternoon and seemed so fine right now!

I followed his order and gave him my MP3 because he mentioned that he had only brought his iPhone with music and it had died last night and he wanted to have something to occupy his head with during the night. Because he wasn't going to sleep. I didn't actually agree with that. I actually hoped he would sleep...

After getting into my bed I felt asleep right away, snuggling my pillow, Blake smelled all around me. How would I sleep without it now? I didn't think I could...

I didn't stay asleep for too long though because girls started to get back in from playing and they weren't quiet enough so they woke me up.

And now I couldn't fall asleep again because I had a million thoughts swirling through my head; plans to get back at Cameron again, for some reason I found it amusing, Blake, of course, what Daphnee had told me, Blake again... the fact that there was only two days left and then we were going back. Only one more night after this one. It was going by too fast and I had screwed up the first day!

Daphnee came to sleep later, pretty much everyone was sleeping at that point, she was late. She saw me awake and gave me my water guns.

Ooops...

Completely forgotten about them...

And that's when something hit me.

I could use them again... Cameron would totally not see it coming...

I got out of my bed bunk, putting the guns back in my bag and then walked downstairs. I took two plastic glasses and filled them with water and then put them in the freezer.

That water would be pretty darn cold in the morning...

I walked back upstairs, smiling to myself and made my way back to my bunk.

Daph was in her bunk now and she was tossing and turning in it, like sleeping was the last thing she wanted to do and I couldn't help myself, I started to sing in a very low voice "Daphnee likes Josh. Daphnee likes Josh. Daphnee likes Jooosh". I mean the whole thing was still almost hard to believe for me but in a way I could totally see it happen, them together.

And it was nice to think about... well not always Blake...

And of course Daph fought back with "Lexi loves Blake. Lexi loves Blake. Lexi loves Blaaaake" and what surprised me the most was that while I shushed

her and told her to shut up and fought to not just make her stop by throwing her my pillow because it would mean I would have to go get it back, she never said that it wasn't true and that she didn't like Josh and I never said it wasn't true and that I didn't love Blake...

I didn't need an alarm to wake up early the next morning. For some reason camping out had that effect on me sometimes. Especially when I was all jumpy.

So while everyone were still sleeping, I got out of bed, still snuggling Blake's hoodie and after putting it on, I went to take the glasses of water out of the freezer and then poured the water in the guns.

And then I put my shoes on and headed to the boys camp.

I still hadn't even gone to the boys camp...

I had no idea what there morning routine was, if they were up yet, I really hope they weren't... Well I hoped Cameron wasn't up yet.

As I walked pass the spot where the fire should have been and then between the trees, on the huge path that wasn't exactly a path but more like an open space and I could see the side of the boy's camp.

I took a deep breath and kept walking even though it was silly and I should stop trying to get back at the stupid twin but he had thrown me in a disgusting pond! He deserved a thousand worse!

When I finally got in front I smiled. It kind of looked like those house in western movies. It matched in colors with the girl's camp. There wasn't a second floor, and on the porch by the door there was a bunch of shoes all aligned beside each other. For some reason I wanted to laugh at that.

I walked up the three steps and after taking a deep breath, opened the door. I had to turn left to get into the main room, which was decorated much like the on in the girls camp, just that it was smaller and there was a table covered with poker chips. There were doors on the right and the left of that room, leading to rooms obviously.

And one of those doors opened right then.

And Blake walked out of the room

And he was only wearing boxers...

Jackpot.

Chapter 82

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (77)

Kay's been baaaaaaad. And not in the cool sexy way.

Sorry for making you guys wait so long, but it was totally not out of self gratification through your pain. I was honestly busy as FROOOOOCK *runs around room*

Anyway! Hope you enjoy this. I think it's going to be long! Lol

And no I won't ever make you guys wait that long for this story again.

I won't keep you from more Blake, go ahead, read. There's more me talking at the end! lol

Read and enjoy! :P

(Oh and yes I know this is full of mistakes, yes I know my grammar is awful and so is my spelling. I'm doing this in my lost time. I should be sleeping right now or doing my homework, but I took some of my time to write the chapter, so it would be really cool for some of you to understand that this is not serious writing. I don't have time for perfect editing alright? Heck I don't even have the pretence to think this crap is publishing material worthy, because I know it's not. Was that clear enough? lol)

Okay NOW, read and enjoy! ;P

****

Wide muscular shoulders, defined chest, abs I could definitely run my tongue all length, hip bones and muscles forming a V shape pointing towards the dark blue boxers area hanging dangerously low...

I felt my cheeks burning.

Ya look up Lexi.

NOT down!

Was it really wrong for me to imagine all sorts of scenarios right now involving licking maybe a little clawing and biting, kissing and rolling around... okay serious issues right now! When the HELL had I became SO freaking RIDICULOUS? I was ashamed for my own freaking self!

Get a grip Lexi! It's just Blake in boxers!

Swooning Blake in boxers...

Alright, looking UP!

I shook my head a bit, taking a deep breath to clear my head, trying to remember what the frack I was doing here again, aside from imagining all sorts of stupid scenarios in my head involving sexy-Blake.

When I did look up it was to Blake's eyes, shining evilly, bluer than ever and a grin plastered on his face "You're staring"

I glared at him "Thanks for pointing out the obvious" and then remembered what I was here to do and took the water gun out of my pockets, shooting freezing water straight on his chest. The plan had been to shot it in the blue boxers area but there was

no way in hell I was staring at that particular point right now and making more of a fool of myself.

At least I got the response I was hoping for, meaning Blake squealing like a little girl. Well screaming "Jesus fuck" actually.

What I had not expect though was for him to take a little less than five steps to be right in front of me, taking the gun out of my hands before I even got the time to realize what he was doing. I was blaming my slow processing brain on Blake's shirtlessness.

"Bad Lexi" Blake smirked, his hands holding my wrists, his body, his almost naked body might I add, almost pressing against mine.

This was a dream right? Seriously, this wasn't happening, this couldn't be happening, was something even happening...

I was pretty much gapping at him like a moron, trying not to drool.

Way to freaking go Lexi; you are oh so desirable right now!

Ugh!

Annoying sexy sexy prick that made me lose all my brain capacities... again could I lick his chest?

I tried to back away from him a little but the back of my foot tripped a little on my other foot, or the carpet or air or something...

Seriously, coordinately challenged didn't even begin to cover it! What was going on with me?

The fact that I still hadn't break eye contact with sexy-Blake was obviously not working in my favour...

"You have something to say to defend yourself?" Blake asked, amused smile still plastered on his face.

Can I lick you chest?

"I'm sorry, I'm totally at lost here..." I answered truthfully.

My brain was dead, turned into marshmallow too busy registering perfectly the piece of art that was Blake's body.

This sounded SO wrong!

Blake's smile grew wider, if that was even possible, and then bended his head slowly to mine.

I wasn't even able to remember my own name so it was kind of hard for me to process anything at that minute, but a great part of me was screaming "KISS ME"

But that's not what happened. Blake's faced moved pass my lips and stopped beside my ear "Your face right now... priceless"

And that was enough to bring me back to present and restore a tiny bit of dignity, if that was even possible, so I freed my hands from his and smacked him right on the chest. I tried really hard not to linger there, I wanted to linger there, but I tried not to because let's face it I was making a total fool of myself right now!

"Jerk!" I complained, making him laugh.

Why did I have to be the one that looked stupid and him always the one looking... hot as hell?

Blake smiled, an amused smile, a warm smile but backed away a bit, "You didn't come here just to water me, did you?"

I rolled my eyes "Am I that obvious?"

"More and more every day," Blake continued smiling and started to walk towards a door, I guessed Cameron's; the half naked boy in front of me obviously knew I wanted revenge, "Can I get a water gun too?"

It took me a good three seconds to understand what he had just asked because I was staring at his back... oh dear mother of god...

Maybe I should just push him on the floor and force myself on him. Yes that would be great. I mean, that back... wow... for some reason his skin looked so soft there, the indentation in the middle and his muscles...

Seriously why am I not just throwing myself at him? Worse case scenario I say I thought I was dreaming? I make a complete idiot of myself but I gain a maybe ten seconds of confused Blake and that's a ten

seconds I can run my hands and tongue where ever I want and-

"Lexi?"

Huh?

"Oh water gun, yes sure"

Bad Lexi.

I dug through his hoodie pockets, with Blake smirking at me, hand raised towards me and slapped the other gun into his open palm.

"You seem distracted Pumpkin?" Blake said, trying not to laugh.

I glared, "It's morning"

"Oh so nothing to do with my half nakedness? Would you need me to cover myself?"

Was he doing it on purpose? He was SO doing on purpose that sick bastard!

I fake smiled, the one where you kinda close your eyes and don't show teeth "No I'm fine"

"Oh so you WANT to look at me half naked"

God dammit!

"I didn't say... I mean you can... Not that..." I started to ramble, his expression turning more and more amuse, "You know what? Shut up!" I finally glared and shot freezing water straight in his face this time.

Don't stare at his chest, don't stare at his chest.

Blake wiped the water on his face with his forearm, muscle flexing a little... miam miam... "Is it so hard to admit you want to stare at my naked chest?"

Okay maybe I shouldn't completely rule out the reading mind thing...

I rolled my eyes though, "Stop turning the conversation around your lack of clothes Blake and just show me where Cameron is"

Blake made an offended face "Oh so you're just here for Cameron?"

"Oh my god Blake! Yes you have a nice chest. There. Happy?"

And of course he smirked, "Very"

Blake turned around and then opened the door he had seemingly stopped in front.

The room we walked in had six bed bunks in it, all with a sleeping boy in them. Two of them were softly snoring.

We tiptoed to the bunks in the left corner of the room, where Cameron was sleeping, on the lower one, head resting on pillow, one leg dangling on the side.

Blake let go of my hand he had been holding mine with that didn't have the water gun, smirked a little at me and then turned to face Cameron, grabbed the sleeping bag resting on him and took it off of him in one quick pull.

Every fear I had of uncovering a naked Cameron disappeared instantly, he was not, luckily, and while the evil twin slowly opened his eyes, completely confused as to what was happening, Blake and I shot the freezing water and for him I did aim the boxer area.

To no ones' surprise Cameron started to shriek and crash, that sure got everyone up, and Blake and I sprinted out of the room. Blake headed straight for a door, so I followed him, the room ending up to be the bathroom though, and then he closed the door, leaning his back against it to hold it close, waiting for the furious twin who was screaming in the other room, "Did you guys NEED to make my balls shrink back in?"

Blake and I we were too busy laughing to say anything though. I was leaning, hands on knees, shoulder shaking and Blake had straight slipped on the floor, back against door, head thrown back roaring with laughter.

And then the doorknob started to turn and Blake started to push against the door and I went to help him, both still laughing.

There was a loud bang on the door "Hand her to me Blake and I'll let this one pass. You can go out a free man if you hand her to me."

Oh I didn't like the sound of this...

Blake obviously saw worry slowly forming on my face, because he rolled his eyes at me, and then screamed for Cameron's sake "Sorry. Not happening."

Cameron started pounding on the door again "Bro code man!"

"Yes but this time I won't have the satisfaction of getting her completely wet so there's really no point." Blake screamed back and I punched him on the shoulder.

Really? Wow.

Ugh!

Stupid Blake!

Though, right after punching him that's when I realized I was locked in a bathroom, alone with shirtless-Blake.

For some reason this just screamed recipe for disaster or really awkward making out on the bathroom floor while an evil twin was screaming on the other side of the door. Just a bad idea in general. A tempting one, but bad one nevertheless.

"Come on Blake! Open the door and you'll be clear!" Cameron screamed again.

"You know I'm actually rather enjoying this situation!" Blake answered, and looked over at me, evil smile consuming his face and I scoffed even though I could swear I was on the verge of blushing again... my cheeks were definitely getting a little warmer. It wasn't funny.

No seriously, this was not funny. Why the hell was I almost-blushing over something so un-blushing worthy?

The strange things Blake did to me.

I stopped looking his face, so he would not look at mine and see the blushing that was probably starting to form, and that's when I saw the mess in the bathroom.

"Huh Blake... what happened in here?" I asked, not sure if I wanted to.

There was water all over the floor in one of the toilet cabins and rolled-obviously-been-used duct tape.

A grin covered Blake's face "Funny you ask..."

Oh oh...

"You guys decided to flood the place?" I asked in disbelief motioning towards the cabin.

If it was even possible Blake grin grew wider, "That's not water"

My eyes bulged, "Oh my god!"

"Don't look at me that way Lexi you're going to make me blush" Blake smirked clearly amused.

I didn't take that last comment in consideration though... I mean what the hell had they done in here? "What did you guys do? Do I even want to know?"

"Sure you do" Blake laughed, hitting his shoulder against mine. Cameron was still pounding on the door and offering all sorts of trades to have Blake get me out of here but we weren't listening anymore, "Let's see... you remember me mentioning playing a little trick on Clark? Well for one thing we duct tape the threshold of the bathroom," Blake explained, motioning towards each side of the door, "So when he

walked in the bathroom in the middle of the night to pee or whatever, he walked straight into it and pretty much ended up on the floor, rolling around with tape circling him"

I shook my head in disbelief but couldn't help the tiny smile forming on my lips. I mean it was kind of funny to imagine Clark, manwhore extraordinaire rolling on the floor covered in duck tape.

"And then when he finally got rid of the duct tape and went to pee we had put saran wrap around the toilet bowl so it all bounced back on him, ergo the little pool around the toilet"

I covered my mouth with my palm "EW!"

Blake just kept smirking, so predictable, "And people say football players are dumb! More like evil geniuses, right?"

I shook my head in disbelief, yet again. It seemed I was doing that a lot around Blake, "You have issues Blake"

The barely-clothed boy beside me was giving me a full-completely-showing-his-perfect-white-teeth grin

"Thanks!" I rolled my eyes and Blake snorted a short laugh "Anyway Clark totally deserved it"

I sighed, "Why? Being a manwhore is a new trick of his? Or was that for the tent incident when we went camping to the Creek?"

Blake frowned thoughtfully, "You know what? I had actually forgotten about that little incident, thanks for reminding. Clark just acting more and more like the dick he is lately. Anyway, so not the point right now."

"And the point is?"

"We have to get you out of here before a certain twin crashed through the door or something" Blake smirked.

I nodded, "Good point"

So Blake got up, and offered me his hand, pulling me up too, "I'll get out first, get a hold on Cameron and you run outside as fast as you can"

"Why don't we just both run for our lives outside?"

Blake made a face, a "are you serious" kind of thing, "Need I remind you I'm only wearing boxers?"

"Oh right" Miam.

Ya totally not good for the whole, not drooling over his half-nakedness... damn he's hot...

Cameron snapped me out of my thoughts though when he started to bang on the door more forcefully and yelled on the other side, "I swear to god I'll find a way to drown you both-"

"Shut up Cameron!" one of the guys yelled for his sake.

"No you shut up!" Cameron screamed back.

"Alright now!" Blake said and then he opened the door, darted straight out, and pushed Cameron away who hadn't expected this at all, while I followed Blake's order and sprinted to the door.

Cameron was shouting after me, Blake was laughing, most of the guys were asking us to shut up but I ignored everything and headed straight to the door, running as fast as I could, laughing.

This had been sort of unnecessary but completely enjoyable. And I mean I had kinda gotten my revenge on Cameron. And I had seen Blake only in boxers. I think the latter sort of outshined the former... Okay the latter totally outshined the former!

That thought had me grinned to myself has I walked on the morning damp ground, burying my hands in Blake hoodie's pockets.

Maybe I should have stayed back and not just run away and help Blake out or something... maybe I should go back... Woah okay, stupid idea. Why would I go back? To hang in Blake's room while he put some pants on?

Ugh! The stupid fan girl I was becoming!

When I got back to the camp, most people were still asleep. I was only seven in the morning after all. Still, there was no way in hell I would have been able to go back to bed, I was too hyper, I felt like jumping up and down and maybe sing for no reason, so I went in the kitchen and made myself some coffee and sat in the dinning room, eating some cookies I had brought. Nice breakfast. And totally good idea to fuel on coffee

when I was already bouncing up and down on my seat for no reason.

God darn it, my mind was completely messed up right now, I didn't feel coherent I just feel overly excited and quite frankly ridiculous!

Ugh! Breathe Lexi and calm the frack down!

The guys slowly started to come in for their breakfast while I was sipping on my coffee, one leg wrapped around my knee, trying to stop my need to move constantly or just jump up and down.

When Cameron walked in the room his first words were "You're going down Grayson" while he pointed at me.

Sadly predictable.

I grinned "Nah ah! We're even now!"

The evil twin narrowed his eyes at me, "Not even close!"

"Sit Cameron. Bad doggy" Blake laughed, appearing behind Cameron and gave him a slap behind the head smirking my way.

I rolled my eyes for his sake. And tried to not let show that I was disappointed he wasn't shirtless anymore.

Stupid shirts.

Blake came to sit beside me and picked the mug of coffee out of my hands, taking a sip.

Was it really wrong for me to enjoy so much the way this simple gesture seemed and felt so normal?

"Missed me?" Blake asked over the mug.

"Tremendously" I answered, in a sarcastic tone rolling my eyes at him. I earned myself a laugh for that.

"You know you owe me since I save your cute little ass back there" Blake smirked and drank more of my coffee.

I narrowed my eyes at him, "For some reason I feel like I should be offended by this"

Blake looked thoughtful for a second and then shook his head, "No I don't think you should"

"Idiot"

"Thanks! So, what are we doing today?"

"Pissing Cameron off until he snaps?" I offered, grinning.

"I heard that!" Cameron yelled in the kitchen.

Blake and I both laughed and then Blake said, "It stopped raining, I think Nicholas wanted to go running. Want to join?"

I snorted, raising my eyebrows "Running with you?"

"What's with the face?"

I rolled my eyes "I've seen you running"

"And?" Blake frowned and drank more coffee.

"As much as I don't want to admit this there's no way in hell I could keep up"

"Aw, poor Pumpkin"

I slapped his arm and took the mug out of his hands, "Shut up!"

"So you're not going to run with me?"

"Sorry I'll have to decline" I answered and then drank what was left of my coffee.

Blake covered his heart with his palm, pouting, "I'm hurt"

"Wuss" I rolled my eyes and then Alex and Connor joined us at the table, Alex bringing more coffee with him so I could refill.

"So since it's not raining anymore are we taking the canoes out?" Alex asked, after taking a bite out of his bagel.

"Definitely" Peter nodded.

Blake attacked the basket of croissant Alex had brought, almost shoving it all in his mouth.

Someone was hungry...

Weird boy...

Alex looked my way, "Want to come with me?"

"Sure" I smiled at Alex.

For some reason though after agreeing to go with Alex, Blake was quiet and he kinda, sorta maybe

looked a bit... hurt? Was... could... could Blake be... jealous?

Or was it just that he was silently chocking on the croissant?

I mean, he was quiet and I think he glared Alex's way a few times, though I could have been imagining things... I mean that was so the kind of thing I would enjoy, having Blake jealous because of me... I had serious issues.

But it DID look like he was jealous! And if he WAS jealous, wouldn't that mean he kinda sorta maybe liked me?

Okay enough with the over thinking! Ugh!

I didn't go canoeing with Alex right after breakfast; actually I didn't go until after lunch. Alex, Daph and I ended up on the deck by the lake, laying on our backs, watching the sky that was now blue, trying to get a little sun even though the air was still chilly, while playing what'd-you-do-with-that-dead-body, a nice game that consisted of coming up with

ridiculous reasons for killing someone and how we would get rid of the body.

Blake had run off, probably getting lost somewhere in the forest. I mean he didn't look mad or anything... I guess I was worrying too much about everything and it wasn't like I needed to be with him every awake and unawake minutes of my life... right?

Over thinking again... stupid Lexi...

After Alex made sandwiches for Daph and I, our dear hippie went to skip around or something, she mentioned aligning her chakras I think but when did I ever understand fully Daphnee. And Alex and I took a canoe and went paddling around on the lake.

It was a nice feeling, just gliding on the lake. Of course there was wind and I had my hair blowing everywhere on my face and it was making it difficult to paddle and we kept going towards the shore because that's where the wind pushed us but it was nice spending time with Alex, with my friend. I seemed I was so busy thinking about Blake all the time that I wasn't there enough for my friends.

"So how are things with Travis?" I asked, as we paddled back to the camp. I was in front and Alex was guiding and paddling in the back.

"Well good though... I know he would like for me to be honest with everyone around but he understands that I can't do it right now... he says I can't truly be honest with myself if I can't be honest with the people around me..." Alex trailed, his pace slowing, his tone thoughtful.

"Your boyfriend has a point" I pointed out, turning my head to look at him quickly and then turned it back.

I heard Alex's sight over the wind, "I know he has and I want to... but it's the eternal "how are they going to react" question..."

"Dude just let your balls drop and spit it out already, they're your friends, they'll understand" I said in a mocking tone, splashing a little water behind with my paddle.

Alex laughed and splashed too, "Thanks for the support"

"Anytime!"

After about ten more paddling Alex spoke again, "Anyway, enough about me, what's up with your boyfriend?"

Aw no...

I played the stupid card, even though I totally didn't have a boyfriend, I did know who he was implying by this... I hate my life, "Huh? Papa Bear I'd like to inform you that I don't have a boyfriend"

I just KNEW he was shaking his head in fake disapproval at me; I didn't even have to look back at him to know he was doing it, "Oh you know who I'm talking about! Why is Blake not sleeping at night?"

I wanted to groan or something, actually freaking groan. Did he have to ask questions about Blake? Developing about Blake meant thinking about him and about all the fuzzy feelings I had when I thought about him and damn Blake was hot shirtless, why hadn't I taken him on the floor or something? Should have taken him on the floor! Okay seriously, stupid much Lexi? Ugh! "He's a vampire"

"I should have known ..." Alex snorted, and then went on, "You know Clark and Shawn are... pissed at him right?"

I turned my head to look at Alex, frowning, "Because of the prank thing?"

"Nah prank thing was sort of a way to get back at them for bitching at Blake for the past weeks"

Confused Lexi right here?

"What do you mean," I asked, stopping to paddle completely, turning to look at him.

Alex snorted at me, "Really? You can't guess that one?"

I tried to hit him with the paddle, "Stop playing the smartass!"

He stopped mine with his though, an amuse smile on his lips, "You're cute"

Okay he's annoying me now.

"Cut it out Papa Bear!" I pouted.

Yes yes, the not-amused-and-sulking kid trick is totally what I should be doing right now.

"Fine," Alex chuckled "You know how they used to hang out more, the three of them I mean. Well ever since he started to hang out with YOU, he hasn't been going out with them, I mean that's what they bitch about, I'm just reporting. Blake was useful for them, you know since he's so hot he's good to attract bitches"

I narrowed my eyes at him, and then turned around to look back in front, "Completely unnecessary observation here"

"Don't worry I wouldn't try to get my hands on him... anyway I don't think he particularly likes me... I wonder why" Alex said, a smile in his voice, poking my sides with his paddle.

If it wouldn't have been for the whole if-you-move-too-much-your-ass-will-end-up-in-the-lake thing I would have SO slapped him a couple of times, "You're being a dick"

"And you're being stubborn. Just jump the guy already; I'm sure he's dying to. And he probably hasn't gotten any in a while so go for it girl"

"Remind me why I'm friends with you again?"

"I cook good food?"

I shook my head but laughed, Alex joining me.

The rest of the afternoon was pretty uneventful, the deck by the lake seemed like a good spot to stay in again because the sun would leave soon enough and I wanted to get as much as I could before it did.

I was the one who did the dinner for everyone since I had brought all the stuff to make my spaghetti sauce and there was no way it was going back in my bag and coming back home.

Blake was there, and he ate with us and he smirk my way now and then but he looked sad, freaking sad. Seriously what was WRONG with that boy?

No actually what was wrong with US? It's like we couldn't spend a good twenty four hour without getting sort of pissed at the other by misinterpreting

things. God damn it! I thought this day would be all nice! I thought we had worked things out and now mister was sort of pouting because of what? He was jealous? Of Alex? Out of all people? Jealous of Alex?

Maybe he wasn't jealous though, maybe Blake was just really bi-polar. Yep, that was my theory and I was sticking to it.

When we were all done eating and the sun started to set, the cloud arrived too, and there was a light rain now and then dripping again. Stupid rain.

When it started to be dark out we all got out and played games again, like every other night. This time the grand prize winning game was Kick-the-can. Each team had a "can", more like a metal barrel but whatever, and the point was to get to it, and kick it away from its spot without getting touched by someone of the other team. You could only touch someone of the other team if they were in your territory though.

I totally listened to the rules this time.

I played for a while, I knew Blake wasn't in my team but he mostly stayed around his team's can and I wasn't good enough to run all the way there so I didn't see through the games.

When I did saw him though he was sitting on the girls' camp porch, right in front of our team's can. With the front light of the camp, I could make up his dark blue hoodie, another one to add to my collection maybe, damp from the light rain that had started again, but more importantly his jeans which were torn and bloodied where his left knee was.

I headed straight to him, "Oh my god, are you alright?"

Blake was looking at his knee and the damage, parting the fabric to get a better look at the damage, and was wincing a little, "I think I busted my knee"

I took a step closer, "What happened?"

Blake sort of poked his knee and winced again, "Dwayne kicked it instead of the can"

"With shoes with crampons?"

"They was rock and sand sticking on them because of the rain actually"

I made a pained face, "Ouch"

Want me to kiss your boo-boo away?

Okay totally not helping my cause right now...

"Tell me about it. The fact I fell on it today didn't really help either" he answered, stretching his leg, his jaw tightening a little.

I stood right in front of him, "Want me to help you walk back to your camp?" I offered, motioning with my head in that direction.

At least I could talk with him while helping him get there and if he was limping or something I could totally wrap my arm around him for support.

Scores!

"Can't. I promised Emily that if she stayed to play I'd walk her back to her tent."

I looked at him in disbelief, "With a busted knee?"

"The busted knee wasn't in the equation when I made the offer" Blake made a face.

"And you'll drop her there and then limp back here alone?"

"Yes"

What I was about to say next was pretty much evident, "I'm coming with you"

He better not make any innuendo!

But he just shook his head, "You don't need to."

I snorted at him, "Like I'm going to let you possibly dying in the middle of the trail, trying to crawl back to the camp all alone in the middle if the night, while it's just waiting to rain heavily again"

Blake laughed, a quiet without a sound laugh and looked at me, "Thanks for the concern"

"Anytime. Stay here I'll be right back" I ordered him and went into the camp.

There I got stuff to take care of his knee and then went right back to him.

Blake didn't argue went I told him I was going to take care of his knee. There were a lot of sand and tiny rocks into his flesh and it would have been better to just take him inside and sterilize the whole thing and let the wound dry. Put him new pants on, meaning taking those off... Diverting here Lexi...

But he wasn't moving from his spot so I wasn't arguing. And he didn't make a sound implying it hurt as I took care of it but he had his lips pressed together and every time he blinked, his eyes stayed close for a second.

And I couldn't help but stare at his face, in the in-between-blinks second. My hand actually stopped wiping blood and I just stared at him.

Alright Lexi stop thinking that he look fracking HOT when he makes that face, it's totally NOT helping you right now.

But it was really really really... really really hot...

When Blake opened his eyes he smirked at me "I really am irresistible aren't I?"

Oh yes you are.

"Modesty? Ever heard of it?"

"Yes but cockiness suits me better"

I rolled my eyes yet again but kept staring at him and he held my gaze, our eyes not breaking contact, my cheeks slowly warming.

I love you.

I wanted to say it so bad but I didn't. I didn't understand why I was feeling that need so strongly but it was like everything in me needed to say this to him.

Right then I couldn't understand why I was doing this to myself. Why wasn't I just telling him I liked him? I could deal with the consequences right? Why was I doing this to myself, the whole evasiveness? I mean at one point I would have to tell him... wasn't now as good time as any?

I got my answer when Blake sighed and turned his gaze away from mine.

He had that kinda-sorta hurt look again, the one he had this morning.

Why had was he making that face?

This boy was beyond confusing... seriously...

I went back to taking care of his knee in silence and when I was done Emily came around, ready to leave.

When she saw Blake's knee she obviously told him he didn't need to come but even I could see that she didn't exactly seemed eager to walk alone back to her tent so Blake assured her he was okay.

I was kind of glad Blake wanted to go either way because I needed the time with him and I needed to talk to him, really talk to him...

So the three of us made our way in the path, flashlights in hands, careful to where we walked, slowly of course. Blake was limping beside me. I had offered my help but he had said he was fine for now.

I hated this...

The walk to her camp felt endless. As much as I didn't despise Emily anymore I wanted to be alone with Blake right now and not keep up a conversation with her. I wanted to ask if he was jealous. I wanted to

know if I had hurt him, I wanted to hold his hand, I wanted his arms wrapped around me and maybe lick his chest a couple of time...

Alright, sidetracking.

Blake is hot.

Focus!

When we finally did drop her off and walked back to our camps we just both stayed silent.

Seriously, I hated this...

After a few minutes and Blake cursing because he hadn't seen a bump and it had hurt his knee when he had walked there, I decided to break this ridiculous silence, "Okay look, I might be wrong, completely off track, bringing up things that aren't even there but... the whole running or canoeing thing you are aware that that wasn't me... this is going to sound bad, but that wasn't me picking Alex over you right, not implying anything. Just I mean... you know I care about you as a friend right? I'm not ditching you for Alex or anything okay... I'm sorry I'm really not making sense..."

I just felt like slapping myself. Actually I had one eye close, like when you're just waiting to get hit or something, palm pressed against my forehead.

I'm stupid...

And Blake wasn't answering and I just felt like taking it all back.

What the hell? Why had I said that! It sounded so bad...

But then Blake whispered, so low that I barely could hear it, "Thank you..."

Huh?

"For what?" I asked, trying to stay quiet like him too.

This might not be a complete catastrophe after all...

It took him a while for answering, slowly limping beside me. "Jay, he was always the favourite one you know. That was something I was always accustomed to. I'm never the favourite. People don't usually... pick me... I'm use to people not picking me" Blake finally explained his voice pained.

I kept myself from snorting, "Are you on drugs?"

"What?"

This boy is beyond confusing, really.

"Okay not to sound obsess or anything but seriously? How could... it doesn't even make sense what you just said. People love you and I have no doubt that there's a great crowd of people that would gladly pick you. Or tear your clothes off... not implying anything here..."

Shut up Lexi.

"I'm not the one they pick first though, I'm the rebound guy or the really hot guy to hook up with. Not the one anyone will end up with for real."

"Woah. You really are more delusional than I thought..."

Blake laughed a humourless laugh, "I'm quite realistic actually"

"Seriously where does that come from?"

"My whole life? It was always that way. That's why I should have been the one to die. Jayden was always

the favourite. People would be much better off without me" Blake answered his voice exasperated.

And he said I was unobservant? I raised my hand, not letting him going on about how he wasn't worth crap, "Stop. Listen to me Blake. What happened to your brother was awful and he shouldn't have died. But he did. It's heartbreaking but you can't change the past. But things wouldn't be better if you had been the one to die," I took a step closer without even realising it, my side touching his while we waked, my hand resting on his arm, my voice softer, "I'm sorry to break this to you Blake but I wouldn't want to spend all my time with your brother, I'm sure he was a great guy but I want to spend my time with you and answer to your ridiculous texts in the middle of the night and fight with you. And I didn't go running with you because have you SEEN yourself run?" I laughed "And I mean you mentioned Nicholas. Just so you know I mostly remember him under the name of "the guy who runs fast". I have a good cardio and when you piss me off I can run after you really fast to kick your balls but there's no way I would have been able to follow you in the slippery trails of the wood

all afternoon. Who I'd pick might not mean much but if I had to choose, I'd pick you."

And it was time to insert the dramatic slow motion "NOOOO" Why couldn't I just shut up sometimes?

And Blake actually looked kind-sorta a little mad at me right now. Crap!

"What makes you think it wouldn't mean much who you would pick?" Blake asked, taking me completely off guard.

I had expected him to say something like, "ya obsess much?", definitely not THIS.

"Well I mean I'm just good ol' plain Lexi. I know we're friends and all but I doubt I make a big difference in Blake Eaton's life" I answered, dropping my gaze. Way to be pathetic, really.

Blake shook his head at me, laughing that soundless not amuse laugh again, and then he looked at me, with his deep piercing gaze, "I want to tell you something... I've been meaning to tell you for so long..."

Oh ho...

"Just... promise me you won't freak out alright? Promise me to hear me out, not jump to conclusion and get hysterical okay? Just let me explain everything?"

I don't like the sound of this...

"Alright..."

"You did... you do make a difference in my life... I... you know..."

He's struggling to find his words... this is bad! Is he really going to tell me he's a vampire? I don't especially enjoy bleeding, and I'm not a maso so I'm totally not up for letting him suck my blood, like at all... he might tell me he's an alien too... and he's invaded Blake's body and that's why the Blake I'm friends with is so different from the Blake I always thought he was... Or better yet, he's going to tell me that he is in fact a woman. He had his gender reversed.

Alright shut up Lexi and listen.

"You wanted to know... with coach the time he didn't want to let me play because I didn't do a test... and why Josh was freaking out the other day after our paint fight..."

Okay totally didn't see the conversation going that way... at all.

This didn't sound like a love declaration and shut up brain yes of course that's what I wanted him to do right now! Ugh!

We had both stopped walking and were standing, facing each other, barely more than a foot of distance. Blake was running his hand through his hair, keeping it on top of his head.

He looked like he was about to confess a murder or something...

Okay I mean there was something kinda sexy and dangerous about serial killers, but only in books and on TV. Not in real life. Especially since I was sort of alone with the maybe-serial-killer in the middle of the wood. That didn't look too good for me...

Focus Lexi?

Blake took a deep breath, looking at the ground and then he looked back up to me, asking in a small voice, "Do you know what AVM is?"

This sounded bad. There was a big red alert going off in my brain. And I couldn't answer him... the way he looked at me... I was frightened to know the answer, so I just shook my head.

Please say some kind of venereal disease... anything but the scenarios I have in my head...

"It stands for arteriovenous malformation"

And there it was... I felt like the air was trapping me... constricting me, making me unable to move, my breathing was getting shallow and I was about to hyperventilate.

This sounded bad, really bad...

There was only one thought that crossed my mind when he said that "Please Blake tell me you didn't lie to me? Tell me you aren't dying?"

I couldn't lose Blake; there was no way in hell that could be happening. With all the crap he had already

gone through, he didn't deserve to be dying right now!

And with the big ass word he had just use, the way he was looking at me, the tone he was using... it just meant bad bad BAD!

"I'm not dying Lexi" Blake said, his eyes soft.

I wanted to cry, I honest to god had my eyes tearing up right now, "Tell me the truth!"

"I'm not dying Pumpkin."

"Then what? Do you have it? That?" I was almost hysteric at this point.

Breathe Lexi, let him explain!

Please... oh god... please don't be dying! He told me he wasn't dying! That little punk better not have been lying to me!

"I told you not to jump to conclusion, didn't I Pumpkin? It's treated."

My mind was blank, completely blank, "I'm really confuse right now"

Blake took a deep breathe and the started to answer in a rush"After my car accident, after Shawn's birthday, they took CT scan of my head. I had a concussion and they wanted to make sure everything was okay. I had a lot of headaches but I was used to it so I didn't mention anything. They found the AMV then. It's a bad connection between my artery and my veins. There's a bad circulation of blood in my brain and my veins are messed up and can actually like, pop, anyway I'm vulgarizing here... Point is, it was small, they found it and they treated it"

Oh my god... this sounded even worse then I though... His BRAIN? He had a problem in his freaking brain? Wasn't that... impossible or super-duper hard to treat?

"Treated how?" I asked, reluctantly.

"Gamma Knife procedure. It's radiations. They don't even open your skull with that. If it hadn't been for the fact I was pretty messed up because of the other car I could have gotten home within the day. Right after the treatment." Blake answered, slowly this

time. I think he realize how much I was freaking out. There was no word or train of thoughts to express it.

"No but wait, you said headaches, you still have headaches? What's wrong?"

Blake took a deep breathe again, "It just takes a while to have a full recovery. Anyway that was not the point," he said, running his hand through his hair, "I'm not telling you this to worry you Pumpkin... My condition doesn't matter. I'm fine now. And I don't want you walking on eggshell around me. Because I really am okay. I'm telling you this because... the night when I had the accident, I left the party because of what you said. I was so mad because it was true, I am a heartless no good to love stinking dick, and I left. And I got into the accident. If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have gone to the hospital, I wouldn't have had my head check and I would still have my veins threatening to pop in my brain. I could be dead you know, because of a haemorrhage. So when you say that you aren't making a big difference in my life you couldn't be more wrong Lexi... on so many levels..."

Oh my god...

What did you say to that?

No seriously? What did you say to that?

By being a total drunken bitch to him I had... saved him? I had saved him?

All I wanted right now actually was to kiss him, I should have kissed him, but I didn't because I didn't want him to think I was only doing it out of pity, or because I felt like I needed to do it. Our first kiss, as sweet as it had been, hadn't gone exactly chick flick movie like. And even though I wanted my CW kiss, my chick flick movie worthy kiss, I wanted it to be right, I wanted it to mean something. And no "I'm glad I saved you and I'm doing this out of pity" kind of thing.

So I just stood there, mouth probably hanging open, staring at him. He looked worried...

I had saved Blake... how was that even possible? Two months ago I thought his name was Drake...

"And I know I'm a mess and I act like a PMSing girl sometimes and I'm a dick and I have so many issues and I'm broken and I have so many demons to deal with, so many things I haven't accepted yet, so many things I'm trying to work on-"

I stopped him from putting himself down some more by wrapping my arms around his waist, hugging him tightly against me, taking a deep Blake-breathe, "Blake" I whispered, "It doesn't matter how hard you try to convince me or people around that you're worthless, I don't believe it and I'll never believe it. Get that through your head buddy" he held me tighter and I did too, never wanting to let go, pressing my face to his neck without really thinking about it, brushing my lips against the soft skin there, "Why is it always you? Why are you always the one getting so much crap all the time?"

I could feel him smiling against my hair, our bodies still pressed, every inch touching, "I'm too desirable for my own good?"

"I'm sorry Blake," I said again and then added for his sake, "Oh and you're not a heartless no good to love dick"

"Stinking dick" Blake corrected and I pressed my nose against the skin of his neck, taking a deep breath. His smell was intoxicating.

How could it be that someone has wonderful has Blake got so much crap? Shouldn't we be keeping the awesome around?

"Ya that. It's not true. I was mad that night more at myself than anyone and those words were not meant for you. If anything they were meant for me. And you definitely don't stink" I added, still not making any move to let go. Blake wasn't either so I guess this was needed on both part. I needed to hold him and having him hold me.

Blake sighed, "Thank you"

Reluctantly, I backed away from his arms a little, to get a look at his face, "Is it sure though? That you're alright?"

"Brain is a complicated thing you know..." he closed his eyes, thinking for a second, "There could always be complications, or neurological damage from the treatment but so far I think I'm okay in the brain. They might have screwed up the part of my brain that liked science though" Blake joked.

I looked at him pointedly, "I don't give you the right to let anything happen to you understood?"

"Don't worry. You know, the test? With coach. Well my mom made an appointment for scans because she didn't like the headache thing either and I didn't go. But I did take it later. And the result show nothing abnormal"

"And the Josh thing?"

Blake rolled his eyes at that one. That was a good sign right? "Josh thinks I should have had my skull open to play with my brain and take the bitch out. He voted in favour of baldy-Blake. But I didn't want to have my skull open. Truthfully, any kind of treatment for this is complicated... there's no perfect remedy. I wouldn't have done anything if it hadn't been for everyone freaking. I figured Gamma treatment

sounded the most reasonable. Anyway, point is Josh is just waiting for me to have a seizure or something"

I nodded, looking at Blake's covered-by-a-hoodie-chest, "I understand him..."

Blake's hand brushed against the side of my temple, and I looked at his small reassuring half smile, "I'm fine. Don't worry. It would be way too predictable for me to die. I'm here to stay"

So not a good argument!

Still, I wrapped my arms around his waist again and pressed my face by his neck, whispering against it, "Thank you... for telling me, for being honest, for trusting me..."

"Thanks for saving me..." Blake breathed, kissing the side of my head.

The rest of the walk back to the camps Blake didn't decline my support in order to walk. He was sucking it up but I just knew he was in pain.

I wanted to ask many many more questions about what he had just told me but I didn't want to push

things... the fact that he had trusted me with this... for some reason it felt like this secret was even bigger than his brother's death.

The fact that he had told me this meant more than he could possibly imagine. He had told me about his brother mostly because I had seen his brother's stone. If it hadn't been for that I probably wouldn't even know right now. But this secret, his condition which wasn't one anymore, and the fact that I, me of all people had sort of saved him in a way, for him to share this with me willingly...

Seriously it was just a matter of hours before I jumped him.

We walked side by side slowly, Blake's arm around my neck for support, which I enjoyed quite a lot, our flashlights lightening our way pretty clearly.

Even though I wasn't bringing back on the plate our last topic, Blake on his side had taken upon himself to ask me a bunch of stupid questions, to try to understand me he said, I didn't get the point, I would have rather talk about him, but I humoured him.

"How were you when you were younger? You know, before I moved in town, before school even." Blake asked at one point.

I smiled a little at the old memories, "Well you know at my house, Anna she was the playing with doll type, but only to dress them up. She would just change their outfits and their hair. I wanted to make big installations you know? And invent a whole thing where Barbie was a princess and she was sent to the castle with other princesses and then Ken would pick her"

"Bachelorrette enactment?" Blake offered.

"Shut up!" I laughed, slapping the back of my hand against his stomach enjoying the feeling of his hard muscles there... I have issues "Anyway, Tyler would just crash into my wanna-be castle with his teddy bear and attack the whole place and tear my Barbies' heads off. You know when you tear a Barbie's head off it's kind of over for her. Even though she's a doll, you can't really glue her head back. And even if you stick it back in place it's always wobbly... It's almost like she's really dead," I made a face and Blake

laughed, "Only time Anna ever let me use my imagination was when we played dressed up and she would be the princess and I would have to act as her maid, and the prince, and her mother... sometimes all at once."

"Hard childhood?" Blake half smiled.

I nodded, "Very"

Blake played with a lock of my hair for a second, a chill running up my back from the simple contact and then asked, "First book you ever read?"

Stop thinking about the way it feels when he touches you and focus on not sounding like a moron, I thought.

"Tuck Everlasting. If I had to pick a favourite book it would be that one actually. I kinda like the whole fatality in it. I cried a lot at the end. I know it was how things were supposed to be but damn it I wanted Jesse and Winnie to end up together!"

Blake smiled at me, an amused smile and I just shook my head at him, smiling too.

"What about you? Favourite book?" I asked him, slowing down a bit.

"Hard one. I love the way Victor Hugo writes. "Love partakes of the soul itself. It is of the same nature. Like the soul, it is a divine spark; it is incorruptible, indivisible, imperishable. It is a point of fire within us, which is immortal and infinite, which nothing can limit and nothing can extinguish. We feel it burning even in the marrow of our bones, and we see it radiate even to the depths of the sky."" Okay that was seriously hot... "That one of the main reason I hate Henry Miller. I mean yes Tropic of Cancer is full of freaky sex and what kind of dude wouldn't enjoy that but he doesn't like Victor Hugo in that book. That's one thing Josh and I don't have in common... Josh could make that book into his personal Bible"

I rolled my eyes, "Josh has issues"

"Indeed. But you know what? My favourite story might be one of Oscar's Wilde short stories, The Nightingale and the Rose. "Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of

the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb." It's like the story in the preface of the Thorn Birds "The best is only bought at the cost of great pain""

"You know I feel highly stupid when you talk about book and quote like this," I snorted.

Outsmarted by the running back. Who would have thought?

"And you haven't even heard half of it. L'insoutenable légèreté de l'être, "The Unbearable Lightness of Being", by Kundera is one of my favourite too. I love his way of writing and we stayed in Prague for a few months when I was younger when Jayden was still alive... for some unexplainable reason it's comforting. And it makes you think a lot. I love Kundera's way of writing and I love that he puts so many reference to other languages, and he mentions Beethoven's String quartet number 16 in F major, opus 135. "Muß es sein? Es muß sein!", my father loves that piece. I always wished I could play it"

Okay I didn,t get all of that...

"Why don't you?" I frowned, avoiding a water puddle on the trail. My shoes were already wet enough.

"String? Didn't you heard that?" Blake asked, making violin motions with his hands "I play the piano" he smirked, mimicking like he was actually playing.

"Smartass!" I slapped his stomach again, glaring a little, playfully, "So should I be guessing that your favourite music is classical?"

"That's a hard one too..." Blake looked thoughtful when I lighted his face with my flashlight because he was taking too much time to answer "Fan girl" he smirked, pushing the light away "I'm a pretty moody guy so it goes with my mood I guess," he finally started to answer "I like Beethoven and Mozart, Tchaikovsky, Debussy, but those are the oldies, I also like Ludovico Einaudi and Yann Tiersen. I like Frank Sinatra but I also like other stuff, like The Used or all the indie stuff Josh makes me listen to, Black Angels for instance.

"And then I love French singers like Charles Aznavour, oldies, but I can't help myself. You know if I had any experience in that field I'd say this feels like

those speed dating kind of thing" Blake laughed and I laughed too because it totally did but I didn't care because I loved listening to Blake talk and I loved knowing more about him, the real buried deep down him, "Anyway, I love French compositors, heck I even listen to Edith Piaf sometimes. You know the French started so many movements with art, with their Montmartre and Montparnasse... with all those poets and painters... Robert Desnos who's one of my favourite poets lived there... died during the war... But I can't translate it the right way, that's why I always use so many foreign languages around you, because there's some things that simply can't be translate, that are beautiful when you read them the original way... what?" Blake asked, stopping "Why are you smiling like that?"

I smiled more, "Nothing... it's just... why are you not letting him out, the part of you that loves art and that talks about it with so much passion?"

It was ridiculous. I mean he sounded so passionate about this. It was stupid of him to not do art more!

"I..." he started to say, and then just let out a breath.

"You're punishing yourself aren't you?" I asked, because that totally fitted his character "You figured since your brother didn't get to live why allow to yourself the things that make you truly happy. You feel like you didn't deserve being happy right?"

"You might not want to rule out shrink just yet..." Blake smiled.

At this point we could see the lights from the camps and people screaming and laughing outside.

I didn't want to be back just yet, I wanted to turn around and keep on speaking, just the two of us. There was so much things I wanted to talk about with him, anything really, I just wanted to keep talking with no goal in mind, just getting glances into his mind was more than I could ask for.

And it was getting late and I was kind of tired, meaning that Blake must have been ten times more tired than me considering he had barely slept during the entire trip.

"Stop punishing yourself, there's no point and you'll miss out on your life," I said, being a good fake shrink

and all and then reluctantly added "Need support to walk back to your camp?"

As much as I wanted more time to talk, at one point, the night would end, I would go back to my bunk and Blake to his, maybe I could convince him to actually sleep tonight, that would be good for him...

"What you think you're getting ride of me this early? I hate to break this to you Pumpkin but you're not going just yet" Blake laughed, squishing me tighter against his side.

I'm not arguing with that AT ALL.

When we got to back to his camp, the boys inside had taken both couches and placed them across a table that was covered with peanuts and cards. Cameron, Trevor, Mark and Davis were sitting around, playing pokers and dealing peanuts.

Lovely.

Dwayne and Jenna were sitting on the third couch, being all lovey-coupley and Fred was lying on the floor like the vegetable he was, obviously sleeping.

Seriously, he had a bed bunk, why wasn't he sleeping there?

"Well well if it isn't Bonnie and Clyde! Should I be watching my back and protecting my nuts?" Cameron said, throwing a handful of peanuts in the middle of the table "Call"

"Want to play?" Davis asked, throwing peanuts too.

"Sure" Blake answered "but I'm changing first" he added and went towards a door, his room probably, letting go of my shoulders and limping on his own.

Was it wrong to think he looked hot right now?

"Catherine's sleeping in there, you might want to change in another room" Mark warned.

"Thanks for the heads up" Blake said and even though he had his back to me I was sure he was rolling his eyes.

"You know what really sucks?" Trevor asked, after Blake had limped with his clothes into the bathroom. Changing would have been nice... maybe I could ask for some clothes of his...

"What?" I asked.

"You didn't make you special cookies" he pouted and I laughed.

But then when I looked towards the fire place I smiled "I could make some" I motion to the fire with my chin

"Oh man if you did that you would SO be my hero!"

"I don't feel like bringing back all my food anyway" I shrugged and went back to the girls camp to get food.

I quickly changed into my seat pants that were dry and put on a long sleeve green shirt and Blake's grey hoodie over that was damp from all the walking under the drizzling rain tonight. And then I grabbed the marshmallow, honey cookies and chocolate chips, few cans' of Pepsi my M&M's and ran back.

When I got back, Blake was sitting on the couch, his back to me, playing Texas Hold'em poker with the guys. I walked to his side smiling, Trevor was almost doing a victory dance since I was going to make him the cookies, but I wasn't paying attention to him. I was staring at Blake who had put on black sweat

pants, and a dark blue t-shirt... his eyes had never been bluer.

Damn that boy was hot and it was totally not vain to point out!

And he was smiling at me...

I made cookies for everyone in the boys' camp that wanted some, getting ride of all my left over food. I feed everyone until I had no cookies left but Trevor kept grilling himself marshmallow afterwards, since he was sitting on the side of the couch by the fire.

"Want to play?" Davis asked, still eating his cookie.

I stood there looking at them, "Where am I supposed to sit?"

"On my lap" Blake smirked patting them.

"Fine but how do you plan on looking at your hand without me sneaking a glance" I smirked too.

Blake's smirk got eviller, "Somehow this sounds really naughty"

I laughed, "Idiot!"

"Thanks," he kept smirking and patting his lap and mouthed "I know you want to"

I narrowed my eyes at him and then grabbed the cards from his hands, "Hey guys he has a four of spades and a six of diamond" he had a jack and an ace of heart actually. I wasn't that mean, even though they were just betting peanuts... though I could be wring on that, you never knew with them.

"Alright that's it you're sitting on my lap" Blake grabbed me by the waist and threw me on his lap.

I yelped in surprise but I wasn't going to complain.

Okay this was not awkward AT ALL.

No truthfully it was way too enjoyable. Blake had both his arms wrapped around me, his cards pressed against my stomach in one of his hand, chin resting on my shoulder and I was totally sitting on his lap. It took all my will to not just turn around wrap my arms around his neck and make out with him, push him on the table, shoving the peanuts away of course, it wouldn't be comfortable for his back if we let the peanuts there...

But it would have been kind of rude to do that in public.

But just the fact that I was in his arms, nose filled with his sweet Blake smell... it was freaking maddening!

"Let's play what do you do?" Cameron says, while dealing the cards, Blake was playing with a lock of my hair again, so I had no idea what Cameron was talking about. I was trying not to close my eye sin contentment and lean my head back against Blake, "You're walking on the sidewalk, it's a nice spring day. But then out of nowhere you notice that up ahead, lying in the middle of the road in the dirt, there's a tiny baby sparrow. Both its wings are broken. And you have... a hammer. What do you do?"

All the guys chuckled; I shook my head in disbelief.

What the hell?

Idiot.

Though Blake laughing under me was kind of nice...

Bad Lexi.

"Okay, another one!" Seriously? "You're a med student in your final year of study. It's a very very important year for you. Because of all the economic crisis bullcrap you're stuck living with your grandma. She's a tattoo artist... with Parkinson's disease. Every time she makes you a cup of coffee she shakes so much it froths up the milk on top, which is something you can't fucking stand. You have... a hammer. What do you do?"

Everyone roar with laughed, and ya I kinda laughed too...

"You guys should be ashamed of yourselves" I whispered in Blake's ear making him half-smile, one where his dimples showed.

Okay it would be lying to say I wasn't turned on right now...

Not by Cameron creepy scenarios though.

Stupid too hot Blake.

"Alright, you're a young and upwardly mobile merchant banker. Your girlfriend just got pregnant. You think a child at this point in your career could

effe up all to your future career prospects. You have... a coathanger."

"Oh my god what's wrong with you Cameron?" I gasped.

Cameron just grinned at me "Wait wait I got a better one! You are an arctic explorer. For the past six months you've been travelling through the arctic waste. It has been a period of intense isolation and loneliness for you, without any sort of contact with other human being. On this particular day you're walking along a stretch of beach. At the far end of that beach, basking itself on a broad, flat rock there's a beautiful, white, baby seal."

"Aw no... I don't wanna hear it!" I whined.

He'd kill the poor baby seal wouldn't he?

"Just wait!" he stopped me holding up his hands with the deck of cards in them "As you approach you notice that its eyes are like two deep, brown pools. Its fur is as fresh and as clean and as white as the driven snow around it. It is an unsurpassed beauty and

splendor between man, beast and nature. You have... an erection!"

"Oh god NO! EW!" I buried my face against the side of Blake's neck, while everyone laughed.

Boys are morons sometimes! That's was just gross!

But before I could express my disgust again Peter came rushing back into the camp "Teacher's coming!"

Everyone started to curse and get up in a hurry.

"What's wrong?" I asked, when Blake got us up on our feet, his hand pressed against my back.

"We're past curfew" he explained.

"Oh crap!"

"Ya!" Cameron nodded, grabbing all his peanuts.

"Alright I'm going" I nodded, grabbing Blake's hoodie I had taken off and put by the fire to dry.

"Hey no wait, you're not. Come on," Blake stopped me, grabbing me by the arm and lead me back to the room where Cameron was sleeping this morning, the room with the six bed bunk, "We'll just wait until he

leaves or fall asleep or something and then you can go back or we can go back in the living room instead. He keeps doing rounds like this" Blake explained, while Cameron, Davis, Peter and Trevor all followed.

Fred had stayed on the floor and I think Dwayne had walked Janna back to our camp.

I looked around at the empty bed bunk, frowning, while Davis and Cameron were mock fighting each other, "Where is everyone else though?"

"Playing hide and seek in the dark. I think Jimmy got lost or something." Peter explained, hissing himself in a top bed bunk.

I snorted, "Wow"

Blake slid on the bunk under the one Peter had taken and just like it was the most normal thing in the world, I slid beside him there.

"Who's bed is this?" I asked.

Peter peek his head up-side down, looking at us by the side "Alex's" he grinned.

And then he shrieked like a girl. Blake had lifted his leg and pushed his mattress so Peter had almost fallen on his face right then.

"You idiot" I rolled my eyes, slapping his stomach.

"Everybody shut up for a sec! Teacher just walked in!" Trevor warned.

Oop... crap.

"What the hell do I say if he walks in in here?" I asked Blake, in a whisper.

"If he walks in I'll hide you under the covers" Blake wiggled his eyebrows.

I rolled my eyes "Seriously?"

"Don't worry he doesn't check the room, and anyway Catherine's in my room right now and I'm sure she's fine."

Alright he had a point.

Blake turned his head to look at me, we were both lying on our back in Alex's bunk and then smirked and kicked my leg.

I narrowed my eyes and kicked back but Blake grabbed my leg so I tried to wriggle from his hold. And then we were fighting, I was trying to kick him he was just blocking me and laughing at my pathetic attempts, though he complained quite a lot when I accidently kicked his bad knee, but it wasn't my fault if I was a bad fighter and he was so god damn strong!

At one point the guys started to talk again louder around so I guessed the teacher had left. Still we kept fighting, earning ourselves complaints from Peter on top who slapped on of us now and then that was in his arm reach.

Though after a little while Cameron walked up to our bunk looking at us like a mad daddy or something and pointed at us, "You kids stop right now or get a room"

I was kind of hard to take him seriously so Blake and I just looked at each other and held a laugh.

"You guys shouldn't hang out so much, you're bad influences" Cameron mumbled, going back to his bunk.

We both laughed again, but I was happy for the little break. I mean there was no way in hell I was beating Blake in anything anyway.

We were both lying on our back again, but this time I was on the wall-side of the bed and Blake was by the open-side.

I yawned and scratched my eyes, "You know I should go back to my camp and you should go sleep"

As much as I didn't want to admit this it was sort of the truth. I had to go back to sleep. Take my shower, and snuggle in my sheets, and Blake's hoodie of course.

"I don't want to sleep" Blake whined.

"Why not?" I asked, turning to look at him.

Blake had his right arm under his head and the other was brushing a strand of my hair of my face "I have a new nightmare now..."

"About what?" I whispered, and couldn't help my voice to shake a little. It wasn't my fault. Blake touching me had my knees go weak.

He looked over my face many times before answering me, and when he did his gaze was piercing, his voice barely more than a breathe "About you"

My cheeks warmed, "What happens?"

Blake closed his eyes, turning his head a bit, and then whispered, "Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère. Un amour éternel en un moment conçu: le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire. Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su."

I lifted myself on my elbow, to get a better look at his face, poking him on the chest, "What the hell does that mean?"

Blake opened his eyes and smirked a little, "Nope not telling. I can't tell you everything now can I?"

I sighed and let myself fall back beside him "You're SO annoying when you do things like this!"

Okay there were some words that kinda sorta sounded like some English ones but could I really use that?

"Oh please you love it. I'd be boring if I wasn't annoying" Blake joked.

I slapped my hand on his chest "At least tell me what language"

"French. It's a poem by Félix Arvers"

"No translation?" I batted my lashed at him.

Blake smiled, the dimple smile "No translation"

"You're boring"

"Thanks. I'll tell you my favourite piece of art though," he said, turning on his side, his face in his palm, propping himself on his elbow "It's Camille Claudel' La Valse. You know Le penseur de Rodin, The Thinker?" I nodded "Well she was his girlfriend. Not to the sculpture, I mean Rodin's girlfriend. I'm siding with the people that say she's probably the one that gave him all his ideas. I'm sure he stole a bunch of stuff from her. Anyway that's not the point, that particular sculpture of hers is beautiful and it's my favourite"

I couldn't look anywhere but straight in his grey almost blue eyes, "I'll have to Google it," I whispered.

"Ya you do that, in the mean time you could try to translate all the crap I tell you too" he winked and I gave him a little shove on the chest.

"You said..." I frowned "Earlier one of your favourite poets who died during the war?"

"Robert Desnos?" Blake offered.

I nodded, "Ya"

I wasn't leaning on my elbow to look at Blake since his face was almost hovering over mine. It wasn't a bad feeling at all...

"What about him?"

"What are his poems about" I asked, closing my eyes, still feeling his gaze o me. That was a nice feeling...

"In French again" Blake breathe.

"Ya, I'm getting use to it..." I chuckled.

"I dreamt so much of you, I walked so much, talked so much, so loved your shadow, that I have nothing

left of you. All I have left is to be the shadow among the shadows, to be a hundred times more shadow than shadow, to be the shadow that will come and go, in your sunny life"

I opened my eyes and looked at Blake, confused, while he looked at me, with his dimple smile, his fingers pushing a strand of hair behind my shoulder, "Wha..."

"It's the poem. Much more beautiful in it's original language, but I'm humouring you" Blake explained, looking over my face, his eyes roaming all around it, stopping over my lips.

"Thank you..." I whispered, my fingers just itching to stroke his face...

Blake eyes snapped back to mine, "Now you're turn," he smirked.

"To what?" I frowned.

I was worried for a second, even though I highly doubted I would mind offering anything to Blake... This sounded really wrong...

Blake smirk turned into a smile and he lied on his back again, looking up at the bed bunk over us, "I want you to tell me a story"

I smiled, "Fine..." and then Blake closed his eyes, a content smile on his lips while I settled in the crook of his arm, I don't know where I got the guts to do this, but I did, and started to whisper, "Once upon a time, there lived a prince, mightier than all the others..."

****

A/N:

So people THIS is why I was so reluctant as to give you Blake's POV, this is why I still wasn't sure I should have given you Shawn's birthday party and the aftermath since I was omitting shit.

Blake's been holding out stuff.

And he's still omitting a little thing too...

Chapter 83

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (78)

So I uploaded, I might be slightly drunk though but that's always debatable…

Ish did I just say that…

I figured anything I write after this you guys won't give a crap so I might as well just put it in one chapter.

Shut up Kay. Alright Kay.

Anyway! I know I'm a bad bad bad bad girl *insert me getting spanked* and I made you wait forever blah blah blah.

Ya that's it, I'm not going to try to defend myself… I'm swapping ladybugs off my keyboard actually…

Oh! Translation like I promise! So the crap in French in the last chapter meant:

My soul has its secret, my life has its mystery. An eternal love in one moment conceived; the pain is without hope and so I had to silence it. And the one who cause it never knew.

Most of you screw up the mal part. Mal here meant pain and not evil. Gotta be a real Frenchy to know the difference! 0_0

So enjoy!

Oh and btw! SidneyArden I uploaded again in the 24 hour deadline so I want more Puppet Assassin! Oh hell YEAH! It's not the 3 days deadline now! You have 24 hours young lady before I throw that cat on you! 0_0

MOUHAHAHAHAHA

Si Manech était mort, Mathilde le saurait.

Bubbles…

And btw I'm a shrimp!

ENJOY!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

First thought when I woke up, "Hmm, nice smell"

I had that thought few other times this week so I wasn't surprise but when I took a deep breath to enjoy the nice smell again I realized my position.

Oh my god, oh my god, OH MY GOD!

I had fallen asleep in the bed bunk, WITH Blake and I was kind of in his arms right now. Actually I had on hand slipped under his shirt stroking his stomach.

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god…

Seriously, WHAT THE HELL? What was WRONG with me?!

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!

Alright, his skin was super soft and his stomach muscular and all I really wanted to do was snuggle closer to him… maybe lick him… but that would just be pushing my luck a little too much, right?

Oh god what had I put myself into?

So very very slowly I tried to get out of his hold, to not wake him up. I mean the last thing I needed was to have him wake up and then proceed on mentioning we had “slept” together.

Seriously what the hell had I been thinking? Or not thinking? Ugh!

His arms were around my waist, so with my left hand that wasn’t under his shirt anymore, sadly I might add, I took his and slowly pried it away from me, holding my breath, no so much as blinking.

And then I was out of his grip. All I needed to do was… get out. And he was kind of in the way. I would have to pass over him.

Though, when I glanced towards my feet, to the other side of the bed bunk, I realized I could go out that way too.

Ouf!

Alright, time to leave before this situation became embarrassing like I just KNEW it would…

So I just took one last good look at him… god he looked hot sleeping…

I couldn't control the urge to just stroke his face. He was asleep, he wouldn't know. And he was so beautiful. And I liked him…

Liked him? No liking him wasn't enough to describe the way I cared about him, I knew this now.

I loved him. I did.

Without even realizing it, I was leaning against my right arm now, brushing my fingers through his hair with my left hand.

Alright Lexi, I think it's enough now, I told myself.

But I didn't want to stop. I didn't even want to get out of the bed bunk anymore. I just wanted to stare at him sleeping. He looked so peaceful and without any problems or worries.

And just like the other day, looking at him like this, being the only one doing so, it felt like he belong to me somehow. And when he lied asleep like this you

really couldn't tell he had so much deep dark secrets hiding underneath.

I kept looking at him, my fingers slowly brushing his hair and I could see his scar again, the one under his eyes, the one he had gotten after his car accident, a car accident that was partly my fault but if it hadn't been for that accident he might be dead right now… So in a weird way I was grateful for that scar…

What would I have missed if something had happened to him… and I never would have known what I was missing…

Blake, the perfect guy.

I slowly inched towards his face, my lips lightly touching the skin where his scar was, without even thinking about it. I wasn't controlling my movements anymore…

And of course that's when Blake stirred a little and that his eyes opened.

Oh my…

I was completely shocked and aside from backing my face away from his, didn't think about just making a sprint and get the hell out so I just stood there, my fingers still in his hair, staring at him like a moron.

Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap crap crap!

But Blake simply smiled at me, almost sleepily and raised his hand to the side of my face, the back of his finger brushing against my temple.

I love him.

I loved him and I wanted him and I was tired of acting as if I didn't, not acting on my true feelings, being scared of acting on my true feelings…

And right now what I wanted was to kiss him…

And worse case scenario, if things went wrong I could just say I was asleep and totally didn't know what I was doing… I mean with all the almost kisses, I deserved to have one right now, okay maybe not deserved but whatever!

With everything he had told me, everything he had trusted me with, if he didn't like me he wouldn't just

abandon our friendship because I kissed him! Right? *Right* ?

And right now he was looking at me with those almost dark blue eyes of his, looking at me like waking up beside me was the most normal thing in the world and at this moment I wanted that, I wanted *us* to be a normal thing.

I wanted Blake, no one and nothing else.

And that did it.

So I bend my head over his and slowly pressed my lips against his. Just a light pressure, like our first kiss.

And I closed my eyes, softly pulling his lower lip with both of mine, my hand tangling in his hair.

He wasn't stopping me and as long as he wasn't stopping me, I wasn't going to stop kissing him because my lips against his did weird things to me, weird good things. I felt like all of my nerves were alive, courant passing through my entire body.

Okay seriously where the frack had I gotten the balls to do this?

I'm kissing Blake! Oh my GOD! I'm actually kissing Blake! I'M the one who kissed HIM! OH MY GOD!

Blake's hand that had been trailing along my temple now held the edge of my jaw, moving my face just a bit to angle it the right way to kiss me more deeply, his lips not frozen anymore, moving with mine, pulling and stroking.

It took all strength to just be able to keep leaning on my right elbow because I felt like I was becoming jell-o or something and I was going to miserably fall on him.

But that didn't stay a problem for too long because Blake's arms wrapped around my waist, pulling me to him, crushing me against his chest. One of my hands kept tangling in his hair while the other one slid under his shirt again, between our two crushed body, his muscles tensing under my touch… okay that was seriously hot!

Our kissing didn't stop through that. There was this feeling… almost of urgency, like it could stop at any given time and I had to kiss him as much as I could before it did stop.

The tip of his tongue swiped on my top lip, and then his lips closed on it, pulling and it made me hold his hair tighter and it was maddening.

My lips were parting on their own, almost trying to breathe him in, trying to have him closer to me, as close as possible. So I swung my left leg, to lay on top of him properly, to get closer but I didn't even have time to finish the movement and Blake was rolling us around and my hand that had been on his stomach curled to his back, the skin was definitely soft there. His shirt was kind of in the way though, well positively in the way and Blake obviously realized that because he back up a bit and took it off, pulling it by the hem at the back of his neck.

Wow, wow wow wow!

Christmas present unwrapped and it wasn't even Christmas.

Yummy yummy YUMMY.

Blake brushed his finger through my hair, curling around the back of my neck and his other hand slid under my back, pushing me against him, holding me tight, situating himself between my legs. When he did that I could feel… well him happy there. I didn't know if I was supposed to chart it as morning wood or I was responsible for it… I mean heck, I was on uncharted territories here! My experience with boys stopped with my only boyfriend who ended up being gay ergo the whole physical aspect wasn't really a must for him.

I had never done this with Alex, or with anyone, and I had never wanted to make out like this with anyone… thinking about it, all the licking Blake's chest fantasies I had lately… I never had those with Alex. Yes I acknowledge that he was hot but never had I found myself staring at him, gawking really.

I had never wanted anyone as much as I wanted Blake.

I had never loved anyone as much as I loved Blake.

Even though I couldn't let myself say those words, couldn't even begin to form this thought coherently in my brain, especially since I was kissing Blake and that made any kind of thought process go slowly, I willed them to be true… Blake was the first man I ever truly loved.

And either way it was kind of thrilling if I was really responsible for it.

Our lips still hadn't parted and I still wanted him closer, my left leg lifted, wrapping around him, getting him closer and I could feel Blake's lips smile against my own.

Prick!

Hot hot prick but still prick.

I pulled his hair just for the heck of it and opened my eyes, and yes he was definitely smirking now, and his eyes were open too and glowing.

Hot damn…

I closed my eyes again, holding him tighter, his tongue slowly caressing between my parted lips and

then gently pushed its way in and twirled with mine. He tasted… damn… shouldn't he have morning breath? Wait did I have morning breath? Oh screw it! He wasn't complaining and I definitely wasn't complaining… if his smell was intoxicating I didn't know which word could define the way he tasted… maybe my lack of brain function at the moment had something to do with it though… Oddly he kind of tasted like… mangos maybe… and something fresh maybe a bit minty…

Hot damn… seriously… oh my god, my thoughts weren't coherent anymore and I forgot how to breathe, because all I truly wanted at the moment wasn't air or coherent train of thought but Blake.

Blake Blake Blake Blake.

My hand ran the length of his back, trailing on his spine while Blake's hand slipped under my shirt, his palm pressing against the skin of my back, pushing the fabric up…

And that's when the door suddenly burst open, and Blake bumped his head on the top bed bunk in surprise, while Peter announced cheerfully "Rise and

shi… What the hell!" he shrieked almost like a little girl and then he was out and screaming "Oh my guys, guys you're NEVER going to believe…"

I looked up at Blake and for a second we didn't say anything or even moved for that matter. And then we both burst laughing.

"Are you okay," I asked him, raising my hand to his head, while he had his to the back of his head. I mean he had obviously taken a blow…

And that gesture, the whole thing, it didn't feel awkward and I wasn't blushing right now or thinking of a way to sprint the hell out…

I mean I had KISSED Blake.

Oh my god, I had kissed Blake!

I had made out with him and now it was the aftermath of it and it wasn't awkward, we weren't shouting at each other and Blake wasn't looking at me like what had just happened was just a big mistake.

Could this possible? Could it really be that this kiss hadn't screw up everything?

OH. MY. GOD!

Blake was looking down at me, he was still very on top of me, his eyes working over my face many times, stopping on my lips, "Ya I'll survive…" he whispered his voice sexy and raspy and deep and hot damn I wanted to kiss him again.

And he didn't look like he would mind… because he was inching, though very slowly, back towards me.

But I could hear the guys in the other room screaming things like "I HAVE to see this" and maybe this wasn't the best place to get into a hot and heavy make out session with Blake… right?

"Hmm… maybe I should go…" I trailed but even in my ears it sounded unconvinced and it showed in Blake's face because he was slightly smirking.

"Ya, maybe" he trailed, but he wasn't getting off of me or making any movement that he was going to let me leave.

Oh my god… okay… what's… wow…

Still definitely not coherent…

But then Cameron was in the room, phone in his hands "This is SO going on Youtube"

Blake groaned and leaned on the side, picked something up from the floor and threw a shoe at him which effectively got us rid of him.

I wanted to find something clever or funny to say but I was seriously speechless and all brain capacities seemed lost so I just said again "Ya I should go…" and while Blake pouted… oh my god he pouted… but got off of me, I picked his dark blue t-shirt which was lying on the floor and smirked at him "I'm keeping this" and then got out of the bed bunk.

I walked towards the door, with probably the hugest grin to ever cover my face and then turn back to look at Blake that was still lying on the bed, arms behind his head, eyes closed, smiling one freakishly dazzling smile, one that could probably make my heart stop beating if it hadn't been for the fact that it was still frantic over our kissing session.

“Just so you know… we’re not done yet” he said, eyes still closed, smirk still very present.

That’s all it took to leave make me blush and make my heart beat even faster.

I liked the sound of that, A LOT.

But the door burst open once again, before I could say anything.

Alex was smirking at me “Well well well…”

I glared at him though I’m sure it wasn’t convincing and got out of the room, leaving Blake there humming a cheerful song.

The minute I stepped out of the room all the guys started to whistle so I just flipped them off, ignored the comment, grabbed Blake’s grey hoodie I had left on the couch, holding it tight against my chest with the blue t-shirt too, and left the camp.

When I was finally outside and far away from the boys, I lifted my face to the sky.

Could have this day started any better?

I literally danced back to the girls camp, singing under my breathe “I kissed Blake”

Though at one point I stopped the dancing.

Damn it!

I hadn’t lick his chest!

Oh well… he had said we weren’t done yet.

And we definitely weren’t done!

Chapter 84

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (79)

READ THIS!

Okay so let's clear a few things first because I don't want to keep repeating myself. Do imagine me doing the bunny-hop though while reading this so I don't sound like an uber-biatch because it's not the purpose of this rant! lol

Uno. Few of y'all over reacting kiddies misread my last beginning rant. I meant it as in you won't care what happens next in THAT specific chapter, not as in the story in itself. I've been planning and thinking about the next few chapters for SO long I'd be the dumbest chick if I skipped it! So YES I'm still into that

story, YES I will finish it, no stories will ever be left unfinished. Might take time (like years with for instance the Chosen One, lol) but I will finish everything I write. Okay? So no more “oh she just isn’t into that story anymore, sucks we’ll never get an end blah blah blah crap” I never said that so don’t assume. 0_0

Dos. I haven’t uploaded fast enough for your liking for a few reasons. For one thing I’m back to college and the amount of work I have could put a lot of you into a burn out. I have to train for my fracking marathon, I have three expositions to prepare so that means a LOT of sculpting and painting and drawing to do, many many hours to put into it, and I need to call people to finance it, and I have to write letters to a bunch of people and a lot of preparation because yes there’s planning to do when you expose your stuff. I also have my final redacting class so I need to write a whole lot of stuff for that class, and no I can’t put one of my stories because it’s a French class. I also need to plan things because I’m moving next semester, specializing in English Lit in University so that’s a lot of planning and test doing, because yes I

have tests to pass for that and I'm moving town, leaving my boys and that's a lot of whining for finally agreeing to come back on the weekends. But the most "important" thing is I've been sick. Really really really sick. Almost puking my guts out, fainting, gut wrenching pain sick. Tingly feeling in my legs and hands sick. Head spinning sick. Can't breathe sick. Pain in the chest when breathing sick. Crying curled up in a little ball because of pain sick. Chief almost dragging me one his back to the hospital sick. So basically in no condition to write sick.

I know I had said I wouldn't make you guys wait that long again, but one cannot predict when sickness will hit them again, so if you want to complain to someone complain to my college, my body or my fracking immune system.

On the plus side, if I die È has all my codes and the last chapter of "I Sold.." and few extra chapters are already written so you'll still get what you want. Happy? 0_0

I'm sure I had other stuff to sort out with you guys but right now I'm on the verge of fainting again, so you'll excuse my light-headness.

Enjoy.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

When I walked in the girl's camp that's when the freaking out hit me.

I wasn't freaking out about kissing Blake though, no that was… wow… I had a hard time believing it had actually happened… no I was freaking out because I didn't know what I was suppose to say. People would ask questions, obviously, girls liked gossips and some must have noticed I never got back to the camp last night. Daphnee was just *bound* to make inappropriate comments.

With that in mind, what was I supposed to answer? Obviously I knew I hadn't had sex with Blake, but still I had spent the night and slept in a bunk with him. If people asked what I had done last night, where I was, what was I supposed to answer? I was in bed with Blake? Or was I not suppose to tell

people? Blake hadn't said to keep it between us and obviously all the boys in the camp were aware of what had happened. So now, what was I supposed to say? What explanation was I supposed to give? Should I not give any explanation and fall in the "one of the many girls that had sex with Blake" canon because that's what people would probably think?

I knew I shouldn't be freaking out about this, and I shouldn't be worrying about what people thought, because frankly who cared about what people thought, I had kissed Blake!

But truth was, it was because by kissing Blake I had officially changed our status whether I liked it or not. Blake had said we weren't done and it wasn't just in the "making out" aspect of the whole thing, we still needed to clear things out, talk and give some sort of definition to what we were now. Because as far as I was concerned you didn't make out the way we did with a friend.

And what was Blake opinion now on the whole thing? Because he had obviously seemed to enjoy the making out part but what about the real aftermath

part? What about the whole giving it a definition. Blake had said he only had one serious girlfriend, that I clearly knew nothing about, and I didn't know what his position was on the whole boyfriend/ girlfriend thing.

Ugh! Why did I need to over think this? Last time I had over taught about a kiss shared with Blake it had ended up with me freaking out, pretty much running away from him and actually making myself sick over it. Okay I had a Blake at my window at night because of it but still! If I hadn't thought and just let him do the talking things might actually be different by now. Though I think it was better for things to go the way they had because I was closer to Blake than I was when we had kissed for the first time. I knew more about him, I understood more and yes I believed we were closer.

Oh god, seriously, couldn't I just mentally shut up for one second?

Let Blake do the thinking for once. What was the worse thing that could happen if I didn't think things through? Get my heartbroken? I could easily do that

by over thinking too. And even if a little voice in my head was telling me that it was exactly what would happen, that anything Blake related would end up in a heartbreak, seriously what the hell was wrong with that little voice, I didn't like it, not one bit, still, anyway, a part of me, most of me, just knew that I couldn't hide how I felt about Blake anymore. Every fibre of my being also knew, was sure at one hundred percent that I was in love with him. It wasn't just falling in love with him. It was the actual thing. And denying it would just be unwise… and seriously? Shut up Lexi!

At least the mental rambling cut me from noticing anyone in the camp as I made my way back to my room. Everyone seemed to be up and doing their things. The clock on the wall in the hall before my room said it was past eleven o'clock so it was kind of a given.

Wow, we had overslept. And I didn't even feel rested.

I walked fast with my head low, probably not helping my cause on the whole gossiping thing though, and then dropped Blake's shirt and hoodie on my bunk,

okay that was definitely not helping me. If I listened to myself I would go right back to sleep. I was still tired, heck, I was exhausted physically and mentally and the bed bunk was pretty darn inviting. But I still hadn't had a shower, and I needed to eat and then start packing because we were leaving in the afternoon.

So I grabbed my stuff to go take a shower, hurrying up, so I could hide there for a bit and post-pone the questioning glances that would surely go my way. I knew it was a real self-centered way to see things, thinking that people would bother if I had spent the night with a guy, but truth was it wouldn't have anything to do with me. It was Blake the interesting factor in the whole scenario.

But I didn't get past the door because Daph was standing there, leaning on the door frame, her arms crossed over her chest, grinning evilly.

Oh oh…

"So? Did you get some of Blake's baby gravy in you cock pot?"

My eyes bulged, “Oh my god! What the hell?”

But Daph just shook her head of course, not realizing how fracking wrong what she just said had sounded, “It’s like talking to a two year old,” she pushed herself away from the door frame and leaned her hands on her thighs, like she was bending to talk to a child and said, pronouncing each word separately and way too loudly “Did. You. Have. Sexual. Intercourse. With. Blake. Eaton. If so, was it good, was he big, how long did it t—”

Ya no, she wasn’t finishing that statement or sentence or word or whatever, seriously what kind of friends did I have? I covered her mouth before she could go on and nodded once, “Thank you, that will be all”

The minute I let go of her face though, she just grinned again but didn’t let me get out of the room, blocking my escape. “So you did?”

I glared at her. “No I didn’t!”

Daph snorted. “Then what did you do last night? Stare at him while he slept?”

“We both slept actually, and we clearly did not have sex. Now if you’ll excuse me I need to go take a shower”

“Hmm… If I hadn’t already traumatised you I would *so* say something inappropriate, but because I’m a *good* friend I’ll refrain myself from speaking and saying you need to take a shower because he got you all wet and bothered.” Again with that scary grin.

I sighed in discouragement, closing my eyes, brushing my hand against the length of my face. “Could you just leave me alone?”

“Where would be the fun in that?”

“You’re a really sucky friend!”

“Shut up! I’m supportive! Did it seem like I was judgmental on what you did last night with your Running-Back Boy? No I wasn’t, I was in fact really open minded about the whole thing, you were not but that’s fine. Now you can’t say that’s not supportive!” she pointed at me sternly.

I snorted this time. “You need to get back to civilisation soon, you’re starting to make less sense then you already didn’t”

“I’ll have to agree on that one.” Daph nodded, moved from the door letting me pass, and smirked. “Have a nice shower,” she said it in a sing-song voice.

I rolled my eyes but didn’t press the matter, there really was no reason.

Damn hippie!

When I was safely hiding in the bathroom, luckily alone, no one else was taking their shower at eleven o’clock or using the toilets, part of me didn’t want to take my shower. I had a hard time admitting this but it felt like when you shake the hand of your idol or something and then go “I’ll never wash my hand again” well, ya, that was pretty much the feeling I was having right now, seriously, I had troubling issues.

Just take your goddamn shower Lexi , I internally groaned.

And anyway faster I was done with this faster I could see Blake again right?

And then the mental rambling continued, as if it had ever stopped.

Would people ask questions and give knowing glances? What would I say to Blake when I would see him again? Would things be awkward because we had time away from each other and he wasn't shirtless anymore? Oh wait, would he be shirtless? Should I go back to the boys camp or wait for Blake to come here? Could you please stop thinking you crazy lady?

Ugh! Seriously?

When I got back to my bunk, I started to gather my things, to make my bags, trying not to think and just do that simple task but when I got to the taking my sheets and pillow step I thought "Screw this" and snuggled back into it. I hadn't sleep in my bunk last night and I wouldn't sleep in it again and the crying baby side of me was already getting nostalgic about it.

Okay, serious issues right now.

Still, I snuggled in my sheets and before I even knew it I was dozing off. I feel into not-so-much-of-a-sleep, waking up, slightly dreaming of something I couldn't remember the next second, and I had no notion of time.

A hand stroking my hair woke me up. I didn't want to open my eyes just yet though. I knew who it was, it surprise me that everything in me just instinctively knew whose hand it was. I wanted the moment to last just a little longer, to feel his fingers stroking through my hair. This was all new to me, me and him, if there was such a thing, and I wanted to cherish every second, like the giddy school girl I had become.

And then I opened my eyes to Blake's almost blue ones, staring intently at me, a small smile playing at the corner of his lips.

Waking up to find Blake's face beside me… I could definitely get used to that…

"A bit lazy, aren't we, Miss Grayson," he smiled more.

In my head I was singing “Blake is hot! Hot hot hot!”

Keep it together lady…

“What can I say; the bed bunk was calling me.”

Why did my voice have to shake, why did I need to loo like a complete idiot in front of him? Ugh!

“Ah, completely understandable. Alex’s bunk wasn’t that comfortable.”

I don’t know if he realized there were no chances in hell I would be saying anything against Alex’s bed bunk.

Blake brushed one of his hands in my hair, pushing away a strand off my forehead like this was a completely natural gesture. “Did you eat?”

It took me two seconds too many to answer. It gave me chills to have him touch me, even if it was just the lightest touch. *Voice, need to find my voice* . “Nope”

“Hungry,” he smiled, his hand leaving my hair.

I wanted to whine for him to continue but controlled myself and my stupid hormones.

“A little,” I answered and Blake, still smiling took cookies wrapped in plastic foil out of his hoodie pocket and gave them to me. I smiled at him and when I did saw the dark circles around his eyes. I frowned. “You look tired.”

“Ya, well I’m still tired” Blake answered and hoist himself up in my bunk.

Was it wrong to think that most of the time I had spent during this trip had been in a bed bunk with Blake? In my mind it wasn’t but I don’t think that if dad asked me what I did during the trip I could tell him that… or maybe I could, if that meant he’d won his bet I’m sure he would high five me or something…

And I was rambling in my head because Blake was making himself comfortable beside me on the bed bunk and we had a lot less space then we had when we had been in Alex’s bunk and it was like every inch of my body could remember how it had felt to kiss Blake and… *Breathe Lexi…*

But I barely had time to do so and Blake was pulling me in his arms, almost cradling me against his chest.

This was all too good to be true, seriously, maybe I was still sleeping maybe all of this had only been a dream… That would fracking suck.

“What are you doing tonight,” he whispered, his lips against my hair, his hand absentmindedly rubbing my back.

My thoughts were as incoherent as ever, especially since I had my cheek resting against his chest and his smell was filling my head and I was crushing the cookies he had given me in my hand, not on purpose but it took all my control to not just attack him again and I shouldn’t be attacking him because there were people getting in and out of the room to take their stuff.

What was the question again? What I was doing tonight? Was ‘you’ the right answer?

Ugh, shut up Lexi… Stupid stupid hormonal Lexi.

“Nothing planned” I mumbled against his chest. My right hand holding the cookies was under my side, and my left was on his chest too, feeling his fast beating hearth under it.

“Want to come over my place then,” he asked, his finger slowly trailing down from the corner of my jaw by my ear to my chin, “because there’s a few things I want to tell you and I need to give you something.”

My eyes closed of their own accord, my head leaning in his hand.

Blame all the time I had been spending with Blake but I heard a *lot* of innuendo in that sentence.

“Should I be worried?” I whispered, half smiling.

“Very” Blake whispered back and with his fingers still under my chin, lift it up and pressed his lips softly to mine.

Holy crap, he’s kissing me!

My reaction was immediate and I could feel a thousand butterflies flapping like crazy in my stomach and my nerves coming alive as I gently moved my lips with his.

Don’t attack him Lexi, you’re in public, don’t attack him!

My hand that had been on his chest curled in his hair to bring his face closer while he pulled me more over himself.

But it pretty much stopped there because girls walked in the room and started to complain about our position.

Ugh!

Seriously why did we *always* have to be interrupted?

Disappointment probably showed in my face because when I reluctantly back away from his lips and opened my eyes, I saw Blake's amuse expression.

Prick.

"Why don't we go eat downstairs," Blake offered, getting out of the bunk.

I guess that was the reasonable way to think but all I really wanted was to just stay snuggled with him in my bed bunk.

For one second, all I wanted was for the trip to be over already and I could go to Blake's place and he could tell me what he wanted to tell me. For the trip

to be over so we could stop being interrupted every two seconds.

Okay hormones call down a bit…

Ugh!

So I got out of my bunk too and followed Blake downstairs.

The minute we reached the middle of the stairs and the guys that were sitting eating or cooking in the kitchen saw us they all started to applauded really loudly, cheering and whistling.

Oh god…

Stacey was washing her dishes, or more like letting the water from the tab fall on it and then shake it and when the guys started to cheer she looked our way and made a face at us, like she'd smell something bad or something. Maybe her nose was too close from her mouth. Hoe.

Internally I wanted to do a snap of the finger with a little hip movement and say "Take that you skank". In my mind it was pretty funny.

Either way, she just dropped the plate she had been “rinsing” and left the kitchen.

Na na na na na!

The cheering calmed down a bit, especially after the teacher told the boys to shut up, but when we reached the end of the stairs, Cameron came to stand right in front of us. “So…” he trailed, a huge grin covering his face, wiggling his eyebrows.

Oh god!

Really ?

Ugh!

We seriously needed to get back to civilisation *soon* . Some people were obviously in need of entertainment.

“Seriously, how old are you?” I sighed discouraged. Blake wasn’t really helping because he was just chuckling behind me.

I kept myself from slapping him on the stomach just because I knew that if I did I would want to keep my hand there.

Cameron was still grinning. “And if you say ‘Old enough to do your mom’ I will hurt you!” I added, pointing at him sternly.

Those boys were way too predictable sometimes because his face fell a bit.

“Fine,” he said, making a face, “I just hope that now the boy won’t be so grumpy anymore. Now he’s bound to stop being so on edge all the time. He was seriously frustrated s—”

“And we are done, thank you,” Blake cut him, covering Cameron’s face with his palm.

Ha ah!

I stuck my tongue out at him while Blake took my hand in his, after letting go of the stupid twin.

“So? Want me to make you something to eat,” Blake said way too cheerfully with a wicked smile.

“Nah ha! No thanks, I know your cooking reputation,” I laughed.

It was weird walking around the kitchen with Blake and having people around stare at us with smirks. I

mean, couldn't they snap out of it? Weren't we always together? Just because we had made out in a bunk didn't make it necessary for them to stare at us like proud AP student parents.

Under the piercing and seriously annoying gaze of the boys still gathered in the kitchen and dinning spot, I made left over spaghetti. Anyway I wasn't that hungry. Well I wasn't hungry at all to be honest. I mean I was hungry but after one bite of food it was enough for my system and it felt like if I ate something else I would puke. Like my stomach was already full… Full of butterflies because of Blake.

My feelings for this boy were getting unhealthy!

We ate our dinner at one of the tables in the dinning area. Mark, Catherine, Trevor and Davis were eating with us too.

But the term eating was used loosely. It was more like moving around the food in my plate for me, trying to not jump on Blake. I had my one of my leg sprawled on his lap and he was holding my calf with one hand drawing circles with his thumb. And it was pretty freaking maddening. Again I didn't know how we

had ended up in that position but I wasn't complaining, *at all* .

Acting like this… didn't it mean we were boyfriend/girlfriend already? Because I was assuming that the talking Blake had been saying we'd need to do tonight was to specify this fact but why couldn't we just do it already? Why couldn't we just say "Hey wanna be my girlfriend" and wiggling of eyebrows inserted? Why did we have to wait for tonight? What did Blake have to say? Okay I was completely okay with talking together about it when we weren't surrounded by our entire classmates, but still… did Blake had something bad to tell me? Something like "Oh you know that only girlfriend I had, well in fact it was an only boyfriend. Ya, I went out with Alex we were totally in love, but he moved on"? Ya if that happened I think I would become a nun or something…

But honestly… should I really be worried?

After eating I went back upstairs to really finish packing and Blake went back to his camp to finish packing too.

From what I had got of our conversation at the table, which was really not that much to be honest, I was going to sit in the bus with him whether I liked it or not. It was kind of dumb of him to think I wouldn't want to though.

I had a hard time packing because I kept dancing around for no reason and people were eying me weirdly.

But who cared? I had kissed Blake today! There was hardly anything that could affect me at this point.

Time wasn't going fast enough but going fast, way too fast at the same time. As much as I wanted tonight to be there already, I also didn't want to leave this place.

Confliction confliction.

The feeling was similar as to when I had left the Creek few weeks back. Nostalgia I guess. Like leaving a huge part of yourself back, which was kind of stupid because I knew that what was up next had to be just as awesome if not more awesome so why wasn't I just shutting up already?

Oh ya, right I had kissed Blake; I was still freaking out about it.

Pitiful, really.

Soon, too soon it was time to leave. We still needed to walk all the way back in the trails, to get to the bus and then drive to school so we couldn't just hang around, we had to get going.

I gave a long goodbye stare at my bunk and my room before leaving it behind me.

I dropped my bags in the entry at the same place I had picked them up when we had arrived so the guys with the truck could take them to the bus.

When I got outside, it wasn't raining today, which was a good thing, but the sky was still gray and the air pretty damp. And the leaves and grass was still filled with raindrops so it wasn't dry weather.

I looked around and spotted Daphnee and Alex. Well actually Alex carrying Daph piggyback style while she slapped his butt.

I shook my head in discouragement and caught up with them.

“So where’s your… never mind” Alex laughed when I reached them and I frowned confused for a sec but then saw Blake walking towards me and tried not to roll my eyes.

“Didn’t feel like walking Daphnee?” Blake asked laughing when he got by our side.

I was glad he hadn’t broken into a sprint like he had when we had arrived.

“No and I officially nominated Alex as my bitch for the next twenty four hours.”

“And it’s not negotiable” Alex added, and Daph nodded in consent.

What weird friends did I have…

Blake laughed, shaking his head like I was, but his gaze slowly went from my Papa Bear and favourite hippie and rested on me, his smile warming my cheeks. And he knew what his stare was doing to me because he was smirking and softly knocked my

shoulder with his. I pushed his arm, away, and rolled my eyes, and that just made him smirk more.

All the way back to the bus, we kept chatting and Blake kept smirking at me and teasing me, sort of, and for some reason I had fracking blushing fits.

Seriously why was I blushing? He was just looking at me and barely-touching-me! Could I be any more confusing?

The walk back to the bus was definitely shorter then the one to the camp had been. Or at least time was going much faster. But it probably had something to do with the boy next to me.

The bus was there when we reached our destination, so all we had to do was just bring out happy little camper's butt in it.

I didn't even ask when we got in, I headed for a seat and Blake slid beside me. How could things feel natural but make me so giddy at the same time? Really… I was a big contradiction on two legs.

Everyone was a lot quieter then when we had arrived. I guess we were all a bit exhausted, and any

kind of car ride at the effect of making me sleepy so I was suddenly hit again with exhaustion.

“So how does this going over to your place tonight thing works,” I asked yawning, while I leaned my head on Blake’s shoulder.

I carefully didn’t use the word coming. It was like I could never use it in a sentence in front of Blake anymore. Stupid boy making me hear innuendo everywhere!

Blake leaned his on top of mine, weaving his slender fingers through my own.

This felt way too natural. I loved it but it scared me at the same time…

“Well, I’m guessing you need to drop your stuff at your house and check in with your dad?” I nodded my head in consent, my face hitching to just nuzzle his neck. It smelled so good there. “Josh is picking me up, so we can drop you at your house first and then I can pick you up later?”

I closed my eyes and tried to smell him more. “Well technically I could just drop my stuff home and you

could drive me back with you. No need to go home then come back"

Okay yes I didn't want to not be with him, what was the big deal, I was pitiful. At least I accepted it.

"Normally yes but I have football practice," Blake explained, yawning too, his arm wrapping around my waist, pulling me closer to him.

Swoon…

"Oh right, the game tomorrow." Ya I had *completely* forgotten about that one…

"Yep. So when practice ends I'll call you and pick you up. Good?"

I smiled a bit. "Will you shower at school or only once you get home though? Because I might not want to go for a car ride with an after-football-practice-smelling-Blake… And no innuendo allowed" I added when he started to smirk.

"Don't worry, I'll try not to stink for you" he laughed.

I tried to hit his side with my elbow but I was snuggled too closely to him to really do any damage.

Anyway I didn't really want to because Blake was brushing his finger through my hair and it kinda made me go all gooey-like.

And just like that I fell asleep *again* , but in Blake's arm this time and only woke up when he said "we're almost there Pumpkin"

What was that? Three time waking up by Blake? This was *definitely* my lucky day!

I got up and followed him, a little disoriented, holding on to his hand.

When we walked to the back of the bus, to get our bags, which were taken out by the emergency exit door, Daph was standing there, stomping her foot impatiently, almost biting her nails and hissing every two seconds "Imma gonna get that god damn bag or what?"

I didn't understand right away but then turned my head and saw Blake's Escalade and Josh leaning on Blake Escalade.

That damn hippie was trying to make a run for it, wasn't she?

“Daph, why are you in such a hurry. I need to give you something in my bag, why don’t you meet me up at Blake’s car?” I asked, grinning.

He answer was instant, “I swear to god I will choke you with your own hair! Don’t mess with me”

I had to keep myself from roaring with laughter but I definitely rolled my eyes. “Jeez… lighten up Hippie-Dapphie”

She mumbled something back, I have no idea what, Blake was laughing too much beside me, and then her bag finally arrived so she pretty much ripped it out of the guy’s hand and almost sprinted to her car.

“I don’t understand her” I snorted, looking her way.

“Have you *ever* understood her?”

“On rare occasion”

When we got our bag and walked towards Blake’s car, Josh wasn’t there anymore, but Tyler was standing there. Class was just over for him at this hour after all.

“Hey, you’re riding with us?” I asked him.

“I’m just following the weird dude’s orders.”

“Smart decision” Blake nodded.

“And where’s the weird dude?”

“Over there” Tyler answered, his chin pointing behind me.

And sure thing, Josh was standing, in the middle of the parking lot, right in front of Daph’s car, grinning like some sort of serial killer or something. Daph was in her car and I could distinctly see her glaring at him while he made a phone with his hand and mouthed “call me”

In order to not get run over by her, he moved out of the way and when she drove away I could see a phone number written on her back windshield in big character. Obviously his again.

You could call that perseverance…

“Was that really necessary?” Blake laughed when Josh came back.

“If I’m giving my number to someone it’s got to be used,” Josh stated.

I rolled my eyes at him. “You might want to wait, she’ll come to terms on her own…”

When I said that Josh grinned my way, his freaky grin. “She’s your friend?”

Oh oh…

“Ya…”

He grinned more. “What’s her name?”

I rolled my eyes again. “If she wanted to give you her name she’d give you her name”

I wasn’t going to step in into that relationship. I already had spoken with Daph about Josh. She would do what she wanted and when she would be ready. I shouldn’t be interfering.

Josh quickly discarded me. “Blake?”

Blake was still chuckling. “What she said”

Josh took two twenties out of his wallet and waved them at Tyler “Name?”

“Daphnee Harrison” my brother automatically answered, snapping the money out of his hands.

Tool.

“Thaaank you” Josh said in a sing song voice. “Let’s go now, I don’t have all day Miss Daisy”

We pretty much all rolled our eyes and got in the car.

Though I had kinda missed him. He was definitely entertaining.

But I pretty much swallowed back my words. During all the car drive Josh recited “Neung, song, sarm, si, ha, hok, jed, pad, kao, sib, sib ed, sib yhee, sib sarm, sib si, sib ha…” and on and on and on and he was doing it really really fast and it was seriously annoying. Blake told me it was numbers in Thai, to me it sounded like complete gibberish.

We got home quickly and I felt a little twisting in my chest because I would be away from Blake for the first time in three days and I didn’t want that right away. It was stupid of me, considering I was going to see him tonight but I wasn’t the one doing the decision in the whole chest hurting department.

“Don’t forget to call” I reminded Blake, before walking to my house, pointing at him sternly.

“So melodramatic Pumpkin,” Blake teased, and smiled before nodding in consent.

Stupid football practice…

After taking a deep breath and waving goodbye, I followed Tyler inside, almost painfully aware of Blake’s gaze on my back, but a good painful though, if there was such thing.

Dad was home when we arrived, and he automatically got out of the living room when he heard us get in.

“So kid, how did the trip go?” he asked, smiling.

I had missed dad…

So I started to talk but Tyler cut me “She made out with Blake”

My eyeballs almost dropped out of their sockets.

“What the… I… where the hell did you hear that?” I stuttered.

But the two boys weren’t listening to me and dad was smiling triumphantly, “Pay up kid, I won!”

Tyler shook his head making a face. “Sorry your date expired. So that means I won.”

Were they *really* arguing over this?

“But you date is still far away. I’m *much* closer. I win. Go on! Go clean your damn room!”

I guess they were…

“Dream on”

I held up my hands to stop this nonsense. “Wait wait wait wait! Time out! First, you guys will stop betting on my personal life! Second, where the *hell* did you hear that” I asked glaring at Tyler.

Tyler grinned. “I have contacts.”

My eyes narrowed. “Vanessa through Alex?”

He grinned wider. “My contact is much closer to the source”

“Damn it Tyler,” I groaned.

Damn little brother!

But he stopped listening to me, turning his head and attention to dad. “What are we eating tonight, I’m starving”

I poked him on the chest. “Oh don’t you change the subject Tyler Grayson!”

He kept ignoring me though and talking with our father. “She’s so keyed up. I would have thought making out with Blake would have eased all that tension, wouldn’t you occur?”

“Oh that’s IT!” I groaned and grabbed him around the waist, throwing him on the ground kicking and screaming.

We beat each other up in perfect brotherly and sisterly love, because he was a damn idiot and where the *hell* had he heard that?

But we kinda both stopped punching on each other when we heard “Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans, way back up in the woods among the evergreens”

“Is dad singing Johnny Be Good?” I asked incredulous, while we were both still on the floor.

“I’m… not… sure…”

I looked at my brother in shock. “Did he get laid?”

“Oh my god ew!” Tyler cringed.

“I heard that!” dad yelled from the kitchen, and started to sing again.

We both instantly got on our feet and pretty much ran into the kitchen “What’s going on dad?” Tyler asked.

He laughed. “Can’t I be happy?”

“Yes but…” I trailed, my face pondering.

“Why,” our father offered.

“Ya why?” Tyler nodded.

Dad smiled. “Because everything will be alright”

That made Tyler snort. “You are aware that you sound like a fortune cookie right now?”

I shook my head. Tyler Grayson, always the one to say the right thing. Sarcasm noted. Stupid little brother.

“Yes, add “in bed” to my sentence” dad rolled his eyes “Can’t a father be happy that his children will be happy. Because that’s all a father really wants”

“Love you dad” I smiled.

“Love you too kid”

“Alright, enough with the Lifetime Channel family moment. What are we eating” Tyler whined and both my father and I laughed.

While dad cooked dinner, Tyler and I sat at the counter and talked about everything and anything, just chatting with dad. It was nice, things definitely felt like they used to be when we were still a complete family, better even. Tyler mentioned how Anna had called to get money, she had gotten fired, typical and then ensued a bunch of jokes on her incompetency as a human being in general which got us a few protest from dad but that never stopped Tyler.

I didn’t want dad to cook me anything because I didn’t know if Blake would want to eat something

after practice but there was no discussion about it. Plus six o'clock passed and Blake still hadn't called.

I was getting worried.

I mean on one hand I was glad to spend time with my family but on the other… why wasn't he calling?

He finally did at seven thirty after I was done eating and seriously worried.

"Took you long enough" I joked when I answered, trying to keep my tone light.

"I know I'm so sorry" Blake said. His voice sounded off.

"Don't worry about it, it doesn't matter, are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine… hmm.. would you mind coming tomorrow morning instead?"

Oh oh… I should be worried right?

"No, that's fine," though it definitely sadden me a bit, I mean heck I wanted to know what he had to talk to me about, I wanted to know what he had to give me and moreover I wanted for us to finally be able to

talk without being interrupted already. But I didn't say that, I just asked "What's wrong," again.

There was something wrong, there had to be something wrong right?

"Nothing, we just have company over and I can't really… escape from it…" Blake kinda groaned. Okay that was acceptable I guess…

"Again, don't worry about it. I'm sure dad's going to be trilled that I'm staying home tonight"

It was the truth but deep down I was thinking *It sucks it sucks it sucks*

"Just call before so I can open the door for you cause I won't hear you knock all the way up in my room"

"No problem. You sure you okay though? You sound stress." He did sound stress.

"Naw I'm fine I'm just pissed with the situation right now." I could totally see him brushing his palm against his face when he said that "You'll come tomorrow morning right?"

“Yes” I assured him. I would probably get up earlier to get to him.

“Just call first” he repeated.

“Alright Blake. You know you’re funny when you sound stress. Like a little school girl” I said, trying to light up the mood again, plus it was kind of true.

And maybe I was just worrying for nothing.

“Why thank you very much. What would that make you if I’m a little school girl?” Blake answered, and I could hear the smirk in his voice. Ya that was my Blake.

I laughed. “Oh shut up”

He laughed too. And then said “Sorry again.”

“It’s fine Blake” I sighed.

“Okay… see you tomorrow”

“See you tomorrow… good night”

“Good night Pumpkin”

I kept the phone in my hand against my chest for a minute before I started to do anything.

So tonight I wasn't going to clarify every fact with Blake about our relation, but I would tomorrow. Tomorrow morning. That was soon right?

So I ended up spending the rest of the evening watching TV with dad in the living room. I knew he was just happy that I was there with him and seeing him genuinely happy, like he had been ever since I had gotten here made me even happier. Dad would be okay.

Dad was okay.

When I finally went upstairs to go sleep, I stopped at Tyler's door and knocked before going in.

"How are you doing?" I asked him while he paused the game he was playing on his PS3.

"Good, you?" he answered absentmindedly.

I rolled my eyes. "I mean honestly"

Tyler sighed heavily, leaning back in his bed, putting his arms behind his head, resting it on them. "On one hand I'm ecstatic and on the other I'm miserable. Does that sound more honest?"

I sat on the edge of his bed “I wish you could see the bigger picture though”

He raised his eyebrows. “What do you mean?”

“You love Vanessa?”

He sighed again. “Yes.”

“Then there’s no reason to mope around. You love her, she obviously loves you. There’s no reason to worry about anything. You have the right to miss her but you’re in love. You don’t have the right to wear the heartbroken mask.”

I let that sink in for a few second. It was the truth in a way. Vanessa and my brother were together, and even though she was far he had to remember that; they were together.

“Anyway, I’ll let you sleep for now.” I told him and got up on my feet “But tomorrow I will get all the answer from you that I want, got it?” I pointed at him sternly. I still needed to know where that little rat learned I had made out with Blake though I had a pretty clear idea.

Tyler chuckled but nodded. “Got it.”

“Night Tyler.”

“Night Lexi.”

When I got in my room, I took my shower and then snuggled in my bed. I had definitely missed it. But it felt like there was something missing, something I couldn’t sleep without and it didn’t take me a while to guess what it was.

I got out of my bed, opened my bags and took Blake’s grey hoodie out. And then I crawled back to bed and snuggled it, slumber hitting me almost instantly.

Chapter 85

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (80)

Oh yes! I am THAT awesome! Come on! Say you love me! ;P

Sooooo! That's for those of you out there, going "Bleaaaaauuuaaaaaaa, she's uploading a bunch of other stories, she'll neglect "I Sold.." I want more Blaaaaaake" *grips the buttom of my pants*

So! To you all. No.

Just no.

Seeee? When I write it makes me write more. Yes I know that doesn't make sense, but go ahead and argue with my messed up brain, you'll see there's no

point in arguing. So you should be thankful for those new stories since it's because of them that I wrote this chapter so fast. Bazinga!

Next chapter should come soon too. For some reason I think my teachers understood I was kind of fed up with work because this week seems pretty much empty to me. But then again, I might just have forgotten I have a big exam on Friday. (I know I don't, Friday is Philo. I only argue with other students in Philo. Speaking of which, any German fans? Because I would like to have one fact straightened from someone who knows what they are talking about, someone at the very source of the matter. See there's this "I know everything and I rock and I have a stick-up-my-ass accent" guy in my class and he seems to think he knows everything and I would just like to know something. What was the monetary situation of your country before WWII?)

Sorry about that…

Anyway! This is short, very short I know, but it needed to be short. Trust me on this! lol

Next chapter should come soon again. I'd like to say this weekend but I don't want to make promises I can't keep. So we'll stick with soon alright?

Love you guys! :D

Oh! And for those who haven't and feel like reading more of my crazy ideas, do go check out my new stories. Who knows, maybe you'll enjoy them too! ;P

For now, enjoy this! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I didn't over sleep in the morning. I would have loved to, but somehow, at six o'clock in the morning I was wide awake and couldn't fall asleep, even if I rubbed my face in Blake's hoodie, there was just no falling back to sleep possible.

I tossed and turned in my bed but there was really no point. I wasn't falling asleep again.

I got out of bed, picked up a book, tried to read, but I couldn't get past one sentence and I just kept re-reading it over and over again. It wouldn't register with my brain.

I was just way too hyper, on the verge of jumping up and down, or running around my room with joy.

All I really wanted to do was to get dress, eat, well not really eat because I was seriously not hungry, get in my car and drive to Blake's place.

That's when it occurred to me that I didn't really need to wait any longer. Blake had said "come see me in the morning" and as far as I knew six o'clock was the morning. And how many times had the boy just barged in my room, in the middle of the night, pretty much unannounced?

It was my turn to come at crazy hours. I wanted to see him right now. I wanted to know what he wanted to tell me. And I wanted to lick his god damn chest!

So the decision was made before I could even over think it and I put on some clothes and ran downstairs.

When I did, I was surprise to see dad sitting at the counter, the newspaper opened in front of him, eating cereals and drinking coffee.

“What are you doing up so early on a Saturday morning?” I asked him and walked to the fridge to grab something to eat. I didn’t feel like cooking anything so there wasn’t anything interesting in there aside from an apple that I picked. That ought to do it.

“The question should be more what are *you* doing up so early?” dad laughed.

Ya, okay whatever, I had kind of brought this on myself, hadn’t I?

“Ah you know, scientific experiment, I’m trying to see if I can function as a morning person.”

“I’m sad that you aren’t just accepting the facts kid” he laughed, his eyes fixed on his newspaper, his mug of coffee half way to his lips.

Well if he was the one saying it…

“Do you mind?” I asked sheepishly.

My father turned his head, looking at me with a warm smile. “Are you happy?”

The question was easy, obviously. “Yes,” I smiled too.

“Then no, I don’t mind, not in the least. Just don’t do anything stupid,” he told me and then looked back down on the news before adding “And by anything stupid I mean come home pregnant”

I rolled my eyes. “Thanks, because I totally needed to have that reminder!”

He smiled. “Always glad to be helpful”

I laughed and rolled my eyes again. “Bye dad”

“Have fun kid,” he called back his voice just a tiny bit mocking.

The weather was chilly when I stepped outside and I hurried to my car to start the heat and not freeze. The warm was leaving way too soon. I still wanted it to be summer time.

The drive to Blake’s house wasn’t too long. The streets were completely empty, seeing it was so early and the weekend.

All I could really think about was Blake. I was still hyper in my seat. As silly as it sounded I had missed him since last night. After spending four days almost

always with him, not seeing him for an entire night had been long. Of course I knew it was over dramatic and I was sure I would snap out of it at one point, but for the moment being, I just wanted to see Blake and wrap my arms around him and feel his soft lips against mine.

When I finally arrived at his place, I parked in front of the house, smiling like a little kid on Christmas Eve.

Instead of walking to the front door though, and wake everyone up by knocking or ringing the bell, I walked around the house towards the indoor pool like I had the last time I had snuck in here.

The glass sliding doors were unlocked yet again. They should definitely do something about that… I mean it wasn't the brightest idea to have unlock doors in a huge house like this…

On a personal Lexi level it rocked but it wasn't the best way to keep robbers far away and why the hell was I thinking about robbers right now? Seriously?

I was just way too giddy, and excited!

I quickly made my way inside, this time knowing where I was going.

When I got in front of the door that lead to the stairs to his room though I froze.

And the question I had been asking myself the last time I had barged in unannounced pooped in my mind again. What if he was naked in there or what if I walked in on him doing something inappropriate or something…

To be sure, this time, I softly knocked on his door but got no answer.

Should I just walk in, or knock harder. Maybe he was still asleep… okay he always said he never really slept but maybe today was an exception, plus he looked tired the last time I had seen him…

And because I was a stalker and maybe I was developing some mental imbalance, seriously there was something obviously wrong with me these days, I pushed the door open and walked up the stairs to his room.

When I got there, Blake was in his bed, his face turned my way, eyes closed, holding on his pillow, the sheets only covering the lower half of his body his naked back inviting.

Licking his back was just as good as licking his chest right? Because that back was hot hot HOT!

I suddenly didn't mind so much that I hadn't come last night. Because walking on him like this was definitely really *really* nice.

I walked slowly towards him, trying to not make any sound and wake him up and, crouching beside his bed, I brushed my hand through his hair, my eyes leveled with his.

Very slowly he opened them, and when he his gaze locked with mine, a small smile pulled at the corner of his lips and his hand stretched towards my face, curling around the edge of my jaw and my neck, bringing my lips to his.

"Blake, how many times do I have to te…"

My body completely froze at the sound of the voice that uttered those words.

Oh my god…

A girl voice.

Dear dear freaking god…

A girl that was walking out of Blake's bathroom, only wearing a bathrobe, her blond hair still wet from the shower she had probably just taken.

My mouth opened and closed, my brain unable to form words to say them out loud, my eyes quickly filling with tears.

All I could do was get back up on my feet and turn around.

Without one word. I just go up and ran to the door.

Frack frack frack frack frack frack FRACK!

I should have known! I should have fracking known! The little voice in my head had been telling me from the freaking start to not get attached to Blake! That something exactly like this would happen!

Crap! Crap crap crap!

Behind me, Blake had gotten out of his bed and was running after me. “Wait! NO no! Lexi wait! Let me explain. It’s not what you think!”

I was in the hall leading to the Titanic stairs when I abruptly turned around to glare at him, tears threatening to spill out of my eyes. But I wouldn’t cry.

I should have known. I should have *freaking known* !

“The always say that! You know in movies in books, it’s *always* that line! “It’s not what you think.” Go ahead Blake! Go right *freaking* ahead and give me that made up explanation that will solve everything! Go ahead, lie to me you asshole!”

Blake looked at me with what would have been usually a heart breaking expression, his eyes almost tearing up, but truth be told I didn’t give a crap about him right now, he could cry all he freaking wanted he could burn in Hell for all I cared. He had a girl in his freaking room! The very same room he had said he didn’t let any girls get in.

Had he lied about that?

Had he lied about *everything* ?

He had lied about everything, hadn't he?

I couldn't help it, one tear spilled out at the corner of my eye trailing down my cheek.

And then the girl, the freaking whore stood behind Blake, looking my way like I was trash or something. "What's this all about?"

I hated her, I didn't even know her and I hated her. I hated her for being so pretty, because she was, she was undeniably beautiful with her blond hair, delicate feature, and British accent, and Blake must have seen that and that's was why she was here right now.

"Really not the time" Blake groaned, not looking back at her.

"Bloody hell," she rolled her eyes, waving her hands over her head "Don't you pick booty calls a little less stalkerish and possessive?"

I couldn't even reply to her, the blow was just too hard. I turned around and tried to sprint away again but Blake ran after me and grabbed me by the arm, turning me, trying to make me look in his eyes

“Lexi, wait please, don’t listen to her. And it’s not what you think. It’s Kendal. Jayden’s girlfriend. Please just listen to me” he pleaded, his eyes boring into mine.

For one second, my heart stopped beating…

Could…

But the tramp talked again! “Well isn’t that bloody fantastic. You’re Lexi. Well I don’t feel bad about making you feel like crap one bit then.”

I wanted to choke her. Seriously!?

“What the hell is wrong with you? I don’t even know you.” I hissed at her.

Okay I knew the girl had lost the love of her life and all but why the hell was she being a bitch to me?

“Well I know you” she sneered, “You don’t deserve him, you don’t deserve to have him care about you the way he does! Even when Blake and I were dating he,”

Oh. My. God.

My eyes bulged as I tried to break free from Blake's strong grip on my arm. "WHAT?"

Blake tried to explain himself yet again though. "No, look that was a long time ago,"

"She's you're first and *only* girlfriend?" I yelled, trying to stop the choking sound of cries that built up in my throat.

"Yes but that's not the,"

I cut him. "You *dated* her? How could you have not told me this before? You dated your *dead brother's girlfriend* ? How could you *do* something like that?"

That was disgusting! How could he do something like that? How could he do that to his brother, dead or not?

"It was a long time ago and I didn't know what I was doing and,"

I cut him again, rage in my tone. "Oh okay, so that makes it alright?

“I’m not saying it does, but I just want you to stop freaking because there’s no reason to freak!” Blake stated jaws tight.

“Oh you think so? You know what? It’s fine, I should have known. It’s ALL my fault. I should have known better to care about someone like you that only cares about girl for one thing,” I said and tried yet again to rip my harm out of his hand.

That bastard! That sick sick bastard!

And I had loved him and he was a sick bastard!

“Oh my god! What is *wrong* with you? Why can’t you fucking see? God dammit open your eyes Lexi!” Blake yelled at me, his eyes desperate.

Be desperate all you want you asshole!

“Open MY eyes? FINE! You wanna know what I see? A guy that can fuck any girl that comes around even his brother’s girlfriend! That’s what I see! That’s what you are,” I yelled right back at him, hitting him on the still naked chest with my free hand.

“Jesus fuck Lexi when will you STOP being so stubborn!? When will you STOP jumping to god damn conclusions! What the HELL did Alex do to you to screw you up like this?” he screamed, his hand furiously running through his hair.

“Shut up!”

“What did he do Lexi? Huh? What did he do?”

“Fuck you Blake! Shut UP!” I yelled and trashed.

“And I can’t believe you still hang out with him and pretend everything is perfect but don’t even want to open your eyes and see how much,” he stopped speaking abruptly, his eyes completely filled with tears.

Stupid bastard!

“How much what? HUH? How much what Blake?” I shove him on the chest, my arm still trapped in his strong hold, “How much of a jerk you are? How much of a man-whore you are? You don’t know ANYTHING alright!”

Blake gripped both of my arms, bringing me closer to him, “Lexi please” he begged.

“What do you WANT from me Blake?!” I shouted at him, our faces barely an inch apart and I could feel the warmth of his breath on my lips

“Everything…” he breathed.

“Well that’s too bad because I don’t want anything from you anymore!” I screamed, and used the second of shock to break free and ran for the front door.

“Have fun fucking your brother’s left over’s” I snapped, unlocking it door and ran out.

My hand covered my mouth to stop the sobs but I really couldn’t and I had a hard time breathing.

I sprinted to my car, almost dropping my keys on the ground, the tears spilling out of my eyes like a god damn waterfall, stubbornly not looking back to Blake.

But when I got in my car and drove away, and looked back in my mirror I could see him. He had fallen on his knees on the front porch and was covering his

mouth with his palms, and I could almost see the tears in his eyes.

Oh my god…

What had we done?

What had he done?

What had I done…

[A/N: Now, no hate comments or threats on my life, alright kids? Mommy knows what she's doing! ;P]

Chapter 86

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (81)

Well this is shorter than I expected.. Oh well.

So hope you enjoy it and sorry for the wait.

Mama is getting a little tired right now.. it's 6AM and her bed is calling to her! lol

Enjoy! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I didn’t turn back. I should have turned back, I wanted to turn back but I couldn’t turn back. Turning back meant facing him and I couldn’t face

him, not after saying those things to him, not after hearing him saying those things to me.

I couldn't believe I had screamed at him that way and said those things. I couldn't believe everything that had just happened.

And it was my fault because I hadn't called. I had forgotten to call, that's why Kendal had been there. But in a way, wasn't it just better for me to know she was there, know about her? Wasn't it better to know?

The whole him dating her still completely baffled me. What the hell was up with that? What the hell was up with everything? And why had I freaked out so much. I should have calmed down, breathed a few times, sit down and think things through. Why did I have to over think everything but then freak and not think at all? There was something obviously *wrong* with me.

And I was mad at Blake but I was even more furious with myself.

Had I screwed up everything? I had, hadn't I?

It took me almost an hour to get back home. I had to stop many many times by the side of the road to control my choking sob and never ending tears.

And when I did get home, dad completely freaked out but I didn't want to explain it, didn't want to talk about it, I *couldn't* talk about it. Talking about it just made me realize how freaking stupid I was!

But why couldn't he had just told me on the phone last night? Why couldn't he have told me it was Kendal that was there. Okay I still probably would have freaked but at least I would have had time to process things just a bit more.

But it didn't make things completely alright though. Because Blake had dated his brother's girlfriend and that was wrong in my mind. I couldn't understand that. And she had been in his room, in a freaking bathrobe and wasn't it normal to freak a bit if the guy's ex walked out of his bathroom, almost naked?

And to top it all off the girl had been a total bitch. What kind of girl was that? Was that the kind of girl Blake liked? That were complete and utter bitches? If that's what Blake wanted I couldn't be that…

I locked myself up in my room, and basically just cried. I didn't want to feel sorry for myself because in a way what had happen was my fault, I had freaked, but I couldn't help it. Maybe if Blake had explained, maybe if I hadn't been shouting, things would have gone differently. But I hadn't and they hadn't.

And it hurt, it hurt so much because I loved Blake. I loved him but at the same time I was so angry at him and disappointed. I just wanted to punch something and curl into a little ball and cry all the tears in my body at the same time.

This sucked!

This sucked because it felt like breaking up with Alex again. Okay it was completely different but kind of the same at the same time. Because with Alex I had been aware that we weren't going well, that he wasn't *the one* , deep down I know that I knew that. But with Blake everything was perfect and floating-on-a-cloud worthy! But both had been a freaking bitch-slap in the face.

And I hated this, *hated* to feel this way again, to feel *worse* !

Dad knocked at my door multiple time, Tyler too. Daphnee came over but I didn't let her in. Alex called, Vanessa called but I didn't answer to anyone. I didn't want to talk to anyone, anyone but him. My heart skipped a beat every time my cellphone rang, but when it wasn't him I didn't care.

And it was stupid, so so very stupid because I could call him, I could go back to his house and maybe we could fix everything but pride wouldn't let me do it. Pride over the fact that the stupid bitch was probably still there. I had expected so much from Blake, I expected more from Blake then having girls in his bedroom like that. Maybe it was wrong of me to do so, but it just was the way it was.

And I was incoherent in my head and I cried to a point where I didn't really have tears anymore, I just had my face squished and I was so exhausted and sad and completely desperate and I just wanted to crawl in a hole and forget about ever knowing Blake.

I didn't go to the football game that night, obviously, and pretty much stayed locked up in my room all

weekend long, only coming out to get myself something to eat.

All I did was stay curled up in my bed with my cellphone in my hands writing texts to Blake but deleting them before sending, wearing his dark blue t-shirt, the one I had kept after our morning waking up together.

And I cried.

And to top it all off, my runny crying nose turned into a sore throat. After being thrown in a pond and walking around in wet clothes four almost four days I had obviously gotten a cold.

All I wanted was a freaking time machine so I could go back in time… and what? Tell myself to not go in his room? He still would have dated Kendal… Go back in time to tell myself to never talk with Blake in the first place? That was unbearable to even imagine. I couldn't picture a life without Blake but wasn't it what was happening right now? I wished for the time machine so I could go back in time and tell Blake to never date Kendal.

Hadn't he said once that he hadn't loved her enough? The only girl he had dated? Thay they were meant to be friends and nothing more? With that thought in mind it was a little easier to not want to murder Blake for dating his dead brother's girlfriend, but it still angered me, angered me so much!

The whole situation was just completely ridiculous!

I just wanted for things to go back and be perfect like the last day at the camp. Waking up to Blake's face, kissing Blake, holding his hand, feeling his heart beat under my fingertips…

All I wanted was for Blake to call me and say he was sorry and say he didn't care one bit for Kendal, that he thought she was an annoying bitch or something and then I could tell him how so very sorry I was and I could tell him I loved him like I had been writing in my unsent texts all weekend long.

But he never called or texted or appeared at my bedroom window.

And on Monday when I had a slight hope to see him and maybe talk, he wasn't at school. And I was pissed

because the only reason I had gotten my crying sick self out of my room was to see him. But he wasn't there.

On Tuesday he was there though. But when I tried to go and talk to him in the halls he just stared at me blankly and walked away. And just like that anger surpassed my longing for him and I wanted to punch him again.

Daph and Alex tried to say something, to cheer me up but I was barely aware of their presence. I just felt numb and out of it.

Wednesday, after sleeping with his t-shirt on, holding his grey hoodie the missing surpassed the anger again and I tried to go to him again but he did the same thing. So anger came flashing back again.

That evening after school thought, my hope of talking with Blake suddenly rose when Tyler screamed from downstairs while I was in my room, "Someone's here to see you!"

I rushed downstairs to find… Josh standing by the front door.

I sulked a bit seeing him. I had hoped for someone else, of course.

And what the hell was Josh doing at my door? Was he looking for his cat?

“Come on, we’re going for a ride” he just said, standing by the doorstep sighing.

I don’t know why, but I grabbed my jacket on the hook by the door, slipped in my shoes and followed him. I hadn’t even asked my father or anything, I just followed him. I was going mad I think…

“What? No dragon?” I tried to joke when I saw his car, a silver Audi actually.

I wasn’t exactly sure what was going on? Was he kidnapping me? Technically it wasn’t kidnapping if I had accepted to go with him. Would he bring me to see Blake? That’s basically all I really wanted, even though I was still in the “pissed at Blake” state. After sleeping in his clothes with his smell around me I would miss him again either way.

I really was a glutton for punishment, wasn’t I?

“You’ve been too naughty to get a ride on my dragon” Josh answered me, unlocking the doors.

I tried to laugh, to show some kind of sentiment but the feelings just weren’t there anymore. I was just tired of everything.

The car ride was silent, especially after I realized we were going on the right road to go to Blake’s house. I just stared outside, not so sure as to why I was here. Sure Josh was amusing and Daph kinda had a crush on him and he on her but I hadn’t accepted to talk with Daph or Alex. Why was I following Josh god knew where?

After a not so long car drive we finally parked in front of a big park surrounded by a forest and then Josh got out so I followed his lead.

“This was my mother’s favourite park…” Josh started to explain as we walked side by side “Have I ever told you she was a photograph…” I shook my head. He might have mentioned it at one point, but my mind wasn’t really thinking lately “ya… My parents, they met at one of her exposition. My father he had this little infatuation, well more like big infatuation on

her and he came up to her, trying to impress her I guess by explaining to her what he thought all her pictures meant, their deep meaning and all and when he asked her what it really meant she looked at him, trying not to laugh and said “Well I was just walking one day and I saw this coin on the ground and thought “Hey that would make a pretty picture” and it did so I took more” He had looked like a fool. He wasn’t used to that. You know my father was this all achieving student, he rocked all his class and he had, still has a pretty big ego.”

We both stopped walking as a kid rang right in front of us, and another followed suit, chasing him.

And then we kept on walking and Josh kept on talking, “So my dad hadn’t made the impression he wanted. But my mom had found it cute, and of course my dad had felt this sort of thrill from being put down his pedestal. But nothing really happened because they didn’t exchange number or anything. Until my mother went to a lecture at the University my father was at. It was about the restoration of some old unimportant art piece. My father was

giving it. He was an all achieving student after all. But the minute he saw her he started to screw up his speech." Josh took a pause and a smile formed on his lips "That's definitely something I would have wanted to see. Anyway, at the end he went to talk to her. In my version of the story he begged her like one of those obnoxious dogs to go to dinner with him. And because my mom was just an awesome human being she accepted. Even though she was a cat person. Cats are awesome."

I couldn't help but laugh silently at the way he said it.

"So yippidi yippida, fast forward a few years later, they got married, loved each other deeply and had awesome Josh here. And then my mother died. Shot by some burglar in this park." I tried not to gasp when he said that.

His mom had died here? But it was so pretty? With the trees changing colours , surrounded by forest, swinging chairs and sandboxes for the kids further away. Trails everywhere to walk in. It was hard to believe someone had died in this place.

“There’s a lot of stray cats that hang around here and my mother loved to take pictures of them since she loved them so. She was working on this big exposition with only cats in it, but it wasn’t cats the way she was presenting them, anyway it was brilliant but she never finished it. She died. And I was sent to live with the Eaton and when I came home to my dad, this lady kept coming over, staying late. She was always there and I wanted her gone and I wanted my mom back but she never left and my mom never came back.”

At this point we had reach a spot with a picnic table and Josh sat on the table, his feet on the seat and I sat beside him.

“After that, when I was old enough to be aware of things, I needed something, I needed to know my father had loved my mother. He replaced her so quickly. I was young but it was still painful and I couldn’t understand it. And many years after I still couldn’t. Why would he do that? He had *loved* my mother. And the woman he married, the woman he had my step-sister with, she had known my mom,

very very well, they were like super close, best-friends actually. Almost sisters. I couldn't understand it. Why the fuck had they done this to my mom? How could they disrespect her that way and so quickly to top it all of?"

Wow. Was he making this story up? Because I felt like I understood his point of vu perfectly right now.

"But you want to know why they did?" He didn't wait for my answer. "They needed someone to hold onto her with them. Someone that knew her, someone that wouldn't mind hearing stories after stories about her because they had both loved her. Differently yes, but they had loved her. They had needed someone to help them cope the loss, someone that would understand it, someone that felt pain over the loss, someone that they could share that pain with, and even sometimes someone that hurt more then them. It's weird to say and it's hard to explain if you haven't lived it, but it's just the way things work sometimes. I know if there was this girl out there who knew everything about my mom, I would want to be around her all the time to hear about my mother so I

can understand the feeling to an extant and that's why I accepted it at one point. That I understood why they did it."

I couldn't look at him as he explained those things, only look forward. My eyes were actually glued on a cat walking a dozen of feet away from us. Had his mom seen this cat? Probably not, it would be too old…

"And just like my father and step-mother, Kendal and Blake, they needed someone to hold on to Jayden with them. And they were both in a really shitty place emotionally, psychologically. From what I grasp Kendal never forgave herself for Jayden's death, just like Blake. And in that particular period Blake was… well Blake was a real mess I tell you. It wasn't pretty…. It was… I mean" Josh sighed running his hand on his face, a gesture Blake sometime did. When Blake did it, it was hotter… just because it was Blake probably though.

"He was in a really bad place and he needed someone that would listen to him and Kendal always had. And she needed someone that felt shittier then

her, because she never got over Jayden and she never will, she will always be miserable. But unlike my father and step-mom, they never would have ended up together. Because Blake is not Jayden. He never was. Jayden could be a serious pain in my ass. Jayden was a little bitch sometimes. And Kendal was the only one that could really handle him. Those two were perfect for each other. But Blake was not like that. Blake is not like that. Blake's the quiet kid, whatever he wants to let people believe, whatever he does he will always be the quiet little artsy kid, that's who he is."

My heart clenched thinking of Blake.

"And this shouldn't be my story to tell and he never told me what I'm about to tell you but I know that kid better than I know myself sometimes so I'm going to tell you this little secret. If Blake could go back in time he wouldn't be with Kendal again. He regretted it, from the moment he was with her he regretted it, he felt like the biggest asshole in the world and the worse brother. But just stopping things right away would have made the whole thing futile."

“But why did he do it then” I exclaimed. I wanted to cry again, I think I was crying actually. Well my nose was definitely running but I was blaming my stupid cold. “Why couldn’t he have thought about it first, thought about it thoroughly before doing something he’d regretted” Couldn’t he have thought? I was always *over* thinking. Couldn’t he have just *thought* ?

Josh sighed and looked at me with a somewhat wise expression. “You’re expecting a lot from a person grieving. From a person feeling a sense of desperation that let’s them do anything because they hate themselves so much, they can’t stand themselves and they want to punish themselves. He made a mistake. People, *humans* make mistakes.”

“Alright but that doesn’t change the fact that she was in his room getting out of the shower and she was a total bitch to me” I said in a pathetic almost whiny voice and I was definitely crying right now.

Just thinking about all of it made me cry.

“Well, okay technically that should make you piss at her not Blake. But anyway, ya bad communication on both part alright? And I’m sure that if you went up to

her right now she would apologize for her behaviour. She's actually the one who called me to say what had happened and for me do something about Blake first and she wanted to come and talk to you but I suggest it would be wiser if I went. And if it can make you happy, I met her for the first time too and I prefer you" He smiled at that, hitting my shoulder playfully with his own.

That didn't really make me feel all that better though. Maybe that bitch had an agenda or something…

Josh sighed again. "He's miserable Lexi. I think he's slept four hours over the past few days and ran over a hundred miles on his damn treadmill. He's going to kill himself. You made him god damn happy again, you were bringing back the little kid I grew up with. You know, the only thing Blake got from grieving, from losing his brother was that loving someone meant getting hurt and that however happy you were you always get crushed in the end. What I got though from the people I lost is that every moment is precious and you shouldn't be wasting them because they are fleeting. I couldn't make Blake see that, but

for the last few weeks I actually thought we were finally going *somewhere* with him."

And the tears were spilling up again and my hair was going crazy in my face because of the wind.

"Look, Blake and Kendal, they shared Jayden. I was close with Jay but never like them, Jay never confided in me the way he did with those two, they knew everything in his head, his deep thoughts and darkest secrets. So you and I, we can't really understand what they went through because they lost a part of themselves. But Blake, Blake I know everything about that damn kid, and I know that you know more than you can possibly imagine about him. So we share him. And I don't want to lose another brother just yet and in the hopes of not having to remake the history and for you and I to end up together, I mean don't take it wrong I like you Lexi but you're not my type" he said with a smile.

I half smiled. "You like them blonde and hippie"

"And I prefer you silent," he winked "Anyway, you have to do something. My little brother needs you Lexi. He needs you but right now he's too hurt to

come and crawl at your feet. You have to go and show him that things will be alright. Show him that you care. I saw you both together. Don't waste away what you have over stupid fights and pride."

It was my turn to sight. "He doesn't want to talk to me. He walks away when I try. And anyway school is hardly the place to really talk and I'm sure if I went to his house he'd close the door in my face."

Josh rolled his eyes at me. "Those are sucky reasons girly. But it's his birthday party Friday night. He won't be able to kick you out then. And I'll drag you by the hair to his place if you don't go. It'll be my birthday present to him or something since the one I wrapped for him is kind of…" he narrowed his eyes thoughtfully "awesome in a ridiculous way."

"What did you buy him?"

He shook his head, "Doesn't matter for the moment. Are you going to go fix our Blake?"

I looked around, at the leaves that were taking the colors of the fall, the leaves falling from the trees, and the kids much much further away from us,

running around and picking up those leaves to throw themselves in them. I took a deep breathe. Fall smell. The smell of dead leaves and wind. A cat stopped walking couple of feet away and turned and it felt like it was looking straight into my eyes.

“Yes. Yes I’ll go fix Blake…” I whispered.

Chapter 87

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (82)

So, yes I know *finally* . Blah blah blah. I'm not going to waste space to try to explain that I have a life and college is extra time consuming and that I probably jeopardized my grades by writing this and that half of you would cry like little girls if you had my schedule! I'm seriously getting tired of explaining this. 0_0 I'm pretty sure I'm failing my class tomorrow actually. Lovely.

Oh, I think I should do this though. No underage drinking, alright kids? Listen to your mommy. Drinking is baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaad! Space monkeys will try to eat your brain if you drink before the legal age! 0_0 Yes there might be underage drinking here,

but hey, don't do what my characters do. Blake and Lexi are a bit dumb sometimes! ;P (Oh and technically Blake is of legal drinking age at 18 in Québec, where I live, so suck it! ;P) But ya... You can have a lot of fun without alcohol! Alright? Got it? Yes? You suuuuuuuure?

Hmm.. aside form this, well here you go, Blake's birthday party. I think a lot of you have been waiting for this one! lol I'm not perfectly happy with it but heck it's 3:34AM and mommy needs her beauty sleep before getting up at 7AM. Oh and for those who wonder, I still have like 15 chapters worth of material to write for this story.

So anyway, ENJOY!

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I took another deep breathe, my hand on the car door, looking out the window, my other hand fiddling with my curls.

"If you don't get out of the car, I'm kicking you out. Or better yet I'll drag you by the feet, now that ought to

be a nice scene," Josh grinned, pushing me on the shoulder.

I narrowed my eyes at him.

After our talk in the park, he had brought me home and I had started to mentally freak though I preferred considering it as mentally *prepare* . What would I tell Blake? Should I kidnap him or something to force him to listen to me? And if I did go to his birthday should I get him a present? What should I wear?

Every year Blake's birthday party was a big celebration. Of course, seeing I had been freaking out all week I hadn't been listening to the lunch time gossiping about it, so on Thursday that's when I learned what had been prepared this year; the party was at the guest house on Blake's parent property because they didn't want anyone to have the possibility to leave the place and drive while drunk.

I knew exactly why they wouldn't want something like that to happen…

So with that in mind, on Thursday night I had gone shopping for something decent to wear dragging Daph and Alex with me, blurring everything I had been bottling up all week long. For some reason I felt a bit bad by spending time with Alex, with the whole burst out Blake had on me about him… I mean I knew the details but Blake didn't and I'm sure it would hurt Blake to know I was with Alex right now… Ugh. Things would be so simple if Blake could know the truth about this, but I would never force Alex to say anything and I wouldn't say anything either because friends wouldn't do that… but it still sucked.

And Blake wasn't really in a position to judge with the whole Kendal thing. I was trying to be understanding and all because Josh was right and because Blake was hurting but it didn't mean I had completely forgotten about it.

What wouldn't I do for that boy… it was pitiful, really…

“You always space out like this?” Josh asked, waving his hand in front of my face “I don’t understand how Blake can endure you…” he grinned.

I slapped his hand. “Shut up or I’m running away!”

“In those shoes?” He raised his eyebrows looking down at the said shoes; gray ankle booth with three inches and a half heel. They were lovely but they weren’t built to run, I had to give that to him.

Shopping had gone well for the whole getting dressed thing, Alex was really the perfect shopping partner and I had found a gorgeous dark blue dress down to the middle of my thighs, with mid arm length sleeves, a black belt at the waist, and there was a kimono vibe to the whole thing actually.

But the whole present thing hadn’t gone too well. I hadn’t found anything, anything that would be meaningful and that would say “I’m an idiot, I’m sorry for screaming at you and freaking out, it’s because I love you Blake and love makes people do crazy things and I’ve had bad experience in love, but now I’m sorry, please forgive me and give me

another chance." It's kind of hard to find a present that says *all* that.

The perfect present though, I found it not on purpose. After coming back from shopping and freaking out I had sat down at my drawing table to calm myself and try to collect my thoughts, maybe make a list of things I knew Blake loved and that's when I started to draw and that's when it dawned on me.

A good part of that night I spent it over my drawing table trying not to cough my germs all over my sheets, I still had that stupid cold, but in the end I was slightly happy with the result and either way it would speak for itself.

Josh was still staring at me, obviously annoyed, waiting for an answer. Did I do this often? Spacing out I mean? And why didn't people complain about it? "I'll stab you in the eyes with the heels?"

Josh rolled his eyes and opened the door for me, pointing outside. "Get out of my car, now."

"Fine," I huffed and stepped out.

It was dark outside, only lights coming from the sort of torches on each side of the road. We hadn't parked in front of the big mansion like I usually did, we had kept on driving for a little while until getting to a parking spot with plenty of other cars already there. And from here you could see the lights coming from the guest house, music blaring loudly, but there were no nearby neighbors to complain.

I walked side by side with Josh, holding the big black portfolio bag by my side, smoothing out my dark blue dress with my hands, while we headed towards the house.

This was kind of ridiculous, that guest house thing. The house was bigger than some people normal houses. Two stories high, entire front of it in glasses, and then behind it, it looked like a lake, a small one but still…

I tried to stay composed as I kept walking to the house but when I stepped inside, that's when the legendary-Lexi-freak-out started. What was I suppose to do now? Go around and scream "Blaaaaaaaaake"? Should I find him and beg for him to just listen to

me? What should I say? Should I apologize right away? Did I still have the right to be a bit mad at him because I was?

Ugh! Lexi, SHUT UP!

I followed Josh around, thinking that maybe he knew where he was going and what he was doing. I was having a hard time sorting my thoughts coherently in my head. I was *so* blaming that on the cold medicine I had taken before coming here. I might have gone a little over the top with it but I hadn't wanted to have a running nose all night long.

The music was loud, and people were packing up in the entry so it was a struggle to get pass them, enchaining the "excuse me"s, trying to scream them over the music while not tripping on my feet and not hit people with my stupid big bag.

What had I been thinking bringing this now? Maybe I should have left it in Josh car? Or bring it later? Or not bring it at all?

Ugh!

And if I did found Blake, I could never speak to him here with him… I needed to get him alone somewhere… hmm that sounded bad.

I feel stupid, utterly stupid and out of place right now…

“Maybe this was a bad idea. I mean I look stupid with my big ass bag and there’s like no place for present and Blake might not even want to talk to me let alone see me, and I mean I’m still mad at him about the whole Kendal thing… Maybe I should go…”

Josh looked at me with narrowed eyes and pointed a finger at me. “Don’t make me kick your ass.”

“But—” I didn’t get to argue more because he was about to pinch my lips together so I just back my head away and glared at him, pouting a bit. “Fine.”

“Good.” Josh grinned and started to walk again looking around, probably trying to find Blake “ *So* . On a scale from one to ten how many chances are there that your uncalling friend shows up?”

Hmm… maybe he wasn’t looking for Blake after all. *Haha.*

“Honestly, like three.” I yelled over the music, “I think she was doing some cleaning in her Beatles stuff.”

Josh looked back at me, over his shoulder and stated, “The Rolling Stones are cooler.”

I stopped walking. “Oh my god you did *not* just say that?”

“What,” Josh asked looking worried.

“You might want to forget about her…”

“What? Hey, what did I say?” Now he *definitely* looked worried.

But I didn’t have time to dwell more on this issue because my eyes were lock on the boy smiling at me few feet behind Josh.

I covered my mouth with my hands my eyes bulging. “OH. MY. GOD”

Right there stood Alex. Now that wasn’t unsettling, what was unsettling was the shirt he was wearing and more particularly what was written on it. “Sorry girls I suck dicks.”

Oh my god . What the hell was he thinking?

Josh turned around, probably to see what had made me react this way. “Now who’s this?” He sounded a bit confused and amused at the same time.

I took a deep breath, not sure what the hell was going on. “Josh this is Alex, Alex Josh.”

“That… whoa.” Josh looked between the two of us, shock very apparent on his face “Okay. Wow. That’s… that’s Alex?”

I nodded frowning a bit. How did he know Alex? Blake had probably talked about him…

“Whoa… This is priceless… Wow, I need a drink now” he went on and walked away, leaving me there with “mister I decided to come out of the closet in a really stupid way” but at least he took my big ass portfolio bag so that was a plus.

“I think I need a drink too…” I mumbled to myself.

Oh god…

I took a step forward so I wouldn’t have to shout too much at him in order to make him understand me. “May I ask *what the hell* ?”

Alex smiled. He *smiled* . What a weird Papa Bear. “I figured I made you go through enough crap so this is me coming clean. I would have had to do it at one point, and now is as good as any. You’ve been way too miserable all week long for me to not try something.”

“Thank you. But you’re still an idiot for doing this like this,” I pointed out.

What was he thinking? Had he bumped his head or something? I mean it was one thing to say it to people and a whole other thing to show up with a shirt like *that* .

Oh god…

I’m sure Daph had something to do about this… Hadn’t she mentioned once that she wanted to buy him a shirt with that written on it?

Oh god…

“Oh thank you for the support” he said but his voice was teasing.

“It’s just…” I looked around at people staring at him, eyes bulging, going around freaking too “a little surprising…”

“That’s got to be the understatement of the year…” Alex grinned.

Again, *oh god* …

“What’s Travis saying about this? Is he here?” I looked around again.

Ya people were definitely staring right now.

“Well I thought with Blake completely hating me, it’d be better to not drag my boyfriend here. And no he doesn’t know. It’s kind of a spur of the moment kind of thing. I was planning on going to his window to re-declare my love. Seem to have worked most of the time between you and Blake.”

“Shut up,” I groaned punching him on the shoulder, but smiled a bit.

And that’s when I saw Blake in my peripheral vision. I turned fast to face him because if he decided to leave right away I could chase after him but he just

stood there, his face completely frozen, eyes glued on Alex's chest, blinking slowly.

I think I could actually *hear* Blake's brain making all the connections.

If it hadn't been for the fact that I was freaking out because I didn't know how I was suppose to go on about things, I think I could have laughed at his expression.

Blake just kept staring, cupping his mouth with his hand and then trailing it in his hair, trying to compose himself I guess.

"You're gay" he finally stated, his voice completely emotionless.

For some reason the music had died down. And I was suddenly very worried…

Alex shifted uncomfortably on his feet. *Guess I wasn't the only one worried.* "Ya…"

"Did you know this when you dated Lexi?" Blake asked his voice just as blank.

Oh oh…

Alex swallowed. “Yes”

“And knowing that you were gay and not attracted to her in any way you still went out with her, not taking into consideration that you could break her heart?”

Double oh oh…

“Yes”

And then Blake took two steps forward and punched Alex straight in the face so fast no one saw it coming.

Alex fell on the ground with the force of the punch and then Blake shouted, “WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!?” and grabbed him by the shirt, lifting him up a bit before punching him to the ground again.

Holy crap!

I grabbed Blake by the arm before he could punch Alex again. “Blake, BLAKE, *stop* ,” I said in a rush worried that he might hit me too because he was in a “beating up a dude” zone. But he didn’t. He just let go of Alex and looked at me.

The look he gave me almost me de me gasp; a mix of boiling anger and hurt, sadness and despair.

People around were freaking out, everyone trying to gather into the room to see what the commotion was all about.

“How could you not be…. Did you know this? You knew this?” Blake trailed his voice almost desperate.

“I did but…”

Blake cut me before I could explain myself more. “ *Jesus fuck* … and that means… that means you didn’t… shit…”

Okay he wasn’t making sense right now.

Blake backed away a bit, his face still definitely shocked and then looked at Alex who was getting back on his feet, nose bleeding. *Ouch* . “You’re a fucking asshole.” Blake glared at him and then bolted out of the room, heading for the front door probably.

I was about to run after him when someone grabbed me by the arm. I tried to wiggle my arm out of their

grip but it didn't work so I turn to glare at the person, Josh.

"The kid has a temper sometimes. Let him cool down for a second and then you can go chase after him." Josh explained, not letting go of my arm "Here." He handed me a red plastic glass "When you'll be finish with this then I'll let you go after him"

Without even thinking about it I gulped down the content of the glass in one shot, coughing afterwards, my throat burning, but wanting to just get out of here already. I wasn't just going to let Blake run away from me. We needed to talk now, more than ever. And I wanted to see him, *right now* .

"WHOA! Lexi that wasn't water you know" Josh said, his eyes widening.

"I'm done, can I…" I blinked a few times the alcohol suddenly hitting me. *Ooops* . I felt dizzy there for a second. I blinked a few times my vision getting blurrier by the second, and my head felt like it was in wool. "Can I go now?" I asked, blinking to clear my thoughts.

Whoa, okay that *definitely* wasn't water. I widen my eyes, breathing slowly, still blinking.

"Lexi I think you should sit for a second" Josh said. I think he was worried.

Worried schmorried.

"No! Where's…" What was I saying? *Hmm… the lights twinkle…* Whoa. Focus Lexi. "where's my big ol' bag?"

"In the kitchen but—"

I cut him "thanks," and started to walk from where he had came from.

Kitchen, where was kitchen.

I walked around the house for a while until I finally found a room with an oven and a fridge, that ought to be it, and kept on walking around, a little wobbly though, and finally found my bag, resting on a chair.

I took it and headed out.

It took longer than I had expected to go back to Blake's house. My new shoes were pinching my feet and it was dark and I was trying to walk fast so it was

a complete fail. At least the side of the road was lightened by torches so I didn't get lost or anything.

When I finally saw the house I went straight for the front door because I wasn't sure I could be sneaky with getting inside and I wasn't sure I would be able to actually remember where the pool was. Plus I wasn't complete sure Blake had came here.

So like a stupid stalking girl I started to knock on the front door a little too energetically.

After maybe a minute of pounding, Anita opened the door, a broom in her hands, holding it awkwardly.

"Oh, cielos! You scare me little miss!" Anita breathed and dropped the broom.

I tried to hold in my giggle.

Be serious Lexi, this is serious matter .

Ninja, ninjaaaaaaa.

Focus .

"Is Blake here? Did Blake come home?" I finally asked. Yes that was why I was here.

Blake!

Blake's hot and he smells good. I want to lick his chest… Focus!

"No, I did not see him" Anita answered looking a bit sorry.

"Are you sure? Are you sure he didn't sneak in the house. He does that, he sneaks in houses and is all sleek about it? Are you sure he didn't sneak in his room?" I pressed, running my hands through my hair, dropping my bag.

She nodded. "Yes I'm sure."

"Damn it!"

Where was he? Where was he hiding?

I sighed heavily, looking up at the sky and that's when it hit me.

The cemetery. Of course! He had to be there!

"Anita, can you drop this in Blake's room," I asked, handing her my bag "and if for some reason he's in his room tell him to go to the cemetery?"

“You okay?” She took the bag and looked at me, frowning, concerned.

“Not sure, will know in a few minutes though” I answered and tried to remember where to walk to get to the cemetery.

The trek was… well let’s just say it didn’t go smoothly. My heels kept digging into the soil making me trip quite a few times. Plus I had the booze to add to the “not being balanced” equation. I would have taken my shoes off if it hadn’t been for the fact that the ground was cold and wet.

I was pretty sure my palms and knees were full of dirt. There was a naughty joke in there I was sure…

After what it felt like hours after I finally arrived at the fence marking the beginning of the cemetery and I kind of awkwardly rolled over it falling on my ass on the other side.

“Crap,” I groaned. I hoped I didn’t ruin my dress… or my shoes. Dirt sucks.

“Lexi?” a voice asked, further away form where I was standing.

Blake.

Scores! I rocked at knowing where to find him.

Oh crap! He might run away! NO!

I started to sprint to where his voice had came from to be sure he wouldn't bolt on me again but fell down like at least five times.

Ugh!

But all in all, I did get pretty fast to him and found him sitting crossed leg at the same spot he had blurred all those things about his brother.

"Blake! Please don't leave and just hear me out and then when I'll be done you can tell me to get away and that you don't want to see me again and I'll leave and do it alright?" I pleaded, letting myself fall in front of him.

He nodded, biting his bottom lip… *hmm sexy* … so I went on. "I'm so sorry Blake. I'm sorry for what I said, I shouldn't have freaked the way I did Saturday but I… Well you know about Alex now."

I ran my fingers though my curls to make sure there weren't branches in them or something and kept on blurring really fast, "That… it… it screwed me up alright. Ever since I dated a gay guy I second guess everything and I can't bring myself to trust anyone when it comes to feelings. And I just don't trust myself to be enough for anyone… for you… and it scares me, the way I feel it frightens me because I have no control over it. And this week's been the worse week ever. I've missed you so much. Your hoodies barely smell like you anymore so I'm getting a little desperate here. All I've wanted, all week long was to speak with you again, I want things to go back to the perfect way they were. I want to joke with you, I want to feel your heart beating, I want to kiss you and frack I want to lick your goddamn chest alright!"

Blake sighed. "You're drunk."

"And I love you. No need to state the obvious."

I barely had the time to finish my sentence and Blake was crushing me in his arms, kissing me.

Oh crap. I had just told him I loved him right? Whoa. *Really smooth Lexi…*

I mean it was the truth but I was kind of tipsy right now so did it count?

Oh oh! Did this mean I had the right to lick his chest now?

My hands wrapped around Blake's neck, holding him tighter against me. For a second there I felt like crying because I had missed him so much…

My lips moved frantically against his, while he brushed his fingers through my hair, *he wouldn't find any branches in it, ha ha! Woah focus Lexi.*

"What did you drink? You taste like cough medicine and rhum" Blake chuckled, letting me breathe for a second, his forehead pressed against mine, his lips still brushing against mine.

"I kinda downed fast whatever Josh gave me. The effects should wear off soon, I didn't drink *that* much."

"It's a shame, I'm really enjoying you drunk" Blake smirked and ran his fingers through my curls, bringing my lips to his again.

When Blake stopped kissing me, I had a hard time remembering how to breathe.

Was it blasphemy to make out in a cemetery? I hoped not? Would we be smite by god's lightening or something?

I *seriously* hoped not.

"I'm so sorry too Pumpkin." Blake whispered, playing with my curls. *Someone liked the curls.* "I should have told you sooner, told you everything but there's some things I did that I'm not proud of. And I knew you wouldn't be proud of me when you'd know about Kendal and the way you see me… you can't imagine how important it is for me. I'd tell you I love you too but I had something a little more romantic in mind then in a cemetery while you're drunk." He smirked.

I trailed my fingers over his lips "I don't really care about romantic."

Blake kissed them and kept smiling, brushing his nose against mine softly "But I do because I'm cheesy that way."

I laughed. And I kissed him again.

“But just so you know” he whispered, his thumb on my chin, stopping me from kissing him, “You might have said it first but I loved you first.”

If it hadn’t been for the fact that all the kissing was making me all weak in the knees I think I would have broke into a happy dance because technically in my book that *so* counted as a “I love you”.

I licked his bottom lips. “Fat chance”

“Wanna bet?”

I smiled. “Right now I’d rather kiss you actually.” And I did.

At this point I was sitting on his lap, my legs on both sides of his, my hands playing in his hair or curling around his neck, while he was holding on of my thigh with one hand and still playing with my curls with the other. His tongue was parting my lips, trailing around them, taking his time. It didn’t feel like we needed to rush anything right now. It felt like everything would be perfect actually.

“I’m sorry again Pumpkin,” Blake whispered, backing away a bit to look in my eyes, his hand on my thigh

going up a little, his thumb drawing circles on the side “And you can trust me when I say that I would have wanted you to be the one and only girl in my life but I was stupid”

“That you were,” I agreed, holding him around the waist. My goal was to slip my hands under his shirt to run my fingers on his sexy back actually “But I forgive you. Because you smell good.” I smiled. He laughed. And we kissed.

After a little while, Blake let me breathe again, I was seriously having trouble with that and his lips lightly brushed against my neck and collarbone “I like the dress.” I could feel him smiling against my skin while I held his head in my hands.

My eyes closed against their will. “I think it’s ruined though”

“Looks fine to me…” his lips trailed up, going at my jaws all the way to my ear brushing his nose against my skin, kissing it. “I love the curls”

“I noticed” I whispered, my voice getting seriously weak.

“You look feisty with the curls,” Blake said, his voice getting huskier, his lips coming back to mine, grazing my bottom lip with his teeth.

Oh sweet Jesus…

“I missed you” I told him, looking in his eyes.

“Me too. Let’s agree to not do anything like this again. The not speaking for a week I mean, not the making out.”

I chuckled. “Agreed”

And I brought his head back to mine and started to kiss him, and it felt like there were sparks between our lips and I don’t think I had kissed Blake that much in a row before and it was maddening and all I wanted was to kiss him more. *More more more* . Next thing I knew I was kind pushing him against the ground, straddling him, urgency finally sweeping through my lips, my hands sliding under his shirt enjoying how his muscled tensed when I did, trying to keep some kind of coherent thinking even though the booze and how soft his lips were and how good he tasted didn’t really help.

Blake's hand that had curled under my jaw softly held my head away, breaking our lips apart. "We should go back, it's getting cold here," he whispered, his eyes drating between my lips and my eyes.

"Alright. But I don't wanna go back to the loud music. And I want to get you drunk so you can spill everything I still don't know," I grinned, getting a good grip on the back of his hair.

Blake laughed and got on his feet with me still in his arms, my legs wrapping around his waist. "Fine with me."

We walked back to his house; well technically he walked carrying me on his back. My shoes were definitely hurting my feet now and I'm pretty sure it would have taken me hours to walk back on my own. Anyway Blake wasn't complaining about this arrangement and I was *definitely* not either.

Part of me felt bad for keeping him away from his birthday party, but he had mentioned that if he went back he might punch Alex again and that either way it wasn't a huge loss, so I was okay with it in the end.

Was it bad that even with all the kissing we had been doing so far I still wanted to kiss him? Like *a lot* ?

When we got to his house and Blake set me on my feet, closing the door behind him, I pretty much kicked my shoes away and threw myself on Blake, wrapping my arms around his neck, pushing him against the door, maybe a little roughly.

Oops.

Me drunk. Me no control over actions.

“So you’re an aggressive drunk. Nice to know,” Blake said, his eyes twinkling. In the light of the house I could see their colors. There was barely any grey in them anymore, almost just dark blue.

I groaned. “Just shut up and kiss me”

“Oh and ordering to top it all off” Blake smirked, laughing.

“Jerk” I slapped his chest and kissed him “I’m not even that drunk anymore.”

Blake tried to hold his laugh. He couldn’t even imagine how happy I was that he looked happy

again. Seeing him sad all week long had been seriously hard on me. “That’s why you sang Twinkle Twinkle Little Star all the way back here?”

That I had, in between kissing his neck which made me laugh a bit because every time I did his walking had slowed down. It was kind of trilling to have this effect on Blake Eaton.

Everything that was happening hadn’t exactly all sank in yet. I was pretty sure that once sober I’d start squealing and happy-dancing all over the place.

I brought his face down to my level, “You’re getting on my nerves”

“Is that so?” Blake lips brushed against mine, not kissing just yet and I closed my eyes, waiting, but he just backed away, laughing and took my hand in his “Come on”

“Jerk” I slapped his back with my free hand, laughing, and followed him.

We walked in the house and got into a room I never had, the kitchen. It was a “all in stainless steel” kind of thing, modern. Same style as Alex kitchen actually.

“You hungry?” Blake asked while I sat at one of the stool by the center counter and Blake stood on the other side.

“Sure but you can’t cook Blake,” I reminded him, grinning, leaning on the counter.

“I could surprise you” he answered in a raspy voice.

Don’t jump over the counter and on him Lexi. You have no coordination. You’ll fall miserably and look like an idiot.

“Yes setting fire to the kitchen would definitely be a surprise.”

“Party pooper” Blake grinned, and leaned over the counter, kissing me.

That’s when Anita walked in.

She started to speak in Spanish, well I think it was Spanish and Blake answered her and I was glaring at both of them getting annoyed. I flicked Blake’s ear to show my discontentment.

“Anita will cook us her awesome food” Blake grinned.

I narrowed my eyes at him. “You know I hate it when you speak foreign languages in front of me”

“Yes but you love me so you can deal with it.” There was definite smugness and over joy in the way he said that. It made the butterflies in my stomach flap their wings like they were on speed.

“You like that don’t you”

“You have *no* idea,” Blake smiled, a smile that made my heart skip a beat and kissed me over the counter again.

“So,” Blake started, leaning back “want to get me drunk here or in another room? Cause the alcohol is in the bar in the dinner room.”

I frowned, thinking about it. “Well technically this will be a lot easier to clean up if you puke. And technically you should have a major hangover after your eighteenth birthday.”

“Good then kitchen it is.” Blake laughed “Give me five minutes.” And then he walked out the kitchen.

“We’ve been missing you around here.” Anita said, when Blake wasn’t in sight anymore “You better come more often now.”

“Don’t worry, I plan on being her often enough to annoy you.” I smiled. The thought was definitely nice.

I mean this was it now wasn’t it? We hadn’t actually said the words but we were dating right? Girlfriend and boyfriend. Exclusive on the kissing. Lots and lots of kissing. Hopeful some chest licking too.

Anita smiled, working over the oven. “I doubt that will happen.”

I smiled. And then I frowned. “Hey question? Will you teach me stuff in Spanish at one point? I’d like to be able to understand a little bit from time to time.”

“I be more than happy to help you with that” Anita laughed.

I grinned wide. “Thanks!” I had an urge to go up and hug her. But that would be awkward right?

Blake came back quickly with a bunch of bottles in his hand, smirking. *Oh oh… I might be in trouble now.*

“Hey Anita, you still got any of those mangos you made this morning,” he asked while settling them all on the counter in front of me. There was a *lot* of alcohol right there.

Anita nodded, eyes glued on the food she was making us. My nostril weren’t working properly to know what though. “Yes a whole lot of it.”

“Can I have it?”

“Sure, in the fridge, top shelf”

“I love mangos.” Blake explained, putting a Tupperware container with something that looked like yellow puree on the counter.

I smiled a little. “You taste like mangos”

Blake smiled too. “Is that so?”

I licked my lips. “It’s kind of nice actually.”

“You’re cute,” he kissed me again “So, ever had a Mango Martini.

“Have you? Cause Martini in my mind is a chick drink,” I teased.

“Considering it’s my grandma that taught me how to do Martinis I won’t take this as an insult.”

“Your grandma,” I laughed.

“Yep on my father’s side. She loves her Martinis.” Blake started to explain getting things out, walking around while Anita kept cooking. “Sometimes while she’s cooking, she asks us to make her her Martini so she showed me.”

“So you’re making me a Mango Martini,” I asked raising my eyebrows.

“Yep. For starter”

Oh oh. There was that evil smirk again.

“I suddenly feel very worried”

“You should.” His eyes twinkled. I wanted to kiss him.

Blake worked fast putting vodka, triple sec, the mango juice, squeezed lime and glass into the Martini shaker. I looked at him, smiling. Every now and then he’d lean over the counter and brush his lips against mine.

I loved how natural this felt.

The Mango Martini was nice. It was seriously refreshing. I probably wouldn't have enjoyed it that much though if I hadn't drank before. It was like the more I drank the less the taste of alcohol bothered me.

After finishing that though Blake had an even eviler smirk on his lips while taking little shooter glasses out.

"I'm suddenly very worried and I don't think we should do Tequila Bang Bang shots with Anita here."

Because that would *definitely* be a good reason to lick his chest.

I want to liiiiick his chest! I want to attack him actually. Dance around too. Hmm… Twinkle twinkle little star.

"Well I'm done so you kids can have fun." Anita said setting a plate between us with burritos in it "No messing around in my kitchen though. Got that young man?" She poked him on the chest when she said that.

“Yes ma’am,” Blake said with a big fake smile.

“Good. If you throw up, you clean.”

I laughed while she waved and left us there.

When she was out Blake gaze locked on me. “Tequila Bang Bang will be for later, I want you to drink something else first.”

Worried schmorried.

“What?” *I don’t think I’m going to like this. Oh oh! Shooters off his body! Now! Please?*

“911”

Huh?

I frowned brushing my fingers through my curls. “You want me to drink the police?”

“No.” Blake laughed. “911 shooters. Tabasco and vodka.”

What the deuce?

“You out of your freaking mind?”

Blake smirked, leaning over the counter, his lips barely an inch from mine. *He smells gooooooood.* "I dare you," he whispered.

I licked his lips. "You want to kill me?"

"You can lick my chest afterwards."

"Really" I said and my voice sounded both whiny and pleading.

I want to lick his chest, please please please. Now. Please. Please?

He tapped my nose lightly with his index "Your face right now Pumpkin is *priceless. "*

"Shut up. Can I lick it now? Pretty please?"

"This is nice, I have a means to bargain now. Shooter first."

"I don't think I love you anymore."

"Come on"

I made a face and smelled the shooter. "Tabasco and vodka?"

That boy is out of his mind. *He better let me lick his chest for a while after that.*

“It’ll be good for your cold.”

Pff. Ya right.

I took a deep breathe, closed my eyes, *I can’t believe I’m about to drink this* , and downed it in one shot.

“AH! HOT!” I started to fan my tongue sticking it out “Water!”

Blake was laughing hysterically but managed to say “Water won’t help”

“Shut up! Water will help!” I glared and headed for the sink

Blake kept laughing while I put my head in the sink drinking directly from the tap.

It took a few minutes before I could feel my tongue again.

Plus I was consistently more dizzy and incoherent.

Bubbles …

Still I wobbled to a laughing Blake who wrapped his arms around me.

“Now take your shirt off. I’m licking that chest,” I grabbed the hem of his shirt ready to tear it off of him. “By the way, happy birthday.”

Chapter 88

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (83)

Forgive me Readers for I have sinned. It's been over two months since my last upload...

lol

Okay, sorry I know this isn't laughing material but whatever. HERE IT IS! The LONG awaited chapter 83! Woot woot!

This chapter goes out to those of you who were kindly patient and not mean or rude or overly demanding. It's with the thought of you guys that I kept writing, because you deserved it. You guys rock and I love you! Thaaaaaanks!

Hope you enjoy this, if not, well sorry! lol

Mommy's gotta go sleep now... it's almost 2AM and she works at 8AM. For 9 hours. -_- Like she did today and every other day of the week. I'm honestly tired of working. Ugh. Screw the money, I wanna sleep! 0_0 Excuse the mistakes, as always, time isn't my friend and my bed is calling me... very loudly!

Happy reading!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

My head is going to explode.

That was the first thought, the only thought I had waking up. *My head is going to explode.*

There was a definite pounding in both of my temples, pulsing with every heart beat and to add to my misery my sinus were killing me, making me feel all stuffed up.

Why am I feeling like crap again?

I don’t know how long it took me to realize what had lead to the painful pounding and the nausea too, because yes I felt like puking, like if I moved I would hurl, like everything was spinning—at least to slightly remedy to that problem I slid a foot out of the bed and pressed it against the ground, making me feel steady somehow. But it was the wrong floor—not my floor—and it’s at that point that I realized why I was feeling like crap.

Blake. Birthday party. Drinking. Lots of drinking…

Oh god…

What had I done exactly?

Very slowly I opened one eyelid, to assess the situation. One good thing was that there wasn’t a lot of light flashing in my eyes because that wouldn’t have helped for the whole throbbing in my head thing. And not to my biggest surprise, I wasn’t in my room, of course, but I was in Blake’s.

Again, oh god…

I closed my eye. I didn’t want to open them, I didn’t want to wake up or think or use any kind of rational

part of my brain I just wanted to pass out or something and not feel like crap anymore.

Whatever had happened last night didn't—

OH FRACK !

In one quick movement I was sitting up in the bed, my eyes wide open. " *Oh my god* !"

"Good morning sunshine. And I already told you, you can call me Blake, that whole god thing is so over-rated," Blake's amused voice ran from my right. I turned my head to see him getting up from his couch on the second floor by the library.

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.

I told him I loved him! I declared my love, completely drunk, fracking drunk! What an idiot! *Oh my god!*

I told him I loved him just like that! *Why did I do that?* I waited and waited all this time to just blur it out unromantically in the middle of a cemetery completely trashed! *What was wrong with me?*

"Oh god, I'm feeling sick," I groaned, hiding my face behind my hands. The nausea was suddenly getting

much more potent. The whole declaring love drunk thing was hitting me pretty roughly. Seriously, what the hell was *wrong* with me?

“Woah Pumpkin,” Blake rushed to the bed, and sat beside me, rubbing my back, kissing the top of my head “you okay there,” he whispered, mouth still pressed against my hair.

If I wasn’t so sick I would be enjoying this. *Oh god what am I even thinking?*

I’m gonna puke…

“I’m gonna be sick” I groaned again.

Blake had his arms wrapped around me now, pressing my head against his chest softly, still rubbing my back… *this felt comforting* … “Need a bucket, Pumpkin?”

“This is so not funny Blake,” I whined. His tone had been amused, that bastard!

Why, oh why did I have to drink so much last night? Ugh! *Seriously* ? What was *wrong* with me! Ugh ugh ugh!

Blake's chest shook slightly with contained laughter. "It is, just a little bit."

"Oh because you think that me blurring out anything while drunk is funny," I mumbled against his chest. There was no point in frowning since he couldn't see my face though… maybe I could punch him, but that required effort and it seemed like any kind of effort would just lead to me puking my guts out. *Great* .

"You're referring to that," he snorted, just a little bit, but he still did.

Of course I was referring to that, what else could I be referring to? That boy was confusing me, or I was confusing my own self, I felt stupid and sick and exhausted and tired and bleaaaaaah.

"I'm referring to a lot of things," I just answered. That didn't even make sense to me.

"Well, I'm not giving you the right to take back your words, just so you know, so there's no need to freak out, really." He still hadn't stopped the rubbing-my-back thing and I honestly hoped he wouldn't. It seemed to dim the nauseating feelings.

But back to what he said. I wasn't freaking out? I was freaking out, of course I was, stupid question, and stupid confuse Lexi. *I'm not making seeeense* !

I'm gonna be sick!

"If I wasn't on the verge of hurling, I would be so kicking your ass," I groaned, yet again.

Why did I have to drink, seriously? I would be so enjoying this right now if I hadn't…

"So you say," he chuckled, kissing the side of my head, his arms still wrapped around me. "But you love me so you won't."

My fingers lightly clutched at his shirt—his I love New York one that made him look very yummy—trying to bring him closer to me, which was kind of impossible considering I had my head tucked under his chin and his arms wrapped around me. I was so close that even with my cold and improperly functioning nose I could still smell him. I didn't smell him too much though… smell and hangover, bad combo, and even though I was crazy about it, I didn't want to take any kind of chances. Puking in front of

him would just be fracking embarrassing and unnecessary at this point. “Look, I already feel really really stupid for just blurring it out like that, drunk, so please don’t rub it in.” I whispered, my lips brushing against the expose skin of his neck. When I did, he held me just a bit tighter.

Okay, this isn’t *so* bad… Minus the hangover thing it’s fracking *awesome* !

“But did you mean it,” Blake asked me softly.

“It’s not the—”

“Just answer the question” he interrupted me.

I sighed. “Yes I did, I do.” There was no point in denying it, I just had hoped for something a little nicer to blur my feelings like that to him. As far as I remembered, this was the first time I’d told a guy I loved him and I knew deep down to my very chore, that I was speaking the truth. This was kind of a big thing. I loved Blake. I loved him, *really* loved him, and I had wasted away my chance at telling him *nicely* .

“Then, there’s no reason to freak. I’m kind of really really happy right now so I’m not letting you freak out, over think and ruin the happy moment. Plus it totally kicked the ass of all my other birthday presents. So stop freaking out, or over thinking… don’t think at all actually,” he said, almost like an afterthought.

“Someone’s bossy,” I half chuckled, half groaned.

“Shut up” Blake laughed, hugging me thighter. “So, still need that bucket?”

“I need to diiiiiie,” I whined dramatically.

I felt like crap right now, but at one point, the hangover would wash away and things would still be like they were right now and I’d be able to enjoy it then. I just had to *survive* until then, and by survive, I meant not puking. I could do that.

“Not on my watch.” I could hear the smile in his voice when he said that. “Try rehydrating, that’s always a good thing” Blake explained, handing me a bottle of water he had taken from the nightstand. I obeyed. I mean the boy had been sort of a party-goer, he

probably knew all the tricks at getting through a hangover. “Now, come on,” he added, after I finshed drinking the bottle and his arms tighten around me more, while he got himself properly on the bed, holding me close against his chest.

“What are you doing?” I mean, I wasn’t complaining, but I was kind of confused.

“Well now that you’re drunk and not trying to take advantage of me,” Blake explained, settling himself in, slidding us under the covers properly, never stopping the holding—it was nice, the being in his arm thing, almost made me forget about how crappy I felt, “you’re going to sleep while I hold you. Will you behave?”

At that point, I was basically completely pressed against Blake—my face was nuzzled against his neck, left arm wrapped around his abdomen while the right one was pressed against his left side, left leg thrown over his legs, right one pressed against his left one, all of me touched all of him. That was a nice thought.

I closed my eyes and mumbled against his neck. “Bossy.”

I shook with his soft laughter. “Indeed. Try not puking on me.” His arms held me more thightly. If he kept pressing me like that he was going to choke me. I hope he was aware of that.

“I’ll try to keep that in mind” I whispered. The water was kind of helping, I could see it, and nestled like this against Blake, well it was comfortable… kind of like a hangover remedy. “I need to call my dad” I mumbled against his chest, more like an afterthought.

Yes, very comfortable, it’s official, he’s a hangover remedy. How is that even possible?

“I took care of it, I texted your brother last night and called your dad before you woke up. He said there’s no problem. He also yelled that he hadn’t lost the bet finally, care to enlighten me?”

Stupid boys…

“Not right now,” I breathed. The pounding in my head stopped me from being able to hear his

heartbeat, but I raised and fell a bit with his breathing, and the movement was strangely soothing and made me sleepy.

Blake was running his finger through my hair at that point. “Alright, Pumpkin.” I could hear the smile in his voice when he said that, and then I felt his lips pressed against my forehead and then I fell back asleep.

When I woke up again, I was still feeling like crap, but at least this time I was waking up in Blake’s arms, something I had longed for all week long so it kind of balanced out the hangover.

I think Blake had fallen asleep too because he stirred under me and took a deeper breathe. And when I looked up to his face he was opening his eyes, with a sleepy look. He smiled at me, a sweet smile. “Feeling better?” His voice was kind of huskier than usual and seriously hot…

“A tiny bit,” I sighed, and then rested my head on his chest, itching to just take a deep breathe, but not wanting to cause unwanted reaction, stomach evacuation reaction… Josh had mentioned how Blake

hadn't been sleeping this past week, so I was happy he just had. I knew him enough to know he looked exhausted. "So, what exactly happened last night…" I asked, with only one eye open, my mouth twitched a bit, like I was waiting for a blow, not moving from the comfort of his strong arms. "After the Tabasco shooter, it's kind of all really blurry."

I ought to ask, I mean… I didn't really remember and he had mentioned something earlier, about trying to take advantage of him or something…

"You don't remember?" Blake smirked a little.

Oh oh…

"I'm very very worried," I whispered.

I did remember a bit, it was just hard to make sense of what I did remember, knowing what was a dream and what wasn't, what had happened and what hadn't. I remembered more drinking, that was sure, pink tequila I think—I hadn't liked it—uppercuts too or I think, but at that point I had too much alcohol in my system to know if I liked it or not, there was a little glass in a bigger glass, that's pretty much all I

remembered of that brown shooter, and I had kind of made a mess with it.

I remembered sitting on the counter and kissing Blake, I think he carried me up because I was too delusional, or maybe I jumped on his back… no I think he carried me… I think I danced around in his room because I said I could still hear the music… or maybe I was just really not walking straight… I'm pretty positive I took a shower though because my hair wasn't super curly like last night it was my usual curly, the way it was after I washed it… and I wasn't wearing my dress anymore but one of Blake's shirt—how was I only realizing this *now* —and *oh my god what had happened* ?

I think Blake saw my internal freaking out because he smirked but reassured me. "Don't worry, nothing happened, I'm a gentleman. But trust me, things could have gone really bad if I hadn't run away and locked myself in the bathroom."

"Oh god…"

I didn't exactly remember that. I remembered being in his bed while he was on the couch and asking him

to stroke my hair to stop me from puking and I think I kind of threw myself on him there…

“Do you still want to bake cookies on my abs?”

I want to do all sort of kinky things to your abs actually…

“Shut up Blake,” I groaned and buried my face in his neck.

“You love me.” The tone he used there would have made me laugh in another occasion.

“Ya I do…” I sighed. “Why am I wearing this?” I pulled the sleeve in emphasis.

“You took a shower because you said you were covered with booze. Mind you, I offered to lick it off but you said that as long as you couldn’t lick my chest I couldn’t either.”

I sat up in the bed in a speed-of-light fast movement, my eyes wide. “ *What the hell* ?” Oh my god! I didn’t remember chest licking, no chest liking what so ever! What. The. HELL? I hadn’t licked his chest?! “You

mean you never even let me lick your goddamn chest!?"

Blake smirked slightly. And evil smirk. I wanted to punch him on that sexy chest. "You were drunk."

That bastard. " *And* ?"

"Well, I thought you'd prefer remembering it, since it seemed like a big thing for you," his tone was mocking, not mean mocking, but still mocking. And he lifted his shirt smirking. "So now you can."

Okay, that was definitely distracting. How could one have such an irresistible chest and abdomen? Seriously. But I wasn't going to let this one pass easily.

"Honestly, if it wasn't for the fact that I could puke at any given seconds I would so be licking this chest," I mumbled. "I can't believe you didn't let me lick your chest. You're a mean boy, I hope you know that!"

"Oh please, you would have regretted it, if you couldn't remember every single details." He wiggled his eyebrows. I glared at him. He still had his shirt

raised off his chest. I itched to just run my hands over it.

Oh screw this ! At first, I slapped my hand on his abdomen, just to show I wasn't happy with him. But I left my hand there and my thumb rubbed in circles in the middle of his stomach, just lightly. His skin was soft. How could his skin be so soft? Could I lick his chest now? Was it a good time?

Concentrate Lexi, you might want to wait for a more appropriate time. You know, one where you couldn't puke at any given second.

I didn't took my hand off his stomach, my fingers kept brushing against it and Blake wasn't complaining, but I did drop the chest-licking subject. Anyway, now, I'd have more occasions, appropriate occasions…

Speaking of appropriate, I looked down at the shirt I was wearing, Blake's shirt. "Make awkward sexual advance not war" was written on it. Seriously, there were so many things wrong with this… "Did I pick this shirt," I asked frowning.

“Unless there’s someone hiding in my closet that told you to wear it, yes,” Blake laughed, but his voice was a bit unsteady. Hmm, did it have anything to do with the my-hand-on-his-stomach thing? If so, that made me quite happy.

“You’re in a good mood,” I smiled.

“Seriously? What gave it away?”

“Smartass!” I gave him a flick on the stomach, but resumed to my chest stroking immediately. Seriously, how could his skin be so soft?

“Thank you,” Blake laughed again.

We looked at each other in the eyes, and for one second, I honestly though I’d throw myself at him. Like just jump on top of him and rip his clothes off. He was hot, his chest was soft and I loved him… and if I did a too sudden movement I think I might puke.

Great.

“So, are you going to tell me you love me,” I asked, mischievously.

Blake made a face like he was thinking about it. “I’ll find an appropriate time, maybe get drunk myself.”

I laughed. “I hate you”

“Again, thank you.” Blake smiled wide.

Seriously, why did I have to be hangover? If I wasn’t, this would be such a nicer moment… And I could throw myself on him… “I’m never drinking again.”

“Bad drunks always say that,” the silly boy still lying on his back beside me, while I sat, facing him, smirking, informed me.

“You know, technically you should be drunk too” I poked him on the chest. He had a hard muscular chest. *I wanna liiiick it* ! “and you should have spilled your guts and you should feel shitty with me right now!”

“I haven’t gotten drunk since my car accident” Blake said thoughtfully.

Wow, way to go stupid Lexi! “I’m sorry.”

Blake raised his hand and stroked my hair back behind my ear. “Don’t be, there’s no reason to be.”

I yawned. Blake's hand was still in my hair. “So what’s the plan for today?”

“Well I was thinking about keeping you here in my bed all day long,” his tone was soft and so were his fingers, brushing through my hair, stoking my temple and forehead lightly “you’re bound to stop feeling like crap at one point.”

“And then, you’ll want another birthday present,” I said, rolling my eyes.

Blake had an overly amused smirk on his face, while his gazed was fixed on me. His tongue swipped on his bottom lip and he grinned more. “Yes, of course, because I’m so cliché like that, and you know, I didn’t want to tell you I loved you because I’m overly cheesy and romantic and want to do it at the *right* time, but hey, birthday sex, I’m all for it.”

I was drawing eight loops on Blake stomach with my index when I answered him. “I was referring to the big black bag I had Anita leave in your room last night, with your actual birthday present, but *hey* whatever you say” I grinned too. With the way I was acting lately, I’m sure I would have blushed or some

crap like that, but now I don't know, it was like I was back on the comfortable feeling with Blake. I felt at ease with him, like I belonged. It was a nice feeling.

"And here I thought you hadn't thought of getting me a present so you decided to just say you loved me instead, so you wouldn't have to buy one," Blake smiled teasingly, brushing the back of his fingers against my temple slowly.

I wondered if he knew how nice that felt…

"We should get up," Blake said, before yawning, "you need to drink more water, possibly eat something maybe a toast if you can keep it down, gotta up that low blood sugar level, and afterwards I'll get a look at that birthday present."

I nodded in agreement, before Blake sat up in bed and dropped his hand and I took mine off of him.

"Oh one more thing, before we go anywhere," Blake suddenly said, "I hope you're aware that I'm your boyfriend, you're my girlfriend," I smiled wide at that, "we're exclusive, if you go after anyone else I will disfigure him, if we're still together that is, I'm

not *that* controlling." I shook my head in discouragement but chuckled silently "I have the right to hold your hand at all time, kiss you in public, give mean scary look at boys that look your way for too long and declare dominion on you."

I chocked a laugh. "Dominion?"

Really?

Blake grin was huge. "Yep!"

I shook my head energically. "I'm not agreeing to those terms and conditions."

Blake made a tsk sound at me. "You can declare dominion on me too. Get matching tattoos and all."

"We're not getting matching tattoos," I snorted, punching him on the shoulder. Blake just tapped me on the tip of the nose with his index though.

"Why not?"

I rolled my eyes. "Because that's too cheesy even for you Blakey-Boy."

"That's another thing," he pinched my side lightly. I made a little yelping sound in surprise. His hand

stayed there, at the curve on my side. “I hope you’re aware you’re going to have to find me a cute pet name like I found for you cause Blakey-Boy doesn’t show the love enough.”

“Controlling much?”

“And you’ll need to put me on number one on speed dial.”

“That’s it, I’m breaking up.” I laughed saying that, and Blake pulled me towards him, one hand still on my side, the other one cupping my face. I really *really* wanted to kiss him.

I’m not going to puke right now, I’m not going to puke… I’m not *!*

I leaned in and softly brushed my lips against his. It wasn’t the time for some heavy make out session, but the soft touch was gladly welcomed, especially when Blake wrapped his arms around me and pulled me on his lap, our lips never breaking away.

“I only need one thing you know…” he whispered against them. His voice was so low and soft that I had to listen carefully, “just don’t break my heart.”

For one second, I just lightly touched his lips with my fingers tips. And a smiled slowly formed on my lips getting bigger and bigger.

“You’re such a girl!” I laughed, slapping his stomach, and he flashed a smile at me, one where I could see his dimples, and laughed too before getting up in one quick movement, throwing me over his shoulder and it took all my strength to not puke right here and there.

Great .

We both headed to the kitchen, me still wearing his shirt and one of his pair of boxers—I liked that outfit more than I should and I think Blake liked it too.

But when we got in the kitchen, someone was already there.

“Greetings youngsters, care for pancakes?” Josh announced loudly, from the other side of the counter, between it and the other one against the wall, wearing big oven gloves, holding up a spatula, an apron covering his chest, but he wasn’t wearing a shirt underneath because I could see all his

Terminator endo-skelton shoulder tattoo. Now that could have been alright, but then he turned, to check something on the counter behind him and that's when I saw that he wasn't wearing pants either, or underwear for that matter. Just the apron.

"Oh my god, you're naked underneath that?" I chocked, hiding my eyes behind my palms.

"No… maybe… yes…" Josh grinned and went back to his pancakes.

There was no reason to deny it, the evidences were kind of… evident. *Oh my god, seriously, what the hell?*

Blake groaned beside me and when to sit at the counter, across from Josh. I followed him. "What happened to your clothes?"

"They got…" Josh pressed the spatula on his chin, thinking about it for a second and then lifted it up like he had a sudden epiphany "misplaced!"

Blake shook his head, his forearm leaning on the counter, bowing it a little. "Where?"

“Good question.” Josh answered, pointing him with the spatula. Okay, seriously, I could see his ass from the crack of the apron he was wearing. “When you find the answer please inform me, I was really found of that outfit. My pimped up “The male seahorse carries the children and gives them birth” shirt based on the drawings in Kurt Cobain’s Journals, my brown floppy cardigan, jeans that actually belonged to him, that Blake’s mommy bought for my birthday a few years back at Courtney’s “I’m making money over my dead husband back by selling all his crap” and my Kurt Cobain One Star Converse with the little signature at the back, and my god darn Terminator boxers, that sort of ruined the whole Kurt outfit thing but they were signed by a guy that worked on the set for god sake!”

I laughed. “You had signed boxers?”

“Ya, so what? Chicks get signed tits, I get signed boxers. Or maybe, chicks throw their underwears and I get them signed… ya that come back was much better. Let’s all settle for the second come back, shall we?”

Blake looked seriously discouraged beside me. I mean, honestly who wouldn't be. Josh was only wearing a freaking apron. What was wrong with that boy? “But seriously, why the hell are you naked,” Blake sighed, in resigned discouragement.

“What? Does a guy need a reason to hang around naked? My skin felt like feeling fresh air, who am I to deny it that pleasure?” He kind of moved his butt when he said that. Really not helping him there.

This was a clearly drastic change from the cuteness I had just came from.

“Please, tell me I won’t see disturbing videos on YouTube with you running around my house naked,” Blake whined.

“That I can confirm… or can I?” and he started to laugh like an evil maniac, the whole mouhahahaha thing going on.

This boy so has issues. I mean I get why him and Daph would be perfect together, but he still has issues.

Speaking of which… I'd need to call Daph to tell her he had been looking for her here last night. She had told me she didn't want to come.

"Josh? What happened last night?" Blake sounded worried when he asked that.

Oh oh. Was there a reason to be really worried?

Stupid question! The boy was *naked* right now… of *course* there was a reason to be worried.

"Mind being more specific?"

"Who took your clothes?"

"I can't be a hundred percent sure…" Josh shrugged "I woke up and they weren't there anymore."

"Were they on you before you went to sleep," I asked.

"Yes… maybe… alright no. Still got my socks though!" He sounded overly proud about that fact and lifted his leg in emphasis but lifting his leg meant the apron was hitching up, showing much more Josh than ever needed.

I hid my face in my palms again. "Too much info, thaaaank you" I whined.

I couldn't see, because I had my face in my hands, but from the sound, I think Blake punched him, or at least tried to.

"Anyway," Josh said, and I took that as my cue to look again "this day is not about me, it's about you Blake, or well yesterday was about you, anyway! Here! Enjoy." Josh threw a wrapped package on the counter.

Blake looked reluctant when he took it, and unwrapped it slowly, like it could rip his face off or something. And then he looked at the plastic covered… thing… package really, in his hand. "Fundies?"

"As I said" Josh wiggled his eyebrows "Enjoy"

I looked at the present more closely.

Josh is an idiot. He bought Blake underwear for two. Like actual underwear that two people were suppose to fit in.

I snorted. "Wow"

“Also, we’re going snowboarding in Mont-Tremblant during the winter holidays, just a heads up, that’s your actual present, and my bringing Lexi here so you could get some.” Josh grinned.

I narrowed my eyes at him and said in a flat tone. “Thank you Josh.”

He grinned more. “You’re welcome Lexi”

“Now go away Josh,” Blake sighed.

“But I’m cooking for you guys,” Josh whined.

Okay, there was something really wrong with this picture. Josh cooking for us, naked, wearing only an apron.

Wrong, seriously wrong.

“You care to see me puking those pancakes?”

“I’ll just make Lexi some toast and water with lemon in it, maybe some orange juice,” Blake said, getting up and on the other side of the counter to fix me something up.

“Blake cooking? Someone call the fire department in advance, that way we won’t have to worry about it

once he set everything on fire." Josh said loudly, making big hand movements.

Blake was ignoring him.

"I don't like toast…" I made a face, "usually I eat eggs for breakfast but cereals could do."

Blake shook his head and opened the fridge, taking things out, and went to the cupboards. "Sorry, you ain't drinking milk, Pumpkin, not a good idea"

"Seriously, am I the only one here worrying about Blake cooking," Josh pitched in.

"Josh," Blake put water in a glass, and started to cut a lemon in half on the counter in front of me "you're naked under an apron, you got your clothes stolen by god knows who. I think you have more urgent problems at the moment."

Josh seemed to find that statement overly amusing. "Does my nudity offend you?"

Blake just rolled his eyes at that.

"It offends me though," I pitched in, raising my hand. "It doesn't help with the whole feeling sick thing."

“Please,” Josh rolled his eyes, doing a talk-to-the-hand move, popping his hips, “I’m AWE-somely delicious.”

I made a face. “More like strange.”

“Strange’s the new black.”

“Does that even make sense,” Blake snorted and gave me the glass he had been working on. Water, with lemon juice, from the lemon he had just pressed.

“Shut up, you know you want to be just like me when you grow up.”

“Blake,” I said, after taking a sip of water. It was nice. “the naked man is acting strange.”

“Tell me about it,” Blake answered and rolled his eyes.

“Hey! Be nice to me! I gave you Fundies! And you two just WAIT for Lexi’s birthday present, now *that’s* going to be a nice one.”

I looked at Blake. “I’m scared…”

Blake nodded. “Me too.”

I frowned at Josh. “How do you even know my birthday?”

“I’m full or resources, AND someone might have mentioned he needed to have something done by that date, ” he admitted.

“Can you be less precise,” I snorted, “it’s just way too clear.”

“That’s me, Cryptic Josh. With that name, I just need a cape and a wand and I’d be a kick ass magician.”

“And if you stay naked under the cape you’d be a kick ass magician striper,” Blake pitched in and took the glass from my hands, taking a sip. I smiled at him and he smiled back, a warm smile.

“That will only dance on Toccata and Fugue in D minor,” Josh informed us.

I chuckled. “That’s a show I’ll gladly miss.”

“Your loss my friend, YOUR LOSS. Now if you’ll excuse me, in order to nail those pancakes, and that’s not in the naughty sense of the word, I don’t do pancakes, anyway! In order to nail them this

awesome fellow needs to sing" I frowned confused. "The world was on fire and no one could save me but you. It's strange what desire will make foolish people do."

Blake and I exchanged a glance. "Is he singing Wicked Games by Chris Isaak?"

Blake nodded. "He is… we should go before he gets in the high pitch noises."

"Good idea," I agreed.

I didn't need to get more of an headache.

"Can you eat a croissant and orange juice?"

I shrugged, getting up while Josh kept singing. I tried not to look his way to see too much of me. "Sure."

"Good." Blake grabbed a bunch of things and led the way out of the kitchen and away from naked-singing Josh.

"So… how about that birthday present now," Blake asked after I had eaten a few bites of croissant and drank more, while we both sat on the couch by the library in his room, my legs resting on his lap. I only

ate what I could but Blake said it was good enough, and I was honestly starting to feel better at this point.

“I’m not getting in the Fundies Blake,” I laughed, scrunching my nose a bit, and hit him on the arm with my foot playfully.

Blake grabbed my foot and tickled me lightly under it. “But half the fun is getting in them.”

I wriggled out of his grasp, leaning over to grab his hands and stop him. I mean too much tickling could strengthen the nausea. “And the other half is up to us. No thank you.”

“I’ll add getting into the Fundies in your Girlfriend To Do list,” Blake nodded confidently, evil smirk on his beautiful lips.

“You know what? You gotta buy me dinner first if you want to get me in the Fundies.”

“Deal.” Blake grinned, and I shook my head in disbelief but smiled nevertheless. “So? How about that present now?”

I made a little whining sound but got up nevertheless.

My present suddenly felt stupid or maybe not enough.. or not right or… *stop thinking Lexi.*

I walked over to the wall where there was the door to get in Blake's closet and took the portfolio bag with me, before heading back to the couch. "So…" I took a deep breathe and gave it to him "remember how I didn't want to show you my drawings because to me it's like bearing my soul or something… well" I motioned the bag with my chin "here it is."

Blake looked between me and the big black rectangular portfolio bag, mouth slightly open in disbelief. "Seriously?"

I smiled. He looked honestly surprise by this, but the good surprise "Yes. The last one I made it for you, you can keep it. And I know, compare to you I suck, don't rub it in."

Blake had already taken out the many sheets covered with my drawings and was looking at the first pages, slowly "You're seriously underestimating yourself,

those are really good," he told me, eyes never leaving the sheets.

I felt like wrapping my arms around myself, like I was suddenly naked, because I was bearing my soul, showing my drawing to Blake. It was an odd feeling. "Ya, but you're better."

"Did you draw this with a picture or right on the spot, or you just did it by memory," Blake asked, showing me one graphite drawing I did of the deck and the lake at the Dump Creek.

"Memory."

"Then, trust me, Pumpkin, you're good."

Blake kept going through my drawing, taking his time, landscapes, some that didn't even exist, my house, portraits of my family, animals, and then pages and pages covered with Blake's eyes, or Blake's nose, or Blake's lips, and so on, but never a full face… I wondered if he knew it was his eyes, lips and nose… He was smiling while looking at them so my guess was that he had a little clue…

After a long time, I had actually closed my eyes by then and was leaning my head on the couch, just enjoying the moment, my legs on Blake, him looking at my drawing, comforting silence, no words needed —the couch was very comfortable. I got why Blake would sleep on it—Blake almost chocked. “You did this,” he inquired, holding the drawing, the last one, the one I made especially for him.

I don’t know why but I could feel my cheek heating up. “Yep. Is it okay?”

“Okay? Is it okay? What kind of question IS that? It’s… it’s… perfect… You did this for me?”

“You like it?”

I couldn’t believe he could actually like it. Well of course it was a drawing of his favourite sculpture, La Valse, and I had given the two dancers, Blake’s face and mine, but still… it was my drawing, nothing like the sculpture.

“Like it?” Blake shook his head, smiling, dimples showing, eyes bluer than ever. “You silly silly girl. I’m going to get a frame for it… might be time for me to

replace that scary looking painting" He meant the one that represented his nightmare, the one with his brother burning in it.

"You don't have to do that."

"I know I don't have to but I want to…"

He wasn't taking his eyes off the drawing. Seriously, he couldn't actually like it? Right?

"Well I'm definitely glad you like it." I smiled timidly. It was huge, for me, to have Blake actually enjoy my "art". "You're not lying though, right? Because if it sucks you can tell me, I won't be offended."

Blake stroked my cheek in a loving way. I closed my eyes, leaning in his touch. "You really are unobservant, aren't you?"

I opened my eyes abruptly and slapped his arm playfully. "Hey!"

Blake smiled. "It's beautiful, I love it Pumpkin, trust me."

I smiled back. I wanted to kiss him right now. And I could.

I was his girlfriend! I could kiss him all I wanted!

Oh my god! I hadn't actually really registered that! I was Blake Eaton's *freaking girlfriend* ! Oh my god!

I was about to lean in and seriously kiss him but was interrupted.

"Blake! Blaaaaaake!" Josh screamed in a highly girly whiny loud voice. "There's a FedEx guy at the door. I don't want to show him my goodies! He looks like he might enjoy it!"

Blake rolled his eyes "I'll be right back," he announced, getting up, putting my drawings carefully back in the portfolio, and kissed the top of my head before walking out the room.

And I was left all alone. For one second, I though about curling back in the bed, but then I saw something, something I hadn't seen in a while, on his table.

The little wooden box I had never been able to see the content…

Would Blake be mad if I looked through it? I had bared my soul to him by showing him my drawings… surely he wouldn't mind me looking in the little box. And worse case scenario I just didn't have to tell him I had…

But it would be rude to look through his things and be snoopy…

But I was his girlfriend—I still couldn't believe it—so wasn't I allowed to?

In the end, curiosity got the best of me, and I took the little box in my hand, it wasn't that heavy and not much bigger than my palm. I took a deep breathe, feeling a little giddy and lifted the cover.

My eyes widened. *What the hell?*

Blake walked back in the room at the same time.

I stared straight at him. "Blake… what's this supposed to mean?"

Chapter 89

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (84)

Hey guys!

So, sorry, this is shorter than usual and I know I made you wait a while again, but hey, what can I say, I'm always fracking busy! -_-

Anywho! I have this cute little goal going on, one upload per day for as long as I can pull it off. Yesterday was "Myosotis", today's "I Sold.." and tomorrow it's probably going to be "Half Immortal.." if my plans don't change. Not sure what next though! lol

Oh and I have a bunch of group therapies for you too that I will upload from day to day! Check them out, usually it's mostly "I Sold.." characters in it.

Well, I hope you enjoy this… this story is slowly coming to an end. There aren't ten chapters left. I know I know, it's sad, don't cry, but it's going to be two years that I work on this… it has to end! ;P

So, again, enjoy! :P

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"I have issues," Blake offered, his voice obviously worried, putting down on the floor, by the door, the FedEx box he had been holding in his hands.

"If by issues you mean stalker than yes I think that's the correct explanation," I looked back inside the box still in my hands. My ring was obviously the first thing that caught my attention, but there was also the torn small school type picture, with me on it when I was in sixth grade, and then an eraser that looked like one of mine when I was younger—I used to draw on them—and a little hair pin with a butterfly on it,

but the butterfly had a missing wing—mine again. There was also a piece of paper with my name written on it, by me obviously, that I had done around the time I was still trying to find the right signature.

Basically everything in that little box had something to do with me, had belonged to me. And Blake had that, had kept that. “Why do you have all that stuff?” I whispered, almost in disbelief.

Blake ran his hands through his hair—he looked worried, and like he was feeling bad or something. “I…” he pinched the bridge of his noise, and then tried again. “I wanted to give it back to you,” he let out a loud breathe “well the ring at least, the rest I would have gotten rid of it or buried it somewhere…”

“That still doesn’t explain why you have all that old crap.”

Why, oh why would Blake Eaton keep things I had obviously thrown out, because that was probably the case for the picture—it was cut all wrong—the eraser—it was getting too small—the hair pin—it was broken—the piece of paper—why would I keep that?

The ring was the only exception in the lot, the only thing I hadn't thrown out. But even then, it wasn't worth anything, it wasn't like he wanted to steal it for drug money, and it's not like he *needed* drug money! The guy was loaded!

"I'm glad to see you're still as unobservant as you were," he said, his eyes not exactly looking at me, a somewhat sad smile on his lips.

Oh yeah, *that* was the perfect moment to bring up to the table my many flaws! "Blake, seriously not the time to kid around."

Still not looking at me, Blake walked towards me, all the way up to his library, taking each step that separated it from the level where his bed was, slowly. "My first day of school here, when I was still eleven years old, there was this little girl in a green dress who inadvertently picked me and smiled at me… and after all these years she finally gave me a reason to smile too." Now standing right in front of me, he took the torn picture out of the box, smiling at it.

My mind went completely blank. "What… what are you saying?"

“I’m saying I didn’t fall in love with you two months ago when we started to spend time together,” he placed the picture back in the box and lifted his eyes, to look straight into mine. “I’m saying I fell in love with you seven years ago, the first time I ever laid eyes on you.”

The way he looked at me, it was almost too much, the intensity… no one had ever looked at me the way he was. I didn’t know what I was supposed to do. Should I look away, should I hold his gaze, *what was I supposed to do?*

And was he seriously saying what I thought he was saying? Was I imagining things right now? Because it was impossible, simply impossible that what I thought he was saying was true… And I was confusing my own self!

With his gaze never breaking away from mine, Blake lifted his hand, slowly trailing from my temple to my jaw with the tip of his fingers. I wanted to close my eyes and lean in his hand but didn’t. I didn’t want to stop looking at him. “It’s always been you Lexi, only you,” he whispered in the softest voice, as soft as his

touch. It made goose bumps on my arms and it gave me shivers in the back.

But it certainly didn't help to clear my mind. "I don't… how?"

I was sure I must have looked helpless. I felt helpless.

He was telling me that he had only ever loved me? How was that… how was that even possible!? Not even three months ago I thought his name was Drake!

Blake's hand was still cupping the top of my neck, his thumb lightly brushing the corner of my jaw while he whispered fast, but still softly. "I was way too shy and you loved Alex and then you dated him and he pretty much said you two had done it and it broke my heart and at that point I just gave up and that's why I dated Kendal even though I was in love with you, that's why I went with all those girls even though the only one I see when I close my eyes is you. I thought I could never have you."

I could feel the tears threatening to go up in my eyes. I felt bad, so bad for Blake, but happy, oh so happy at the same time. *Stupid contradiction!*

“I love you Lexi. I never loved anyone but you.”

When he said that, the tears definitely build up in my eyes. Luckily Blake was taller than me so I had to look up, so that helped in the whole, not crying like a bitch thing. And he had just told me he loved me, with the actual three words said one after the other and my name in it to confirm he was really talking about me and I wasn’t just interpreting that his “I love you” to his car was for me or something.

Blake loved *me* . And he had for a while…

Seriously, that was beyond my understanding. I could not understand it. I was plain old boring Lexi with lack of boobs, unobserving skills, over reacting tendencies, and over thinking problems. But despise that Blake Eaton actually freaking loved me. There must be a god, there had to be a god, or some entity out there that had the power to conjure miracles, because that was definitely one of them.

“All those things in the box,” Blake closed his hand around mine, around the box “I kept them because it was the only things that linked me to you. The ring was crossing a line though and I would have given it back to you…” he opened the box in our hands, taking it out, took the box, placed it on the table and then pressed the ring in my palm. “When I took it, you had left the library without it, you forgot it behind the computer. I carried it in my pockets for days, I thought it could be a way to start a conversation with you,” he chuckled at the thought, “to have you actually realize my existence for once but I was too chicken to even go up to you.”

I bit my lips to stop the crying and looked down at the ring, my ring, my plain old ring that simply looked like a band of silver, since the tiny orange rock was incrusted in it and it was barely noticeable. “But I never expected anything like this…” I slipped my index finger in it, about down to the middle of it. It was tight against it, and it felt oddly wrong there “and you were so arrogant, how was I supposed to know?”

I looked up at him. I shouldn't have said that but I felt bad, oh so bad for never having realized what his truth feelings were. Even when it was hard to believe, when I could actually seem them pour out of his eyes. I could see the love he felt for me yet it was hard to believe. So how could I have guessed he loved me before?

Blake brushed the tear that had escaped my eye with his thumb and half smiled. "You weren't, it's my fault."

I shook my head, still biting my lip. "I honestly can't believe it…"

"Do you…" Blake dropped his arms beside him. Without his touch I felt suddenly cold, almost naked "do you want me to leave you alone for a bit so you can sort things out in your head…" he smirked, just a little bit, "and over think."

"No!" I automatically grabbed his hand. "No, no, you're not going anywhere." Looking down at our hands, I gave him a sheepish grin. I just didn't want him to go anywhere, or think I wasn't completely ecstatic over the news that he had loved me for so

long because I was, I really was! “I’m not mad at you or anything… I’m shocked right now, in a good way. Few minutes ago I was overly confused and a little worried about your mental health, but right now I’m just shocked. And happy, very very happy. And I don’t need time, I just need you.”

Blake gave me a full smirk then. “Cheesy.”

I laughed and realized that the tears had pretty much all escaped from my eyes. How pathetic? Anyway, it didn’t matter, Blake loved me. “I know right? I should stop hanging out with you so much.” I squeezed his hand tighter.

Blake wrapped his arms around my waist, still holding on to my hand and bended his head a bit, touching the tip of his nose to mine, barely brushing his lips against mine. “That would be wise.”

For a few seconds we just stood like that, with our breathing as the only sound. It was maddening because all I wanted was just to kiss the crap outta him but at the same time I didn’t want to move. I felt weird, very weird.

And then one of Blake's hands left my waist and wrapped at the back of my head, pressing my lips to his.

My hands quickly wrapped around his neck, my fingers curling around his hair. Our lips moved quickly, urgently together. Each time I kissed Blake was as maddening as the first. There was no getting used to his soft warm lips that fitted perfectly against mine.

I wanted him close, closer and closer, I wanted to just wrapped myself around him, which was weird, I mean I understood the basis, I wasn't stupid, but still it was a weird feeling, yet a really strong one, one I didn't find necessary to fight and obviously Blake was heading in the same direction because his hand that was still on my waist went to my butt lifting me up, while I wrapped my legs around him. It was ridiculous how easy that seemed to be for him, like I was weightless or something. I liked it a lot.

And I liked the height. I wasn't standing on my toes anymore, I was at his level, sort of, and completely pressed against him. It felt nice, way too nice.

His fingers dug in my thighs, almost painfully, but I didn't mind not one bit, I just wanted him to hold me tighter and closer as close as we could be.

Though with his palms against my bare legs, I kind of realized that I was basically just wearing his boxers and his shirt, and my panties and that was it. How easy could all that go off? Should I be worried or happy? I wasn't exactly sure where I stood on that matter…

We kept kissing, tongue added to the process, and Blake was slowly walking down the stairs and back to his bed.

Again, I wasn't complaining, I had actually this strong need to just lie down, but again, there was the whole "Should I be worried or happy" thing crossing my mind.

Suddenly Blake broke our kiss and laughed.

"What," I automatically asked self conscious, and very breathless.

“You’re so over thinking this,” he smiled, way too widely and then pressed me on the bed—I hadn’t realized we were already there.

“Oh shut up,” I groaned and grabbed him by the shirt, to bring his lips back against mine.

Even though he was on top of me, I didn’t mind the weight. That was odd. I didn’t mind the thigh grabbing, which he was still doing, running his hand up and down and I didn’t mind having over six feet tall of muscly Blake crushing me. Was that wrong? Or normal?

“Stop worrying,” Blake’s lips left mine and trailed kisses along my neck, his hand not at my thigh slipping under my shirt to stroke my stomach. “I just really want to kiss you a lot right now, and that will be enough.”

I laughed a little and brought his lips back to mine. “I love you Blake.”

“I’m never going to get tired of hearing you say this.”

He kissed me again, but unluckily with the moving thing and changing position thing I got a tiny wave of

nausea, left over from last night, but still not a warm fuzzy feeling. I wasn't perfectly over my hangover, which really really sucked…

Blake obviously realized it because he stopped kissing me, and just brushed his fingers through my hair, playing with the curls again.

I took deep breathes, wanting to feel better right away, and to kiss Blake again.

I hadn't puked yet, I had salvaged all my clothes and I wanted to keep things that way.

Hmm, wait…

"Blake, just wondering… where exactly are my clothes?" I trailed my fingers delicately over his lips. I liked his lips, a lot.

He frowned down at me, looking at my still clothed body but then understanding dawn on his features and then kissed the tip of my fingers. "Hanging in my closet."

I brushed my fingers in the hair behind his ears. “Will you let me have a drawer here if I give you one at my place?”

He didn’t answer right away, obviously he had other plans, which included lifting my shirt—technically his shirt—up just enough to kiss my stomach, and then answered against it. “You can have an entire side of my closet if you want it.”

With my legs still wrapped around him, I forced him to come back up and grabbed him by the back of the head pressing our lips together. Nausea was gone, good fracking thing! “You want me to move in or something?” I smiled. I liked that thought, a lot.

“Let’s get out of High School first… and of our parent’s house,” Blake laughed and then grabbed my leg, lifting it higher beside him.

“So! What’s in the box?” Josh cheerfully asked, making me gasp in surprise.

“Once, just once, I would love for us to be able to just stop kissing because we decided to, not because we’re freaking interrupted,” Blake groaned against

my lips, not looking back towards the door, where Josh had just popped in.

I chuckled, grazing his bottom lip between my teeth.

“Oh my gawd, you guys!” Josh almost yelled, in a really high pitch voice. “You didn’t have to put on my present *right away* !”

This time Blake looked his way, though he didn’t move off of me. “Josh, get out, *now* !”

“Please,” I’m sure he rolled his eyes there, but I couldn’t clearly see with Blake still very on top of me “you two aren’t having sex, I know you enough.”

This time it was for me to ask. “Josh, please, get out?”

I mean Josh was entertaining and all but I didn’t want him around for the moment, I just wanted Blake. Just Blake.

“When you say it like that….” Josh sighed. “No thanks, I think I’ll pass,” and he loudly shut the door behind him. “So! What was in the box?”

“Food from my grandma, she always sends me some for my birthday, now get out, and don’t you dare touching that box.” Blake went to kiss me again.

“I’ll do what I want, you’ll just have to stop me if you disagree, Nancy boy,” at that point Blake gave up because he lifted himself off, to lay beside me instead of on me “whoa wait, any of you naked or indecently aroused? Cause I’m the only one awesome enough to pull off being naked without making it awkward.”

Blake grabbed one of his pillows and threw it his way, and then grabbed me around the waist, pulling me to his side. “Speaking of which, you put your naked ass on my couch and you’re dead.”

“Floor?”

“Dead”

“Toilet seat?”

“Not on the cover.”

“Damn!”

Against Blake chest, I asked, “he’s not leaving?”

Blake sighed heavily. “He’s not leaving…”

And then we both said “damn,” at the same time and laughed.

Chapter 90

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (85)

When Josh finally left it was pretty much time for dinner.

Part of me just wanted to stay in Blake's arm until I died or something melodramatic like that, but another part of me, a much more reasonable one realized I had to get back home.

I had spent the night over at Blake's and I still hadn't been home all day long, and with all the moping around I had been doing I knew my father and brother were worried about me.

And anyway I was Blake's girlfriend now. I could pretty much resume the cuddling and kissing

whenever I wanted. And even though I wanted to resume it the minute Josh left us alone, I also knew it be wiser not to. Plus, there was also the possibility of Kendal suddenly appearing again, because from what I understood she wasn't gone yet, so that was an encounter I could live without.

Luckily, Blake wasn't that keen on having me leave him right away, plus the whole not-having-any-means-of-transportation-to-get-back-home thing sort of meant he had to drive me home if I wanted to get there without walking.

"I don't want to let you go just yet" Blake pouted when he parked in front of my house.

I snorted. "Oh you're not leaving."

"I'm not?" A dazzling smile was on his face now.

"You're not," I answered and got out of the car. Blake followed suit, wrapping his hand around mine.

When I opened the door to get in, I was immediately face to face with Tyler. "You two are really going out together right?"

Well, hello, I'm fine, how are you ? Greetings, ever heard of that?

"Yep," I answered, pulling Blake in the house and closing the door behind him.

"Damn it," my brother groaned, while dad walked out of the kitchen and towards us.

"In your face Tyler, in your face," he chanted, pointing at him. *My father, the three year old.*

"Hmm, dad, we have company," I informed him, pointing to Blake.

"So it seems," he said, all omniscient and then started back right at Tyler and pointed at him "HA!"

I turned to look at Blake and made a face. "Sorry about that."

"So, are you coming here to ask for my daughter's hand in marriage or you just wanted to render her senselessly drunk again to take advantage of her," dad suddenly asked. I almost chocked on my saliva.

Blake looked at me, his eyes bulging, like he seriously looked shocked. Truthfully, he looked like a deer

frozen in front of a car headlight. I had a hard time settling between bursting with laughter because of his expression or reprimanding my father for being mean.

"I'm sorry I didn't... I'm not sure... I mean... I..." Blake opened and closed his mouth, trying to say something but not sure what to settle with. I had never seen Blake look for his words like that.

Dad shrugged. "It's fine, it's fine, if you'd rather live in sin who am I to judge." That one shocked Blake even more.

And that was out of line. " *Dad* ," I groaned.

And of course my father burst laughing. "This is why I love having a daughter! I can't pull that kind of stunt with one of his girlfriends," he explained gesturing where Tyler had gone and he seemed like he wanted to roll his eyes at that comment. "Keep that one around for a while, I like his reactions."

I narrowed my eyes at my father "Sure thing dad."

He raised his hand beside him, in a peace gesture. "Don't look at me like that kid. Let your old man have

some fun, I can never do that kind of thing around here."

"You mean terrorizing my boyfriend?" The word still felt trilling coming out of my lips. It warmed my chest.

"That's exactly what I mean." He turned and headed back to the kitchen "Come on, dinner's almost ready."

I looked at Blake. "Had any plans tonight?"

"No..." he frowned. "I liked your father better when we weren't going out together."

I chuckled. "Sorry, can't be all rainbows and puppies"

"Darn it." He shook his head but smiled at me nonetheless. I wanted to kiss him. And I could. So I did.

"Come on," I said, after pulling back, and grabbed his hand towing him with me in the kitchen.

Though when we reached it, I realized I was well, still in the dress I had worn for Blake's party so I left Blake with my brother and father and I ran upstairs to quickly change into comfy jeans and a t-shirt.

I was basically dancing around my room with joy. I mean, life could hardly get any better for me at this point.

When I got in the kitchen, Blake was sitting on a stool, beside Tyler while dad cooked and they all talked.

I went to stand behind Blake and wrapped my arms around his waist, kissing him at the base of his neck on the back. Why did he have to smell so good?

I also took advantage of this to slip my hand under his shirt and feel his abs.

Seriously, how lucky was I? My boyfriend was *hot* .

I had a thrilling sensation thinking that, because I realized that that boy was *all mine* !

I kissed his neck again.

"None of that at the dinning table you two lovebirds," dad suddenly said, pointing at us sternly.

I laughed. "Technically this is the counter dad."

He rolled his eyes. "Same thing to me"

I laughed again while Blake turned a bit and wrapped his arm around my waist, pulling me on his lap. I sat on one of his leg and he kept his arms wrapped around me, leaning his chin on my shoulder.

Dad didn't say anything about that so I was definitely enjoying myself.

"So, what are we talking about," I asked cheerfully.

"My apparent lack of skills on the field lately," Blake answered.

"He could have played a way better game on the other day," dad pitched in.

Blake brushed his chin, left and right, left and right on my shoulder. "I had my mind elsewhere preoccupied."

We hadn't been talking... I never wanted that to ever, *ever* happen again.

"Not a good enough reason son. You shouldn't make us look stupid to the other playing team because you have lady problems."

" *Dad* ," I groaned. That was mean.

At least Blake was laughing. He kissed my shoulder. "Don't worry Pumpkin, he's right."

"But he's mean," I said in a whiny voice.

"And he's right here," dad exclaimed.

That made everyone laugh.

When dad was finally done cooking, we all sat around the counter, sadly me on my own stool.

It was a nice dinner. My father and Blake pretty much yapped together the entire time. Dad was explaining to him the newest idea he had for... well I don't know if it was tractor or a lawnmower or maybe both but Blake seemed to understand what he was talking about, and he was actually answering things that sounded actually logic so dad was practically jumping up and down on his seat. He wasn't use to having someone around that actually understood what he was going on and on about.

Tyler seemed in a good mood too, teasing them and me.

Sitting there, watching them, I realized I wanted things to always be this way. Everyone was smiling and happy. It made my heart swell with happiness.

When dinner was over, dad went to his study to work, Tyler ran straight to his room because apparently he needed to play COD right this instant. And Blake and I went in the living room to watch TV.

We weren't watching anything in particular; I just enjoyed cuddling beside him while he ran his fingers through my hair. And basically, I just didn't want him to leave me just yet.

As a matter of fact, I didn't want him to leave, *at all* .

Could he stay over? Dad usually seemed okay with me sneaking out of the house in the middle of the night to go see him... Would he freak if I just kept him over?

I played with the idea in my mind for a while. And when the time for Blake to go back home was almost there, I told him I had to go talk with my dad and pretty much ran upstairs. I didn't tell him why

though because if dad said no, I didn't want to get his hopes up for nothing.

Luckily, dad hadn't gone to sleep yet. I wanted Blake to stay but I wouldn't have him staying if dad didn't want to.

I knocked on the door and walked in. "Hmm... dad?"

I took him maybe fifteen seconds to answer, raising his head from his paperwork. "Yes?"

He was smiling. Alright, good.

"Can..." *Breathe Lexi, you can do this* , "can Blake stay over?"

Dad was silent again, and just looked at me, his expression unreadable. I had a hard time not twitching on the spot.

"So you can commit fornication," he finally asked and I almost had a heart attack.

I mean, *what the hell* ?

" *What* ?! NO!"

He rolled his eyes at me. "Please kid, I wasn't born yesterday."

"And I'm not *committing fornication* !" Seriously that sounded weird saying that. But it was the truth. Like I was going to do it my first time with my brother and father sleeping close by.

"Well I *definitely* hope you aren't committing fornication *now* ." He made a face and I tried not glaring at him. "But later, of course you will."

"But definitely not in a house filled with people, in my room, when anyone could just barge in at any moment." There. That ought to shut him up.

"True, you're smarter than your brother on that..." He had a wicked smile.

What had I done to have a father like that?

"Yes. And nothing will happen. Promise." I put my hand on my heart for emphasis. "I just don't want him to go away just yet." My voice lowered. "I missed him."

And it was the truth. That whole week without him had been painful, that simple. And even if I knew I'd seen him soon, I didn't want to lose him just yet.

"Ugh, kid I hate when you use those eyes on me." He sighed. "Fine, your pretty boy can stay, but remember, I'm always watching... like a shark."

"Oh god," I groaned, "again with the shark thing."

My father grinned widely. "It's proven efficient so far."

I shook my head. "Sometimes dad, I really worry about you."

Dad just kept smiling at me. "Good night kid."

I sighed but smiled too. "Nigh dad"

"So what's up," Blake asked, when I walked back in the living room, his eyes diverting from the television.

"Are you tired... oh why am I even asking, of course you're not, you're a crazy vampire boy that doesn't need sleep."

He smirked. "I wondered how long it would take you to figure it out."

I rolled my eyes "Idiot. Anyway, *I'm* tired"

He pouted "Want me to go away so soon?"

"No, I want you to drag that cute butt of yours upstairs and cuddle. Any piece of clothing of yours I have left pretty much doesn't smell like you anymore so I figured having the real thing will do the trick."

Blake looked at me shocked. He seemed to be shocked a lot today. I was enjoying it a bit to be honest.

I smirked at him but offered my hand. "Come on, I'm not waiting all night for you."

I didn't need to ask him twice.

The action of actually going to bed with Blake definitely felt odd but so right at the same time. After all, yes I had many times slept, actually *slept* with Blake, but most of the time it wasn't something I had planned. I'd just fallen asleep or was too drunk to realize what was happening, or it wasn't actually

night but just a nap or something, either way, never had we actually did anything close to a bedtime routine before going to bed together.

So that's how I learned a few more things about Blake.

For one thing, just like me, Blake showered before going to bed. The explanation I got for that was that most of the time he went running or training before going to sleep, to actually feel exhausted, so the shower was an habit, because he showered in the morning too—could someone say neat freak?

Also, Blake had no shame using my toothbrush. It was a good thing I wasn't a germ freak. Either way in my head kissing and sharing a toothbrush were pretty much equal.

I also found a use for a pair of sweatpants I had bought that was too big for me. And that made me realized how very, very hot my boyfriend was again. Because looking at him just wearing those pants was very disturbing. While I brushed my teeth, he was leaning on the doorframe of my bathroom, arm crossed over his chest, looking at me, and I had a

hard time concentrating on actually *brushing my teeth* and not drooling the toothpaste.

Also, Blake slept on the left side of the bed while I did on the right, so that was definitely convenient.

"So, this was definitely a nice day" Blake whispered, wrapping his arms around my waist, pulling me to him. I leaned my head on his chest and wrapped my arms around him too.

"Completely agreeing with you on that," I whispered back and yawned.

I took a deep breath, closing my eyes. Damn he smelled good. I held him tighter. He did too.

"How did you convince your dad to actually let me stay here tonight" Blake whispered, and lifted a hand, brushing it through my hair.

I sighed contently. "I assured him we wouldn't commit fornication."

"Aw damn it, here goes my night plans."

I pinched his side playfully. Blake laughed and I shook lightly with it.

"Love you Pumpkin" Blake whispered softly against my head.

"Love you too" I answered, struggling to not fall asleep.

I would have liked to talk more, I would have liked to lick his chest and enjoy his smell, but I was tired, very very tired, and it was just so nice in his arms like this that I couldn't fight it, and fell asleep.

When I woke up the next morning it took me a few seconds to remember why I was waking up in someone's arm and that this someone was actually my boyfriend.

I would never get tired of saying that. Blake, my boyfriend.

I knew it was cheesy to say this but waking up in Blake's arm was pretty much the nicest thing on Earth. There was almost no comparison between actually having Blake in my bed and sleeping with one of his shirts. And that boy was almost like a heating machine. I wasn't complaining though, I

kinda liked it. Plus I would save money on heating during winter.

I felt great, better than great. The hangover was completely gone. And this time, I realized, I was going to lick Blake's god damn chest.

Blake stirred under me when I lifted my head, and smiled a breathtaking dimple showing smile when he opened his eyes and saw me.

How lucky am I, seriously?

"Well, good morning Pumpkin," Blake said, his voice still thick with sleep and deeper than usual. It ran chills down my spine.

"Good morning Mr Eaton," I smiled hugely, and sat up, making him frowned because he had to let go of me. But the frown quickly disappeared when I sat on top of him, both legs on each side of him.

Woah. Bulge there. I was careful to not sit right on top of it because well honestly this was uncharted territory.

Blake's hand slid on my legs, stopping in the middle of my thighs. He was smiling, like a lot. "Okay, *good* morning is the understatement of the year."

I smiled too. "Completely agreeing with you again."

And then I leaned down and kissed him. His hands left my thighs, wrapping around my back. My tank top was a little short so I could feel his warm hands there, stroking my skin.

Lexi-likie.

And then I leaned back just a little, smiling, breaking our kiss, our lips just few inches apart. Blake tried to follow, leaning up, but I pushed him back, both of my hands on his shoulder.

"Hey, that's mean," he whined but shut up quickly when I started to kiss his chin and his jaw.

In my head all I kept thinking was "I'm going to lick his chest, I'm going to lick his chest, I'M GOING TO LICK HIS CHEST!"

Blake's hand left their spot, going back to my thighs again, curling them around.

Slowly, I kissed down his neck, enjoying how soft his skin was. Honestly was he using like lotion or something because my lips couldn't get enough of it.

My hands wrapped around his bicep and again I realized how lucky I was. My boyfriend was *seriously hot* .

I brushed my lips against his collarbone, kissing it a few times, and then I kept kissing down his sternum. I don't know why but with each kiss it's like I was trying to feel more, taste more, and so since I was finally reaching my destination I opened my mouth a little wider and instead of kissing the tip of my tongue lightly brushed against his skin.

Blake's grip on my thighs tightened.

Internally I was doing a happy dance. And damn, I was *finally* licking his chest! And my-oh-my was it nice. His warm skin not only felt wondrous but also tasted wondrous. Seriously, how could skin taste good? It wasn't an actually known taste or something, nothing to be compared to, just like his smell. Yeah, he pretty much tasted like he smelled.

Hot damn.

I moved my lips to the left, my tongue brushing and then my lips kissing. It was a combo. I'd lick and kiss.

Blake's grip just kept tightening, and he was twitching just a tiny but. Also, I think the bulge was growing. Should I be worried?

I mentally shrugged it off. I mean, who cared about anything, I was licking Blake's god damn chest. And I was enjoying myself.

I moved to the right, and lightly grazed my teeth against his skin. I don't know why, it's like I wanted to bit him or something.

And Blake laughed.

My lips left his chest and I sat up straight again, my eyes narrowing. "What?"

One of his hand slip under my shirt in the back, stroking my skin lightly, while he just kept smirking. "You are *so* obsessed with my chest."

"Oh shut up," I groaned and leaned down and kissed him.

But I quickly went back to his chest though, because well, I *had* been dreaming about licking it for a *while* .

Though well I mean his chest wasn't the only hot thing in front of me at the moment, the abs were definitely *more* than tempting, so I trailed down his sternum.

My *boyfriend* had sexy, sexy abs.

Doing so though I back up a bit and well my butt pretty much rubbed at the wrong place, or right place depending on your opinion.

Blake made a sound between groaning and moaning, his fingers pressing against my skin. Okay seriously, how hot?

Though, I hadn't meant to have any contact with the bulge. I was kind of unsettled about the bulge to be honest.

I barely had time to say "Oops, sorry," and Blake had flipped us over, still holding on to one of my thighs, the other hand on my back. I actually let out a little

squeal of surprise when he did that. I was not expecting it, *at all* .

I didn't mentally complain for too long though about the "no more chest licking" thing because Blake pressed his lips against mine, kissing me, almost urgently.

My leg wrapped around him of their own accord, pressing him closer to me, our lips never breaking and boy oh boy, ya the bulge was there and not going anywhere. But I pushed that thought aside and ran my fingers through his hair, tangling them in it.

But then, Blake broke the kiss, reluctantly I realized. "I think the no fornication thing still stands even though it's morning." His voice was a bit strained when he said that. Was it bad that I was enjoying it?

"Ya..." In my head I kept chanting, "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me mooooore."

Blake pushed himself off of me and sat on the bed beside me. I was still lying on my back and I had a very very yummy sight. Hot back too.

I sat up.

"I think this is the first time we actually stop kissing on our own," I remarked.

Blake looked at me and laughed, a warm smile still consuming his face.

"Well, I think I should go take a shower now," Blake said, running his hand through his hair.

I narrowed my eyes at him. "Don't do that in my shower."

Blake looked at me, like he was trying not to laugh. "Oh do you want to take care of the problem yourself?"

"What if I did," I asked challengingly. Though to be honest it freaked me out a bit. I mean yes I loved Blake, yes I loved making out with him, but I was also pretty clueless on everything well... sex related. I mean, okay not completely clueless, I knew how things worked, but I never had done anything with anyone and ugh, stop thinking Lexi.

Blake raised his eyebrows. He obviously saw I wasn't actually serious, or that I was freaking out at least. "Do you?"

My cheeks warmed and I'm sure they were very red right this instant. "I don't know..."

"Then no." He said it like it was the most obvious and normal thing.

I frowned just a little bit. "What?"

"I don't want any maybes or don't-knows in our couple. If anything happens I always want you to be sure about it. Alright?"

I tried to get composure of my blushing. It was annoying. "Blake Eaton, the mature one."

I was teasing him, but to be honest I was kind of glad. I wasn't going out with a boy that only thought about doing it the fastest he could.

He smirked. "Well someone ought to be, considering all you think about is my chest."

I slapped his chest playfully. "I do not!"

He smirked more, if that was even possible. "Ya you do, but don't worry I think it's cute."

I let myself fall back into the pillows. "You make me sound bad," I whined.

"I do not," he answered, using the same tone I had, turning around to look at me. I smiled. "I just want us to be responsible about this." He ran a hand through my hair. "And we don't need to rush anything. I mean look at us. How long did it take us to finally just go out together? I think we can wait and do things the right way."

"Why don't you admit you just want us to wait because you're such a cheesy romantic and you want to rent a hotel room or something and cover the bed with rose petals and all that—" I didn't get to finish my teasing because Blake had burst laughing and had effectively shut me up by kissing me again.

And I wasn't complaining, at all.

Could things always go so perfectly?

It turned out that yes, things could pretty much all go this perfectly.

Sure, when we got to school the next day, everyone pretty much freaked out. But it wasn't a bad freak out. Just a lot of dude howling, manly back slapping and eyebrow wiggling.

Oh and well Trevor did kneel in front of me, hand over his heart, going on and on about how he loved me more than Blake did, and he was a much better choice. He stopped though when Blake slapped him on the back of the head.

And let's not forget Stacey and her minions. Her reaction was amusing. She didn't glare at me like I thought she would, she just never looked at me or Blake. Like, if we walked by her, she'd lift her head high and look the other way. It made her look stupid so it amused me greatly.

I was very proud of Blake when he went to apologize to Alex for punching him in the face repeatedly. Alex wasn't one to hold grudges. And he was happy that I was happy.

And Daphnee just snorted and said "Weren't you two already dating?"

Damn hippie.

When I tried t talk to her about Josh she pretty much changed the subject right away, so Blake told me to

let it go. They were grown kids; they could deal with whatever it seemed they had on their own.

But aside from all of that, things were pretty much the same, except that I had a super hot boyfriend that tended to push me against my locker to kiss me whenever he had the chance. But I wasn't complaining about that, *at all* .

And so life went on.

We developed a schedule. One day I was sleeping over at Blake's, the next we were both sleeping at mine, and then the third day we'd both sleep at our own house. Though it was kind of ridiculous because we always ended up speaking on the phone or texting until three in the morning.

Our making out though pretty much always stayed PG or borderline PG-13. I didn't have any problem with it though because Blake was right, we didn't need to rush anything. Because honestly, unless he cheated on me or something, I wanted to spend the rest of my life with that boy...

As the days past, my birthday came closer and closer.

Blake was hell bend on making me a *huge* party but after a lot of begging and more kissing I convinced him to not do it.

The thing was, I never really celebrated my birthday in big. Usually, I spent the day with my mother. She used to say that since that day had been a one we had shared together, just me and her, we should spent it together again. So every year, on my birthday mom would take me wherever I wanted, and I spent the whole day with her, doing what I wanted.

It was nice, but thinking of that right now wasn't something I wanted. Yes, part of me had accepted the fact that my mother was gone, but the wound wasn't completely healed, even after all those months.

So, when my birthday arrived, three weeks after we officially started dating, I agreed to spend the day with Blake. My birthday was on the Friday but seeing I didn't need more skipping school, we celebrated it on the Saturday.

When I got to his house, earlier than I was suppose to, but what could I say, I always wanted to be around him, I went straight to his room but he wasn't

there. So then I went in the kitchen and found Anita that knew where he was and lead me to him.

It's a good thing she did because I never would have found him. He was in room with music instruments in it, and was sitting in front of a grand piano.

"You should have mentioned to me that I had to go on a hunting chase to find you."

Blake's head quickly snapped up, looking my way. The smile he always seemed to wear lately filled his face.

He looked at the clock. "You got here early. I was going to wait for you by the stairs."

"No worries." I went to sit beside him, in front of the piano. "So, is this part of my birthday present?" I grinned, motioning the piano with my chin.

Blake laughed. "Naw, not really."

"Have you been playing?"

Blake sighed. "No, mostly just staring at the keys. I wonder if I'm still able to play."

I leaned my head on his shoulder. "I'm sure you are."

He stared at me, smiling lovingly. It warmed my chest when he looked at me that way.

And then he took a deep breathe. "I don't want snobby comments if I'm a total fail alright?"

I smiled widely. "Alright."

And then Blake slowly stroked the keys. At first he was just doing a few notes with one hand, like he was trying to get familiar with the piano.

And then he really started to play.

Für Elise.

And I finally understood why he had been whining when that little kid at the talent show had played it.

Because what that boy had done, compare to the way Blake was playing... it was like a cat dragging its claws on a dark board to be honest.

The boy had played in a stiff way. Blake played... there were no words. It looked like he was stroking the keys, not hitting them, and he wasn't rushing the music. But it wasn't too slow either.

Without even realising it, my eyes were filling up with tears.

When he stopped playing, I just stared at him, almost open mouthed.

"Should I be assuming I wasn't *that* bad, or that it was so awful that it made you cry?" Blake made a face, and trailed a tear with his thumb. He looked worried.

"You know how I love you, but right now I hate you. How can you be this good, it's impossible," I mumbled and wiped my tears with the back of my hand.

"Alright, I can deal with that." He laughed.

"It's not funny Blake. And you should start playing again, honestly. You shouldn't be wasting your talent like this."

"I don't call playing piano for my girlfriend wasting my talent," he said and bumped his shoulder on mine teasingly.

"It's not what I meant and you know it. If you don't go study in art, you should in music."

We'd been talking about our future a lot ever since dating. I had no idea what I'd go to college in, and so Blake was trying to find something for me. And I always told him he had to study in art. But now, maybe music was just as good as art.

"Well see about it" Blake smiled. "Anyway, want to play?"

I stared at him in disbelief. "I don't even know what notes are every keys!"

"Well that easy" Blake snorted and touched the two black keys "You see those?" I nodded. "Alright, so the white key beside on the left to the black one on the left is always C. And then well you can guess the rest. A, B, C, D, E, F, G," he said and his fingers touched each note as he did.

"Look at that, I'll go to bed less dumb today." Blake laughed again.

"You want to play Twinkly Twinkle Little Star. It's an easy one, and I think you like it considering you kept

singing it when you were drunk the other day." There was a mischievous glow in his eyes when he said that. I almost made my cheek warm. *Almost* .

"Well if you want me to break your piano, sure" I shrugged, but truth was I kinda did want to play. I mean, I liked the piano, I just never knew anyone that could teach it to me.

And Blake seemed all excited to show me. "Alright so like I said, easy. There's only two sections to it, like two parts, you just play them twice." I nodded to show him I understood. "Okay so, you find C." He placed his thumb over it "And then you go twice. Then you find G, and you press twice with your pinkie..." And he went on with his explanation as I listened and watched carefully.

As he had said, it wasn't that complicated. He told me though, that that was like the easiest way I could play it, the way he was showing me, not doing any crossing or anything, but never the less I was kind of happy to actually play something on the piano, even if it was Twinkle Twinkle Little Star.

We stayed there for a while, even after I played Twinkle Twinkle Little Star like a hundred times. Blake played other pieces for me, and each time I was just as much in awe as I had been when he played Für Elise.

When we finally got out, it was way past lunch time, but Anita had made us food, so we ate it in the vinyl room. Blake actually let me play the ones that were in the glass box, closed with a lock.

He laughed every time I did a happy dance at the vinyl I got out.

And when Blake thought I had enough—though he agreed I could listen to the rest another time—he grabbed my hand and dragged me outside, to my "real birthday present" he said.

I was worried for a second. What kind of birthday present would be outside?

We walked all the way around the house, to their backyard, I mean HUGE backyard they had. And of course it was all pretty and they probably had a

dozen gardeners to keep it that way... But I wasn't actually complaining.

"So, my birthday present's a walk in your backyard," I teased.

Blake gave me a flick on the nose. "No whining," he grinned.

"I'm not, I'm just trying to understand what..." I left my sentence trailing because I saw in front of us, some sort of wood shack. I mean it was well kept, that much I could see, but I had no idea what it was.

I frowned. "So should I be expecting walking in a place filled with rose petals and a bed?"

"Ah damn it, that's what I forgot," Blake exclaimed, in a teasing voice.

"Oh so no bed of roses?"

He winked. "Maybe next year."

I rolled my eyes.

We finally stopped in front of the shack. Blake did the code to open the lock on the door and then before

pushing it he turned to me, grinning and said, "So this is your real present," and then pushed the door.

At first I didn't actually understand. The shack just looked like some sort of canvas warehouse of something, because there were canvases everywhere.

But then, as I took a few steps inside I realized what this was; Blake's painting shack.

Because there were shelves covered with pots of painting, and brushes of every size everywhere, and then as I took more steps I saw it, I saw what my birthday present was because it couldn't be anything else. My eyes were glued on it.

In front of me there was this huge canvas that probably reached my chest in height. The painting on it was of a girl, a ballerina you could tell by her shoes and just the way she stood. She had her back to us, and her head turned, looking our way, with some sort of knowing-almost-sexy smile. She was wearing a green dress... that didn't exactly look like a tutu over a leotard but it was pretty close. And the scenery was at eerie. It looked like it was the

beginning of the night, or maybe the end, the sky a dark blue, covered with stars and a big bright moon that reflected on the girl's tutu, like the fabric was sort of translucent. The whole thing, it was breathtaking.

And the girl... well it was me.

"You did this?" I gasped, taking a step closer. My eyes filled with tears.

"Yes. Happy birthday." I'm sure he was smiling as he wrapped his arms around my waist, leaning his chin on my shoulder, but I couldn't look his way, my eyes were glued on the painting.

It was... there were no words to describe it... How could he have done something like that? It looked so real and eerie at the same time. It was so perfect...

I stared at it for I don't know how long, unable to even speak, tears spilling on my cheeks.

Seriously, I wasn't supposed to cry on my birthday! Stupid Lexi!

"Should I assume you're happy with it," Blake finally whispered in my ear.

"I absolutely love it," I answered, still shocked. He had done this for me, *me* !

"I mean, I'm not sure where you can put it, but we'll find a place for it. Worse case scenario we'll keep it here until we get a place together and it will be our first piece of decoration."

Blake was saying this in a teasing tone, but I liked that idea, quite a lot.

Finally, I turned around, wrapping my arms around his neck and kissed him. "Thank you, thank you, thank, thank you." I kept chanting.

He smiled his dimple smile. "You're welcome Pumpkin."

I kissed him again, but then backed up a little and made a face. "It makes my drawing look like crap compare to this."

Blake laughed "Oh would you shut up! I love your drawing!" I couldn't really disagree completely with

him because he had taken down his nightmare painting to put my drawing instead. But I mean, maybe he was doing it, the way parents framed the drawing their kids did when they were two years old just because they loved their child.

"It's *so* beautiful Blake... I can't *believe* you *did* that"

He laughed again. "Have you been underestimating my artistic talents?"

"No not at all but this is..." My fingers ached to just touch the painting, but I wasn't going to do that, I knew you weren't supposed to do that. "It's amazing, Blake."

Blake kissed the top of my head. "I'm glad you love it."

"Honestly I don't know what I did to deserve you. You're too talented, too good at everything. It's unfair you know." I looked at him pointedly.

And as always, that made him laugh.

Not long after, I reluctantly followed Blake out, even though I wanted to keep looking at the painting.

We were going out for dinner. At first I was worried he'd bring me to some big fancy place, because well, I didn't exactly like those, but and almost goofy grin covered my face when we parked in front of the Chinese buffet we had gone together once.

It was nice. Probably one of my best birthday ever. And Blake had successfully made me happy and not sad, thinking about my mom.

We rode back to Blake's house—I was sleeping there for the night—singing loudly together old songs, laughing like idiots.

Usually, I'd never sing in front of anyone because well, I knew I sucked, but it didn't bother me with Blake. I was just so comfortable with him.

I really had hit the jackpot, hadn't I?

When we finally arrived, Blake said he had to go get something, so I headed to his room, while he went his way.

While he was gone I showered and put on one of his t-shirts. I did have clothes of my own now in his

wardrobe, though I was *far* from filling on side of it, but I rather sleep in his shirts. I was weird like that.

When Blake finally walked in, I was lying on his couch, reading one of his books; The Catcher in the Rye. I had never read it and Blake had pretty much forced me to because he said it was a classic. I was enjoying it so far.

I turned my head to smile at him, and saw a nicely wrapped box in his hands. I grinned. "Is this for me?"

"Yes, *but* , I have to warn you beforehand, this present is from Josh and I have no idea what so ever on the content of the box. I mean it could literally be anything. It could eat your face off for all we know," he explained, while walking towards me.

I got up from the couch, putting my book down. "I'm torn between dying with curiosity to know what is inside and fear of losing my face."

"It's a dangerous world," Blake said in an omniscient voice, kissing my lips quickly.

"Especially when Josh is in it..." I trailed shaking my head. I held my arm towards the box in Blake's hand "Alright give it to me"

"Are you *sure* ," Blake asked, still holding it.

"Yep. Go ahead."

Blake sighed heavily. "Alright."

I took the box and sat back on the couch, Blake getting himself comfortable beside me.

At first I just held it, turning it around in my hand. It wasn't heavy. And when I shook it a little it didn't make any sound.

Blake still looked worried.

I took a deep breathe. "Well, here we go." I tore off the paper wrap around the box. The box under it was nice; I mean he probably could have just given it to me without the gift wrap. There was something in another language written on it though, I think it was French. Either way, I'm pretty sure Blake spoke it because he groaned beside me, covering his face with his palms.

I frowned at him, not opening the box. "What? What is it?"

Blake just shook his head "Just open it, you'll see...."

And I did. I was greeted with black and white material, like fancy expensive looking material. I pulled it out of the box and froze when I did.

"I can't believe he bought that..." Blake groaned again. "I don't even know how much that cost him..."

I was barely listening to him. And my cheeks were kind of getting red.

I was holding in my hands a French maid outfit. A very sexy looking French maid outfit. But not the cheap looking one you'd find in a sex store with like one layer of sort-of glittering material. No, even though this was sexy looking this looked expensive, almost fancy.

"Josh is unbelievable," I whispered.

"Tell me about it. Just put it back in the box and I'll give it back to him next time I see him."

I was still looking at the—well you could barely call this dress, but for the heck of it I would—so dress. I clearly remembered Josh saying something about Blake liking French maids.

I stared at Blake, "Do you like it?"

The expression he had, it was like I was speaking a foreign language. "What?"

"Do you like it?" I repeated.

Blake looked worried now. "Is this a trick question?"

I almost smirked. "You naughty boy, you like it!"

"That's not the point," he started to say but he stopped when I laughed.

"Yeah, I'm keeping it," I nodded to myself, still laughing.

"Really?"

He looked so cute just then. I patted his cheek and placed the dress back in the box, careful not to crease it or anything. "Yes, but I'm not putting it on."

"Ever?"

I couldn't help it, I laughed again. "No, just for now," I finally managed to say, shaking my head slightly.

Honestly, there was only Josh to give birthday present like this... And I remember, he had said that my present would be just as much as a present to Blake. I had a hard time not chuckling again at that thought.

We both read a little bit for the rest of the night, before going to bed, both sitting on the couch. Well Blake was sitting; I had my head on his lap, while he brushed his fingers through my hair absentmindedly.

It was a nice way to end an awesome birthday.

In the end though, I feel asleep on the couch—the damn thing was too comfortable—and Blake probably carried me in the bed, because when I woke up the next morning, I was in my usual spot, in his arms, under the warm covers of the bed.

It would have been a perfect way to wake up if it hadn't been for the fact that I had been woken up by a phone rigging.

I yawned, trailing my fingers up and down the side of Blake's torso. "Is it yours?"

Blake yawned too, holding me more tightly, kissing my hair. "Yeah..."

"Aren't you going to answer it?"

Blake chuckled as the phone stopped rigging. "No."

I raised myself a bit, to look at him. I smiled and trailed my fingers softly along his cheeks. He grabbed my hand and kissed my palm.

I let myself fall back again and I hugged him tighter to me, smiling into his chest when his phone rang again.

"Seriously, who is it?" I chuckled as Blake said, "I'm going to smash that phone."

I looked up at him and he made a face, "It's Josh... I was supposed to call him yesterday..." he trailed, rolling his eyes and hissed himself up still holding me close to him.

"If you don't answer he's probably going to drop by..." I trailed, my chin resting on his chest.

"I hate him..." Blake groaned and put the phone against his ear, "Ya?"

"Blake why haven't you CALLED me," Josh pretty much screamed on the other side of the line so loud I could *clearly* hear it.

"Just calm the *fuck* down Josh," Blake groaned, brushing his hand over his face, discouraged, "I'm alright okay, stop freaking!"

"He sounds like a needy girlfriend," I mouthed to Blake.

But Josh just kept screaming like a hysterical girl, "I was all but calling every hospital around asking them if they had you in their list! You KNOW you have to answer when I call Blake! Jesus! You scared the living crap out of me! What THE HELL–"

Ya no, Josh is annoying me now...

I took the phone out of Blake hands.

"Hey Josh, needy girlfriend, thanks for the concern, now will you leave us alone and stop calling every five minutes?"

"Wait what?"

"Stop calling, it's getting annoying," I repeated. I swear sometimes that boy was just so out of it.

"Lexi? What the... Oh you naughty little girl!" I didn't like his tone just then. "You put on your birthday present, didn't you?"

I passed the phone back to Blake "Yeah, I'm not dealing with that."

Blake laughed but took the phone nevertheless. "Again, thank you for your concern Josh, now if you'll excuse me, I only need one needy girlfriend and she's getting annoyed with you."

"Hey!" Josh protest but Blake just said "Bye bye" and ended the conversation, throwing his phone away.

I rested my head on his chest again, closing my eyes. "You think he's going to call again," I mumbled against his skin.

I couldn't see it but I felt him nodding. "Most definitely,"

And just as he said that the phone rang again.

We both groaned.

"If you close it do you think he's going to come over?" I asked, making a face.

Blake didn't even take time to think about it. "Most definitely," he said again.

"He's annoyiiiiing" I whined, and held Blake tighter.

"I know," he agreed, "He probably just wants to know how good you look in the French maid outfit."

"Oh he's never seeing me in the French maid outfit."

"He better," Blake warned his voice a notch lower than usual and then he was flipping us over, making me squeal in the process, kissing my lips eagerly.

Yes, things could hardly get any better...

Chapter 91

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (86)

Hey guys! :D

So this is shorter than I intended, I almost just skip posting this, but I wanted this chapter out for a few reasons. You'll probably understand at the end. I think it's a cute moment! :)

So, enjoy this chapter. In a few hours I will upload the next one. And a few hours after that, the epilogue.

This book is almost coming to an end people...

Oh well, hope you enjoy this! :P

* *

"What if they don't like me?"

“Don’t worry Pumpkin, they’ll love you,” Blake repeated for about the hundredth time, almost rolling his eyes.

I narrowed mine, and replaced the strap of my bag correctly on my shoulder. “You’re just saying that…”

We were walking out of the airport, heading towards the parking. Apparently there was a car for us waiting there, one Blake knew. His grandparents had sent him the key in the mail and told him where they had parked it so we could get to it once we arrived and drove to their place. They would have picked us up but that was Blake usual drill when he visited his grandparents so I followed through his routine.

Blake and I had been dating for about two months now and his grandparents apparently had been nagging him for a while to finally meet “his lady” so Blake had decided that we’d visit them during the winter holidays.

The idea had seemed great at first, but now that I was actually there I was freaking out a bit. Okay well, more like freaking out *a lot* . What if they didn’t like me? What if I made a bad impression? What if I

made a complete fool if myself? From what I understood they were *very* rich and *very* classy, and I had no idea how to act around people like that—okay I was use to interact with Blake's parents but that's because his mom was a sweetheart and she was always kind with me and his father… well he was nice too, a little intimidating but he was kind too… Blake absolutely loved his grandparents and I knew how important family was to him. Wouldn't it be sort of a deal breaker if they didn't like me? And I mean, his father was the one that was intimidating, and it was his parents we were going to see, so wouldn't that mean all his family would be intimidating to me?

"Pumpkin, please, will you stop over thinking? Everything's going to be fine. They will love you," Blake repeated, walking confidently to where the car was probably. I felt a bit useless.

And it was strange to be here. Last time I had been at this airport it had been after my father's cousin's funeral. It felt like years away.

“How can you be sure,” I whined. Blake could always guess when I was over thinking things in my head, it was a little disturbing but to be honest I loved it because that meant he really knew me.

“Because I know them, and I know *you* ,” he smiled, when he said that. “And if they don’t like you, well it’s *their* problem,” he added and shrugged.

I resisted the urge to groan or sigh dramatically. I ran my hand through my hair. “I’ve never done anything like this before, I don’t know what to say, how to act…”

“Just be yourself, Pumpkin.” Blake wrapped his arm around my waist as we kept walking in the parking “At the risk of repeating myself; stop worrying, everything’s going to go well and they’ll love you, they would be fool if they didn’t.”

I poked him on the side. “Your confidence in me might be misplaced. You’re biased you know.”

Blake smirked a little. “Please, I’m not biased at all.”

“Of course you are,” I laughed.

Blake just shook his head, smiling broadly and press the unlock bottom on the set of keys he held, making the car's light, just a few feet from us, flash.

As we drove to Blake's grandparent's house, it was obvious that these roads were familiar to my boyfriend. He had the same ease as when we drove to school together.

I was freaking out a bit less… I mean Blake kept repeating that I had to stop freaking out, so the least I could do was… well freak out less.

We drove in silence, the kind of comfortable ones we had when we read together. It was weird to think we had only been dating for a couple of months and that we had been really speaking for way less than six months. It felt like we had been close for years.

At this point, my life was pretty much close to perfect. Tyler was happier; the fact that Vanessa was back in town while I was away was a factor. And dad seemed happier since his kids were happy.

At school, everything was going smoothly. The boys had pretty much all taken the news of Alex's sexual

orientation well and things had pretty much stayed the way they had always been… well except for Trevor… Trevor kept pushing Alex to tell him which one between him and his brother was the hottest. And well Clark being the asshole he was, was regularly making rude comments, Shawn sometimes joining him. But it cooled down after one time during lunch. They had been making comments a lot and everyone had just decided to ignore them but then Fred, vegetable Fred, had raised his head, looked at Clark straight in the face and said, “Will you shut up already, everyone knows you two *experimented* together and I don’t see anyone making comments about it.” And just like that he had rested his head back on his arms and everyone had burst laughing, consequently making Clark and Shawn change table.

As for Josh and Daphnee… well those two were still a mystery to me. Honestly, I think there was something going on there but I wasn’t sure. Some days something Daph or Josh would say made me think that maybe they were seeing each other, without us knowing it, and others I was sure one of the two were actually seeing other people…

Confusing really.

“Deep in thoughts Pumpkin,” Blake teased, bringing me back to reality.

I smiled at him. “Just thoroughly happy actually.”

Blake leaned to the side and kissed my temple. “Glad to hear that, considering you were almost having a panic attack back at the airport,” he smirked.

I narrowed my eyes at him and slapped his arm. “Meany.”

“Hey! How many times have I told you *not* to hit the driver?”

“Not enough times, obviously.”

“ *Obviously* ,” he answered shaking his head, still smiling though. “We’re *almost* there by the way,” he added.

We were now driving in a quiet street with big pricey looking houses. Why wasn’t I surprised here? Would his grandparents’ house be bigger than his parents’ house? I mean was that even *possible* ?

When Blake slowed down and turned into a long drive-way though I felt just a little bit better because we weren't driving up to a castle.

The house, sure was big and could hardly just be called a house but it was less threatening than his parents' one. It was all white and it looked like those old house in the south with a big porch all around, three stories high kind of thing.

It was beautiful and it felt like the kind of place families would gather. And this was exactly what was going to happen soon.

Blake drove slowly towards the house and suddenly turned his head to look at me, "Alright so just a heads up before we get in," he started to blur very fast, "my family roots are all over the place, we have Italian ancestor and Ukrainian and Hungarian and it's *all* over the place. But one thing is for sure, you'll be served strudel. Every day. Most probably twice a day. If you don't like it, don't say it they're only going to make you eat more because they think that the more you eat the more you'll get accustomed to it. Plus

you're really thin so be prepared, my grandma's going to stuff you like a turkey on Thanksgiving."

He had said that very, very fast and now I was worried once more. "I suddenly feel like hyperventilating again."

"Don't worry, just remember, eat the strudel with a smile and whatever you do, don't touch the sauce when they're cooking it. Alright?"

"I'm scared…"

"You'll be perfect," Blake just said, ignoring my last comment and parked the car behind a black BMW.

I took a deep breathe and then stepped out of the car.

If the outside of the house had looked perfect and in order, when we got inside it was a different deal… well in the kitchen that is.

It's one of Blake's aunts that greeted us; she was maybe in her late forties and had married one of Blake's father's brothers. She was nice and she led us to the kitchen.

It was almost dinner time, and apparently that was a very busy time at the Eaton's household.

The minute we stepped in, a small lady, with short white hair and wearing an apron dropped everything she was doing and went straight for Blake. "Oh Blake, my little boy is here. Come give your grandma a hug."

She looked like the perfect grandma to me, short, not exactly fat but with a little weight probably because she made so much food.

Blake hugged her instantly, a wide smile covering his face. I kind of felt out of place, standing beside him awkwardly.

When she let go of him to look at me though things changed.

She gave big hug—I finally knew why all those Eaton's were such huggers—one where I had to lean down because she was too small and then, still holding my arms, made me back up a bit to get a good look at me. "Oh dear, you did not tell me she was so thin." She almost groaned, giving a look at her

grandson. “Poor poor child, we’ll feed you here. Why don’t you feed her correctly Blake?”

“He can’t cook,” I said teasingly, trying to get the spotlight off of me.

Blake shrugged. “I made her soup once…”

“From a can.” I thought it was important to specify.

His grandmother looked shocked. “Blake Eaton, we do not make soup from cans in this family.”

“Sorry grandma, I didn’t get the cooking gene, only the good looks ones,” Blake grinned.

“Young fool” she answered, patting his cheek, and shaking her head at him.

And then suddenly, from behind Blake’s grandmother apparent a very tall man, Blake’s grandfather from the look of it. White hair, wrinkles by the side of his eyes that he probably got from smiling, strong facial features and I don’t know, I just saw Blake’s father in his face… but maybe a bit kinder… well homier was the right term I think.

“How are you doing son,” the man smiled broadly, giving Blake a hug too.

“I’m very good,” Blake smiled just as broadly.

“I can see that.” He answered him and looked at me, his dark blue eyes unsettling me a bit. “Nice to finally meet you young lady”

I smiled, offering my hand. “It’s nice to meet you too.” And of course I got a hug.

It was hard not to feel at home with the Eatons. Blake’s grandparent had four sons in total, who were all married and with kids. And all of them were here, except for Blake’s parents that had to go to a conference and would only be arriving the last day we would be here.

So it was a full house, and they all had to be fed, so Blake’s grandmother and grandfather cooked, with the help of two of their daughters in law, while some where in the kitchen, talking and eating, while others were watching sports in the living room.

I stayed in the kitchen with Blake while he introduced me to everyone, and talked with his grandparents a bit more.

But conversation with them wasn't always very easy, considering they were cooking and well… arguing…

" *Diane* , that sauce is *not* ready," Blake's grandfather said at one point, trying to turn the oven up.

His grandma actually slapped him on the hand with a wooden spoon. " *Steven* , you are *not* in charge of this kitchen."

"Babe, that sauce is going to be too thick," his grandfather made a face and I had a seriously hard time not laughing because it was so funny, the way they were arguing and hearing a grandpa saying *babe* .

"I know what I'm doing; I've been doing it for *fifty* years…" and she started to rant, mixing… well Blake told me it was Italian.

They were definitely entertaining to watch, but what was nice was that even though they bantered, you

could see they loved each other, just the way they looked.

And for some reason, deep down, I hoped, that Blake and I could grow old like this, and have our big house with our kids and keep our teasing and arguing. I hoped for a future like this… and when I looked at Blake, somehow, I was sure he did too.

The dinner was great that night; I couldn't even remember everything I ate because I ate so much. Every time I was finishing a plate I was given more. Blake's grandma had definitely made her goal to fatten me up. But it was *good* .

And when they served strudel for desert, a sort of thin pastry with fruits in it, I actually really liked it, so it was definitely a good thing.

We talked till late, everyone in the kitchen, helping to clean up, doing the dishes, putting everything back at its place; obviously everyone knew what to put where, and next thing I knew it was past midnight and time for everyone to go back to their rooms.

When I asked about where I was sleeping I was told that “We didn’t know the arrangement so Blake we put you in your room and Lexi in the red one for the guest, two doors over.”

I didn’t argue with that, but once I was all alone in the big room, with the big bed, I realized I didn’t have anything that smelled like Blake in my bag and there was no way in hell I could sleep without it, so I sneaked in his room.

Blake was already in his bed, book in his hand. He had started to read a three books set of One Thousand and One Nights and he was at the third one.

“Naughty Lexi, already sneaking into my bed,” Blake whispered, not looking up from his book.

Him, sitting in his bed shirtless, reading a book. That was a very delicious sight.

I sighed, “technically, I’m not in your bed.”

“But you will be soon,” he answered, putting his book down and started to do a machiavellian laugh.

I almost jumped on him to cover his mouth. “Will you shut up?” I hissed.

Blake took my hand off of his mouth, smirking a bit. “What are you freaking out for now?”

“I don’t want your grandparents to be mad because I was in your room, look I just want a shirt or a hoodie and I’m on my way,” I answered quickly in a hush tone.

Don’t look at his chest, don’t look at his chest otherwise you’re never getting out of here.

“No you’re not,” Blake frowned.

“I am!”

“ *Please* .” He rolled his eyes. “Anyway, my grandparents don’t mind you being in my room.”

“Are you *sure* ,” I asked challengingly. I highly doubted so, personally.

Blake smirked even more and got out of his bed.

I looked at him puzzled. “What are you doing?”

It was stupid to ask because he was clearly walking out of the room.

I hissed “hey, come back here” after him, following him in the hall. Blake walked downstairs, a specific destination clearly in mind and we ended up in the kitchen again, where his grandmother still was.

Was she… Oh god she was making bread. In the middle of the night.

“What’s wrong sweetheart?” she asked, looking at Blake.

“Grandma, can Lexi sleep in my room?”

Honestly, I gasped very loudly when he asked that. Weren’t you supposed *not* to ask things like that to your grandparents?

“Blake Eaton, don’t be doing naughty things under my roof,” she laughed.

“Nothing naughty, promised!” Blake pressed his palm where his heart was in emphasis.

“You better” she smiled, patting his cheek. “Now go sleep you two,” she hushed us away.

I just stood there, eyes wide open, jaw almost dropping.

Okay, seriously, people were being way too cool about our relationship!

Silently, I went back to Blake's room, or well technically Blake almost dragged me, holding on to my hand, towing me.

But once we closed the door, I automatically crawled under the sheets and snuggled against Blake, smelling his comforting smell, enjoying his steady heartbeat and familiar warmth. I was too use too all of these. I could barely sleep without him anymore.

The few days that we spent at Blake's grandparent's house were perfect. Even though I didn't want to admit it to myself I missed having an actual functional family, and there, surrounded by Blake's family, that was crazy sometimes, but always warm and welcoming, I remembered what it was really like.

I loved spending time there; laughing at the jokes and stories they told me about Blake as a child.

Cherishing the love they all shared for each other, I actually found myself going for the hug, like they always did. They were just too welcoming; it was hard not to get carried away with their joy.

This was what family felt like, and I loved it.

Without even realizing it, by bringing me there, Blake had given me the perfect Christmas present.

The few days went by too fast, and soon, too soon we had to leave.

As we drove back to the airport though, in our comfortable silence, Blake didn't use the same road he had before. I mentioned it.

"We have to stop at one place before leaving…" Blake trailed and with the tone he was using, I didn't argue.

For some reason, I wasn't surprised when we parked at the cemetery.

Silently, I followed Blake, holding on to his hand as we walked in the snow covered ground, making our way to where his brother was buried.

There wasn't that much snow by Jayden's stone. And there were a few flowers against it.

"Jay," Blake finally whispered, breaking the silence, "I'd like you to meet Lexi."

I looked at Blake, trying to hide the sadness I felt for him just then and waved, not sure what to do. "Hi Jayden," I said softly.

Blake let go of my hand and crouched down, "I wish you could be here Jay… I wish you could actually meet her. You'd like her. She makes me so happy." Blake pressed his hand against the grass mingled with snow, and I pressed mine against his shoulder. "I miss you Jayden… But I don't feel guilty anymore. I know you wouldn't have wanted that… She made me realize that."

I was trying very very hard not to cry because I wanted to be strong, but hearing Blake speak those words, and with the tone he was using, so heartbreaking it was hard to keep my composure. Even though, deep inside I was happy because he had finally made his peace with his brother's death. I could sense it now.

We stayed there, for I don't know how long in silence. And then Blake finally straightened up and took a hold of my hand again.

When we walked back to the car, I stopped Blake from walking, and took his face between my palms, making him stare into my eyes. "You are an extraordinary man Blake. Your brother would be *so* proud of you."

Blake leaned his head in my palm, his eyes close, probably trying to keep those tears that I had seen slowly building in, in his eyes, and whispered, "I love you."

Chapter 92

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (87)

Don’t hate me! ;P

Enjoy! :D

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I paced in my room a couple more times, scowling at the ground.

Blake had gone for a skiing trip with Josh during March break and had arrived last night. He had called me when he had arrived and was completely exhausted from the flight and sleepless nights so he had just went directly home to sleep.

And now, it was almost five in the afternoon and Blake still wasn't here, and hadn't called me. We were supposed to go to an exhibition opening and if he wasn't here in the next twenty five minutes we would be late.

He was probably still sleeping! And it annoyed me because I wanted to see him right now. I hadn't seen him for a week and as much fun as I had with Daphnee and Alex and Vanessa that had come visit, now I wanted to see my boyfriend and I wanted to smell him and kiss him, and he was going to make us late!

But I still hadn't called him because well, if he was still sleeping I would wake him up and I hated to wake him up because he always slept so little.

Confliction, confliction…

Well screw this, Blakey-Boy had to get up at one point.

I grabbed my cellphone on my bedside table and dialled his number.

And Blake didn't pick up. I got his answering message, his deep sexy voice saying, "Hi, you've reached Blake, sorry I can't come to the phone right now cause I'm having hardcore sex with my Lexi while she wears that hot and sexy French maid outfit of hers... THANKS JOSH! So you know what to do... Oh and if it's you Pumpkin... I know, I'm in big trouble right now... spank me after the beep?"

Oh my god! What the hell? When had he changed that message!

Idiot!

I took a deep breathe before leaving my message. "Oh *babe* you're in *so* much trouble right now! Uno, why the hell aren't you here yet? You're still sleeping right? I'm driving over and trust me, the way I'll wake you up won't be pretty so you better BE up! And secundo, you're changing that answering thingy! It's going to go along the way; I can't come up to the phone right now cause my hot Lexi is beating the shit outta me for the last message, and I love it cause I'm sick that way! Oh and tertio, when I'm done beating

you up I'm putting the French maid outfit on!" I said and shut the phone, smirking a little.

Okay I shouldn't have added that part, but what could I say. You couldn't really resist Blake. *Ever* .

If he got that message before I got to his place we would *definitely* be late…

Not like I would be complaining…

I skipped down the stairs fast and jogged to my car, or well what my heels wearing feet could consider has jogging.

I had taken the time to actually dress nicely for the opening. Cute little black dress and dark blue high heels, and I had actually curled all my hair in the little springs Blake liked to play with so much.

I checked myself one last time in the mirror in my car and then I drove the too familiar road to my idiot boyfriend, who better not be sleeping right now.

I wondered how well the trip went and what did he do to actually be able to sleep in so late. The only time he over slept was when I was over actually.

When I got to his house, I walked up to the front door and used my key to get in, not wanting to have Anita walk all the way from anywhere she was. The house was pretty quiet. His dad was probably already at the exhibition and if his mom wasn't there yet she was probably busy writing. I wouldn't bother her.

I only had the son to go bother actually.

The really really sexy son…

The door to his stairs was closed so I opened it and then walked up the stairs and could hear music.

Dumb prick was up and he hadn't even had the decency to call!

He was in *trouble* !

But then I heard the song and it was the Beach Boys singing "Wouldn't it be nice to live together in the kind of world where we belong" and I smiled automatically.

Old songs; my weak spot! God, I could never stay mad at him! I hated him for that. And I loved him too.

“Alright Blake I am ready to forgive you for not picking me up, if you walk around the house for the next days shirtless and I have the right to stare at your back like a psycho without any snotty comments about how hot you are and how drooling I am,” I yelled out laughing and expected to hear his own laugh but I got nothing.

Maybe he was in the shower… the door of the bathroom was close.

Oh that was it!

I walked up to the door and pushed it “Cover yourself up Blakey-Boy, you know– ”

But I didn’t finish my sentence…

No…

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no NO!

No, no, no, no, no, no, NO, NO, NO!

Oh god, oh god, oh god…

This can’t be true, this can’t be happening…

NO!

Thoughts and images, nothing was coherent anymore.

Blood.

Blood everywhere.

The shower running.

Someone screaming.

It hurt my ears.

Falling on the floor, crawling.

Blood on my hands.

Salty taste in my mouth, my face wet.

More blood.

More screaming

Holding the half naked body in my arms, cradling him…

Crying.

Yes I was crying…

“It only makes it worse to live without it…” singing behind.

Rocking him in my hands, squeezing him to my chest.

Blake, Blake, Blake, Blake…

Conversations coming back to me

“ *People don’t miss the jerk… ”*

Blake, my Blake… no, no, no, no…

“ *They died together. Together. He was in her arms. Not everyone has that luck. To die in the arms of the one they love. I think it’s a fairly good ending considering everything. ”*

Help, yes I had to call for help, scream for help.

“ *Do you know what AVM is? ”*

“HELP!”

“*… Truthfully, any kind of treatment for this is complicated… there’s no perfect remedy… ”*

He couldn’t leave me! He didn’t have the *right* to leave me!

“*… Josh is just waiting for me to have a seizure or something… ”*

I had hard time breathing; I was gasping for air, and crushing him to my chest.

Blake Blake Blake...

Nothing mattered anymore, but the boy in my hands.

Everything will be alright, it's nothing… I thought, my clothes and skin covered with blood.

His blood trickling from his skull...

"Don't leave me Blake, I love you, please don't leave me…" I kept repeating over and over again.

A/N : Alright, no death treats and no over-the-top freaking out okay? The epilogue will be up in less than twenty four hours, depending on how mean I feel.

But again, breathe in, breathe out, everything will be alright, okay? Well maybe not everything but ya.. just breathe for Christ sakes! 0_0

;P

Chapter 93

I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know (Epilogue)

Alright, so this is it, the epilogue. I can't believe this story is finally coming to an end... it's crazy...

PLEASE, read until the end, however mad you are or whatever. Trust me, you'll be MUCH happier if you read till the end, okay?

Also, please **read the author note at the end** that explains what to expect next for spin-off and sequels alright? Because I won't be answering questions about it in the future. The answers are there.

Oh and also, sorry for making you guys wait that long, I didn't mean to but because of Irene, well electricity was dead (I uploaded chapter 87 at my

moms, yes I actually went to my mother to upload this chapter for you guys, how pathetic? ;P) and when it finally came back at my house, internet was dead so ya… I was supposed to put the epilogue up sooner… it's all stinking Irene's fault! 0_0

Now, you can enjoy! :D

I've been waiting a while to finally post this one! lol

* *

I could feel the sun, streaming through the French doors, warming my cheek. But I kept my eyes close, not wanting to get out of bed just yet.

I rolled around on the bed, my hand reaching beside me but they fell on empty sheets.

Of course they did…

I rolled again and held the blankets tightly, trying to find sleep but unable to because of the damn sun.

So instead I sat in the middle of the bed, holding my head in my hands.

I sighed heavily and then turned my head in my palms, my eyes falling on the letter lying on my drawing desk.

I got up from my bed and took it and then cradled back in my sheets and read it again, for about the hundredth time…

Dear Pumpkin,

If you're reading this, well it really sucks to say the least… I know I promised you I wouldn't die, but I guess I can't control everything, can I? And I know it's creepy and why did I wrote you this letter if I told you I wasn't going to die, did I lie to you, how the hell did I know I'd die… (you're already over thinking by now, I know it Pumpkin) well I guess after you lose someone so fast, like I did with Jay, you become aware of things like that… and ever since, I write letters, will if you will…

And well, with my head condition, I guess I always have to be ready for the worse. And I'm not going to lie, it scares me. I know I don't talk about it with you that much but it's because I'm scared that if I said it

out loud it'll happen, if I ignore it, if I don't put it out there it's like it doesn't exist you know?

But hey, for all I know I might have been crushed by a concrete wall, so no point in worrying right?

So as I said, I write these letters… but this is the hardest one I ever had to write, because what if I do die?

I'm not scared for me; honestly not at all, death never scared me. I'm just scared for you. I think it's safe to say you love me Pumpkin. And I know what death does to the ones that stay…

So please, don't destroy yourself over this. Everyone dies at one point. I guess my time had come, that's all.

I just want you to remember that I love you more than anything. I always had, I always will, what ever happens afterwards, if there was anyway I could be with you I would be, you can trust me on that.

I waited too long to finally have you.

Trust me, if there was a way, I'd be with you right now…

Wouldn't it be cool if I came back as a ghost? I mean you gotta admit it Pumpkin, that'd be awesome! Tell Josh if I am, he'll believe you!

I'll come for you! I promise.

Look at the stars, go swim in the Creek, sleep in my bed, our bed, read my books, I'm there… I'm everywhere…

And I love you.

No one's ever made me as happy as you…

I don't know if I've told you this by now, honestly Pumpkin, I feel like you're my reason for everything. You're the reason why I wasn't the one in that car, why I didn't die instead of Jay. For years I've wished for things to switch, to have been the one dying instead of him, because people needed him more than they needed me, loved him more than they loved me. Even with my head, I was doomed from the start. And if it hadn't been for the accident I'd probably have died sooner. But luckily, because of you they found it. And because of you I stayed alive. And now I've had you… Because of you Pumpkin I stopped feeling this way.

Maybe it was selfish of me, but I knew I made you happier, made you forget about your problems… and for that, because being with you made you happy again, that was a good reason enough to be alive, and not have died in the car. Because my Lexi needed someone to make her laugh, and for some strange twisted reason I did…

And you can't even imagine how happy that made me…

You made me happy Lexi.

For years I've tried to cope with my brother's death. I thought I could patch myself by being with Kendal, I tried drinking, I tried being a jerk and stop feeling but it never worked because what I really needed, what I always needed was you Pumpkin.

And now, I've finally forgiven myself. All because of you.

So even if I'm dead now, it doesn't matter for me anymore, because I've been happier with you for these past few months than in all my life.

And I'm so sorry… Sorry for not being here right now, for not holding you in my arms and telling you stupid things to make you laugh.

I can say stupid things if you want to.

I'm sure you'll be laughing through your tears, wiped them away Pumpkin, don't cry, you'll work things out, you always do.

So stupid things… That's a tough one…

Well if the reincarnation thing is true, I hope I won't reincarnate as Alex's asshole and I don't need to explain myself now, do I? I'd like to reincarnate as a griffin! Those things are AWESOME! Come on! Admit it'd be cool if your reincarnate boyfriend was a mystical creature!

I could be a unicorn too… you know… once a long hard one, always is… (I'm winking right now, just go with it)

And yes I know I'm an asshole (not Alex's) and that that's no way to treat my mourning girlfriend/love of my life (can I write wife too? Because I would have married you! There's no question about it… I'm sorry if that makes you sad, but it's true… And you would have

been the mother of my children too, and you'd been a perfect one at it! You might still be one, because you CAN move on Pumpkin, you HAVE to move on. Well not if I'm a ghost and I'm still hanging around… or your personal unicorn (I'm winking again)) so yes… me, asshole, blah blah blah… Give it to me Pumpkin, I'm sure you didn't expect to get a letter like this? I should get extra point for that oh and by the way, I hope you're wearing the sexy French maid outfit while reading this, it would make my wandering soul very VERY happy!

I hope you're laughing a little now, and please don't be mad, and don't tear this letter because you'll regret it when you're done with that stage of mourning. Because one morning my love, you'll wake up, and even though things are still the same, even though I'm not here anymore, you'll get out of bed, and be able to face your day without thinking about it, and maybe even find happiness somewhere else…

I just want you to be happy, that's what I always wanted, even if that means with someone else, even if

that means you have to forget about me in order to do so.

Just be happy my Lexi, your pretty face wasn't meant for sadness, your beautiful smiles can't disappear and I need to hear that contagious laugh of yours whether I'm up up in the sky or down down in Hell, or just a rotting corpse under earth.

I needed you Lexi, but you don't need me. You're a strong girl, and do not deny it, you are!

You're my strong girl and I love you for that, I love you so much, I love you so much that sometimes when I'm holding you in my arms it feels like there's never going to be a way I'm going to be able to show you just how much I love you, to share it with you, like I could squeezed you so tightly you'd probably choke, and still that wouldn't be enough.

No one can ever get enough of you Lexi…

God I love you Pumpkin… I love you, I love you, I love you.

With all my heart and all my soul.

And even death can't stop that…

And there's so much things I would love to say, so much things I would want to tell you… But as always I don't find the words because the words become meaningless, they don't matter in the end what matters is that I love you.

I love you my beautiful overreacting, unobservant, imaginative, sexy, with just the most perfect thin little waist that I'm mad about, hilarious, smart, Pumpkin.

You're my Lexi.

And I'm your Blake.

For ever and always.

With all the love that the Universe can contain

Your jerky smirking dumbass who's madly in love with you

Blake

PS: Remember that time you kept jumping around me, wearing that it's-definitely-see-though shirt I always teased you about while I was sitting at your new drawing desk and you kept asking again and again

what I was doing and what I was writing? Yes, well now you know what I was writing. Also, in a few seconds I will throw you on our bed and make love to you. Just a heads up.

Slowly, I wiped the tears off my cheeks and held the letter against my chest, cradling it to me, and then lay back in my bed and waited for the sleep to finally come.

When dream land seemed at my reach, freezing hands encircled my waist.

“OH MY GOD,” I yelled trying to get away from the cold hands and chest and feet that were pressing against me.

All I got was a chuckle.

“Get away! You’re freezing!” I laughed.

“Well you should be warming me up for once,” he answered and pressed his nose in the crease of my neck making me squeal.

“How’d you get so cold,” I asked him and started to rub his arms around my waist.

“I went running outside,” he mumbled against my skin.

“But it’s sunny,” I whined.

“Yeah, but it’s pretty darn windy, it’ll probably rain soon,” he answered and kissed my shoulder, his arms encircling my waist. His hands touched the paper in mine. “You reading that letter again,” he groaned.

I turned around and kissed him on the lips, my arms wrapping around his neck.

“Yes I’m reading that letter again…” I half smiled.

“Sometimes I really think you like to make yourself cry on purpose, Pumpkin!” Blake chuckled and smirked a little.

“It’s a beautiful letter alright, I love it! And I’m going to read it as much as I want!” I told him, pressing my nose lightly to his.

“I never should have left it on my table, you sneaky little thief,” he chuckled again, and squeezed me tighter against his chest. “Only got it out because I have to re-write it, since it’s not up to date anymore!”

“You lazy boy! It hasn’t been up to date for *years* now!” I chuckled too and nibbled his lower lip with my own.

That was all Blake needed to go all frantic and then he was slipping his hands under my shirt trying to tear it away from me.

“No, no, Blake, stop it,” I told him, but my voice was pretty weak.

“You’re gonna have to try harder,” Blake whispered against my lips and crushed his body over mine.

“Blake, it’s Saturday morning,” I tried to say but his hands were getting more and more urgent and were making it hard for me to argue.

“I don’t care if it’s Judgement Day, I’m going to…”

Blake didn’t get a chance to finish his sentence because we heard running footsteps in the hallway, coming to our room.

I smirked at Blake who fell back beside me, his arm over his face.

“I hate Saturday mornings,” Blake mumbled when our door burst open.

“Mommy! Daddy! Come on! Let’s go! The cartoons are on,” our little three years old ball of energy yelled, rushing to us and started to jump up and down on our bed.

I laughed and grabbed him around the waist, tickling him and ruffling his brown hair.

“Daddy, daddy, save me,” Jayden yelled, laughing.

“You’re on your own buddy,” Blake answered smiling and as always I almost choked with emotion with the way he was looking at our son. There was so much adoration in his eyes; if it was even possible, it made me love him even more.

“Daddy,” Jayden laughed and then Blake took him out of my arms and started to tickle him too.

“Mommy!”

“You gotta pick a team kid,” Blake smirked tickling more.

I took hold of our son, and cradled him away from his father before he suffocated him. “You know better than to trust your father for those things,” I said shaking my head, and kissed the top of his hair.

Jayden tried to wiggle out of my arms. Oh yes, right, he didn’t want me to kiss him like that anymore because apparently he was old now. Why did he have to grow so fast?

“Mommy, let go, I want to watch cartoons,” he whined.

I laughed but I did, though I kissed the top of his head again, just for good measure.

Jayden hopped off our bed and grabbed Blake’s hand trying pulling it. “Daddy, come *on* !”

“You go ahead; your mother and I have some serious matters to talk about.”

“You can kiss mommy later, but we can’t watch the cartoons later! It’s right *now* ,” Jay whined again, never stopping to pull his father’s hand.

I smirked at Blake, while he just narrowed his eyes at me, but still got out of bed and grabbed Jayden around the waist, swinging him over his shoulders, while I could hear our kid squeal all the way down to the living room.

Now smiling, I put the letter back on my drawing table and put on one of Blake's old college hoodie, making my way down to the kitchen.

Aside from the television in the living room, our house was quiet and I tried to enjoy as much as I could our last few hours of peace before the company arrived. My parents and Blake's were coming over, so were Tyler, Vanessa and their daughter, Josh, Daph and their son, and if their daughter Maika wasn't sick anymore Alex and Travis were suppose to drop by too. Those two were *so* protective of the poor child, I almost felt bad for her. But I kind of understood, after all the paper work they had to go through, all the traveling they had to do and all the time they had to wait to finally be able to adopt her, it was normal for them to cherish her so much.

Everyone was basically coming over for Jayden's birthday. It had been on Wednesday, but everyone was only free to come on Saturday so the party would be today.

I kind of dreaded the whole planning but I knew Jayden would be happy to see everyone, and get a big cake and plenty of presents. Annabelle had already sent him a huge teddy bear she had bought at the Universal Studio in Tokyo. She was staying there with one of her new boyfriend.

In the kitchen I started coffee and grabbed an apple, walking to the living room.

When I got to it, I didn't walk in; I just leaned against the arch at the entry and smiled contently, looking at my men.

Or boys would have been more fitting.

They were both sitting on the ground, almost right in front of the television, side by side, and now and then, Jayden would push Blake and then Blake would shove Jay just a bit.

Blake always acted just like a three year old and not a twenty five year old around him.

But I wasn't complaining at all. In my mind, I was only always eternally grateful to just have both of them in my life. To even be here with them.

After Blake's seizure, I understood the meaning of "never take anything for granted" Even though I doubt I ever took Blake for granted before that, I understood how lucky I was to still have him with me.

Yes, I almost lost him. Blake had a seizure in his bathroom, and because of the intense head pain, had fell, his head hitting the toilet seat, almost cracking his skull. By the time he got to the hospital, he had gotten into a coma.

It's at that same time that I started to talk with my mother again.

Since she had been an excellent lawyer for many years before changing her career, she had contacts, and one of them was one of the best brain surgeons around. That day he was gone playing golf or

something. My mother had been able to have him prep for surgery in the hour after Blake got at the hospital. I also had my father to thank for that because he's the one that thought about calling her to ask.

So the surgeon did his thing, and after a few agonizing days, Blake finally woke up.

I was there when he did, and I think the only day I cried this much was when the doctor told me that I might not survive when I would give birth to my son.

Yes, because there was a reason for all those cramps I had when I had my period. There was something wrong with my uterus. Bleeding to death while giving birth was a side effect.

But there was no way in hell I wasn't delivering my Jayden. And so even though both Blake and I were completely frightened about what might have happened, few weeks after our graduation from college, I gave birth to our boy.

I almost didn't make it, and so did Jayden.

But in the end we both survived and now we were all together, happy and healthy.

Blake had said that to me once, that, “The best is only bought at the cost of great pain”. We had the best now, but it had cost a lot of worrying and crying.

“Jay, do you think we should tickle attack mommy for not having made breakfast yet?” Blake asked looking my way, an evil glow in his eyes.

I narrowed my eyes at him. But of course, Jayden was completely agreeing with his dad so he jumped on his feet and ran to me.

Laughing, I ran away, towards the kitchen, while I hear the little footsteps following me. But then I heard the big man running footsteps.

Oh oh.

I stood on the other side of the center counter, while Jayden and Blake waited by the other side.

“Son, let daddy handle this and when I catch her you can help with the tickling.”

Jayden laughed and agreed.

Oh damn.

Blake looked at me like he could eat me up or something. My eyes widened.

“Blake, easy there.”

“Aw Pumpkin, you know how I am on an empty stomach and deprived of my morning kisses.”

“Don’t you dare tickling me to death,” I pointed at him sternly.

Jayden just kept laughing while we bantered. That always seemed to amuse him.

And of course, I tried to run away, to hide or something, but Blake quickly caught me around the waist, dropping me to the floor, and both him and Jay started tickling me until there were tears running down my cheeks and I was begging, *pleading* for them to let me go.

“Please, please stop” I laughed, “I’ll make you pancakes! Chocolate pancakes!”

Blake stopped tickling, holding me down. “You think that’s a good enough bargain, son?”

“I think we could get more out of it…” Jayden trailed.

He really was his father’s son, wasn’t he?

Blake shrugged “If you say so,” and started to tickle again.

“Guys! Please stop! Chocolate pancakes and a mountain of bacon!”

“Daddy, stop! I want that!”

And so I was finally let free, but they stayed in the kitchen with me, to make sure I would go through the deal.

When they had their plates in front of them, we all went back to the living room.

They both sat on the floor again, while I curled up on the couch.

“Guys, not to close from the TV, it’s bad for your eyes” I said in a mommy tone. They both backed up a bit, and I smiled.

The first to arrive at our house were Josh, Daphnee and Cole. If there was one thing that had surprised

me in my life, it was the day Daph had told me Josh and her were getting married.

Of course they had been dating for a while, but never, ever would I have figured them for the settling type not with their weird relationship. And then, one year later, Daphnee got pregnant. She actually got pregnant before me. When she gave birth to Cole I was barely five weeks in my pregnancy.

Jayden and Cole were pretty much as close to brothers as you could get. The fact that we lived less then fifteen minutes form each others helped a lot.

I went to open the door when they rang. Josh was the only one in front, Daph getting Cole out of the car, his hands full with plates and bowls filled with food. “Hey Lex,” he grinned widely.

I tried to take a few things out of his hands. “Hey Josh.”

“I was just on the phone with Catherine,” he started to say and then looked behind me, “Hey Blake,” Blake nodded, his mouth full with food, and went to grab everything out of my hands and Josh’s taking

everything in the kitchen. “Yeah, I was just talking with Cath, she told me to say hi. Mark says hi too. I think you’ll be getting a present for Jayden in the mail soon.”

I smiled and took his coat. It was raining lightly outside. “Aw, they didn’t need to! How are they doing?”

“Last time I saw her, she was very pregnant,” Daph remarked, finally getting inside, balancing Cole on her hip and a plate in her other hand. She handed it to me.

“That’s what? Their fourth,” I asked incredulous and smiled at their boy. Even though he was just as mischievous as his father, Cole was a gorgeous little boy, with his green eyes and dark blond hair. He would break a ton of hearts older.

“Third,” Josh snorted.

I raised my brows in disbelief. “Wow.”

“Tell me about it,” Daph rolled her eyes. But then she narrowed them looking at her husband. “Josh Gilligan Torres, are you wearing my jeans?”

“What?” Josh frowned looking down at himself “No, of course not, those are mine.”

Daph set Cole down and he immediately ran away, towards Jayden that was waiting for him. They both ran in the kitchen.

“Josh, those are my jeans,” Daph stated again, popping her hip. “Don’t they feel tight?”

“Because they just got cleaned, duh,” Josh said, raising his hands in disbelief.

I tried not to laugh at them but it was very very hard.

“And where did you get them?”

“On the floor in our ro—aaaaah. Crap.”

“You’re changing.” There was no place for arguing in her tone.

“Meh,” Josh shrugged, “they’re comfortable.”

“You’ll stretch them with your fat ass.” She slapped it for emphasis.

He looked at her challengingly. “You don’t seem to bother when I put your thongs on”

“That’s a completely different thing.”

“And I have heard enough, thank you,” I exclaimed raising my empty hand up and headed for the kitchen, with the plate, letting the two weirdos argue together.

I walked back in the kitchen, putting the plate of food on the center counter. “Where are the two monsters,” I asked Blake who was taking the Saran warp off the bowl and plates, looking at what Josh had brought.

“They said they were going in Jay’s room.”

“Maybe I should go check…” I looked back, towards the stairs. “How much are you betting that Cole’s going to convince Jay to paint his new teddy bear another color or something?”

“ *That* wouldn’t surprise me” Blake kissed my head “Don’t worry mommy,” he said in a teasing voice. “I’ll go check on them, you stay here, Anyway, I’m useless in the kitchen.”

“Completely agreeing with you here,” Josh said, walking in the kitchen “Get out of here, your

presence only is bad mojo," He whooshed Blake away.

Blake just smiled shaking his head, but did give him one of those manly, slap-on-the-back hugs before getting out.

"Hey, as far as I know, I'm the one in charge in this kitchen," I argued, pointing at Josh.

"Aw, it's so cute that you still have illusions at your age," he grinned at me.

I snorted. "Says the man wearing his wife's jeans."

Josh made an "I dismiss this matter" hand move. "Please, that's a completely normal misunderstanding."

"Blake would never fit in my jeans," I smirked.

"Because Blake has a fat ass."

"Perfect ass actually," I corrected.

"Please look at this?" Josh turned around, popping his butt out pointing at it. " *This* is perfect ass."

Daph grabbed it. “Babe, stop talking about your ass otherwise I’ll have to drag it in a dark corner.”

“Kinky, I like it!”

I groaned. “None of that in my kitchen you two!”

“Are you saying that you don’t encourage people that express their love,” Daph asked, in a voice that just made her sound so much like a hippie, her hand still on Josh’s butt.

I wanted to argue more but I heard a knock at the front door and Blake was still upstairs with the boys.

“Not if they do it on my kitchen floor…” I answered, walking away from them, “or against my fridge, or on top of my counter!” I continued while walking to the door.

I could hear them laugh.

“Hello sis,” Tyler grinned when I opened the door and I automatically hugged him, smiling.

And then I moved on to Vanessa who was holding Nikki in her arms, their little one year old who had inherited her mother’s perfect curly blond-almost

white hair and her father's brown eyes. She looked like a little doll in her pink dress.

I smiled at the kid and Vanessa smiled at me, giving her to me so I could hold her.

"Did you miss your aunty" I asked Nikki, who was rubbing her eyes with her little fist, yawning.

"She just woke up; she slept during the car drive." Vanessa explained and hugged me on the side that wasn't holding her daughter.

"She grew since I last saw her." I pouted a bit.

Tyler and Vanessa were living about an hour away from us, so Vanessa could be close to the school where she taught how to sing and so Tyler could be close to our father's business. He was actually going to run it on his own once dad would finally decide to retire already!

So we didn't see them as often as per se, Josh and Daph.

Nevertheless I did seem them more often then Annabelle, which was a good thing. My relationship

with my sister was definitely different from the one I had with her a few years back—I was blaming maturity on that one—but still, I liked my little brother more, even if favourites weren't a good thing in families.

So everyone headed to the kitchen, Blake joining us shortly after, and with the face he was making—slightly amused but a bit angry too—I knew he had probably stopped a catastrophe from happening with the two monsters.

Soon, Blake's parents and mine arrived, and people were settling in the dinning room now, playfully arguing about where they wanted to sit.

As always, I was a little worried about having my mother and father together, in the same room, in the same house, but I reminded myself that there was no reason to.

My mother and father weren't back together, far from it, but at least they were on better terms. I know my mom had apologized to him. After she had broken up with her "teenager boyfriend" as Blake had once put it, she had gone to therapy, realizing

she had issues and one of the things she realized was how wrong she had treated my father. It didn't excuse what she had done, but I know my father felt better about it. I knew they would never get back together, but what they had was still there. They had been married for many years and had children together. Whether they liked it or not, that left a bound.

It was almost six o'clock now and I whooshed everyone out of the kitchen, Blake lingering there with me, to help me bring the last plates with food in the dinning room.

"Weren't Alex and Travis supposed to come over," he asked me, while I rummaged through our cupboards looking for my thingy in a shape of and apple that I put under warm pots.

I turned around to look at my husband. When he wore those faded blue jeans and that dark blue v-neck t-shirt, his eyes glowing, his hair looking like he had just gone out of bed, but in a really sexy way, and that all our invitees were in the other room, it was hard to not just take him on the kitchen floor. "Well I

think Maika was starting a fever so Alex wanted to stay home," I answered, clearing my throat and with the way Blake smirked and lifted one eyebrow I knew he knew exactly what I was thinking.

I half smiled.

Blake walked towards me, his face stopping only inches from mine, his warm breathe washing over my lips. He leaned towards the cupboards, never taking his eyes off of me, still undeniably close, but then reached out and handed me the apple shape thingy I had been looking everywhere for.

My husband gave me a quick peck on the lips, his eyes going once towards the dinning room door, silently telling me what I already knew "we have company, it would be rude, but just so you know I am totally undressing you in my mind right now and taking you against our counter."

Blake backed off and went back to putting the mash potatoes from the pot to a bowl. "Please, it's summer, she's not getting sick," he started to say. *What was he talking about? Oh yes, right Alex…* "Travis probably

took her out for too long. I'm telling you that boy is the definition of overprotective!"

I laughed. "Well, tell him, not me."

"Oh I already tell him all the time," Blake said, his voice getting lower and lower with each words, taking a few steps back towards me, placing his hands on my hips, bringing me to him, his lips trailing against my temple.

With the way he was kissing, I knew exactly what he was thinking. "Let's kick everyone out *right now.* " And I wanted to, Jayden's birthday or not.

God, why did he have to be so stinking irresistible? I took all my self control to not just push him against the fridge or slip a hand down his pants. My god, I was a married, twenty five years old with a three year old son and with another… and shouldn't the attraction have died down somehow? Wasn't that what always happened between married couples? They loved each other passionately the first few years and then it died down to a love that was just as powerful but just a bit less intense.

Okay, I didn't want that, I loved, *adored* how much Blake and I loved each other but sometimes, like right now, I just had this ache in my chest, like if I didn't get as close to him as I could I might die. That wasn't right, right?

"Want me to call? Know what's going on," I answered softly, my eyes closing, my hands slipping under his shirt, curling around his back.

I suddenly wanted to cry, trying to push the dark thoughts away, repeating in my head that I promise to myself that I wouldn't think about it, not today, not during Jayden's day but the dark thoughts lurked around, and I wanted Blake right now, I needed him, I needed to be in the comfort of his arm, where I felt safe and loved and at home.

We were both silent for a few second, Blake lips still pressed against my temple, my hand not moving from his back and then Blake took a deep breathe and backed away, very, *very* reluctantly. "No, I'll do it."

I shook my head in discouragement while Blake's smirk returned to his face as he grabbed the phone by the toaster.

"Hey Alex? You guys coming over…" I finished rounding up the last vegetables, and I could hear conversations in the next room, Josh obviously saying something stupid, yet again. "That's not fever Alex, that's called being hot because of the weather… You are *such* a girl sometimes," Blake rubbed his temple while he listened to the answer, "Oh please, now you're seriously being melodramatic! You have to come over, because for one thing, Maika's not sick, and on the other side, you *really* want to leave me all alone here, with Josh and Daph making out on our dinning table?" Blake almost grinned in victory and I internally thought he should have said, ' *you really want to leave our guest alone while me and Lexi run up to our room and lock ourselves there for the couple of weeks* ' "Now *that's* better… Alright, bye."

Blake grinned at me. "That was easy!"

I took the phone and placed it back on its holder, shaking my head at him, shaking my head at the dark

thoughts. *Think about it later, you'll deal with it later, not now.*

Blake and Alex's friendship was one I certainly hadn't anticipated. While Josh and Blake were like brothers and as close as you could find, while we were in college, Alex was at the same as ours and the two had classes together, and ended up hanging out together a lot. After the whole "Blake punching Alex in the face because he had gone out with me even though he knew he was gay" thing I had pretty much made a cross over their friendship. But for some strange reason, or maybe because Blake knew Alex was not competition anymore, they became friends again. And good friends at it. Heck, Blake had been Alex's best man at his wedding.

Shaking off the effect my husband had on me; I grabbed the last two bowls, Blake following me and joined our guest in the dinning room. As strong as I felt for Blake, there was one person in this world that I put before him and that was our son and so we would wait, like the responsible adults we were.

The dinner went well; especially considering half of the food was made by Josh. I was happy to have my little family there. Alex, Travis and Maika joined us shortly after Blake's call; they lived pretty close by too.

I found myself, staring contently at the people sitting around me. This was what I had been hoping to have; this was what I always had wanted to have with Blake. We had our family, we had our warm house and we had a son, our Jayden who I loved so much I couldn't even find words to express it. I loved Blake with all my heart but it was different with Jayden, for Jayden I had another heart, one fully for him.

He was growing so fast, my little man.

Three years old already.

After dinner he happily blew the candles on his cake, and ate a big piece of it, fast, because he wanted his presents, *fast* .

He went through his presents, while I could tell Cole was calculating on his seat, deciding on what they would do with those new things, what *bad* thing they

could do. You couldn't really expect any less form Daphnee Harrison *and* Josh Torres' son though.

Jay got books, and more material to paint, key that went with the small four wheeler that was waiting for him outside—my father smiled proudly at that one—a small telescope, cans of spray paint and paper bags with an evident 'to put the crap on fire in' written on one—I glared at Josh for that one.

When it was time to open his present from Blake's parents I took a deep breathe.

When we got married they had bought us a car. When I got pregnant with Jay they had set up a trust fund for him—as far as I know the funds in it at this date exceed a hundred thousand dollars. When we bought the house, they had bought us a grand piano; it's a good thing we had the space.

I was always a little worried whenever they bought presents…

And sure thing, they had bought him an iPod *and* an iPad with the max memory they could have, already

filled with music by grand compositors. I could see my son eyes twinkling with joy over this.

The last present Jayden opened was from Blake and I… piece of papers in an envelop.

At first he made a face at us but Jayden knowledge was enough to understand what those piece of papers meant. “We’re going to Disney World,” he almost squealed.

I smiled broadly. “Yes.”

“Is Cole coming too?”

“Yes and Aunty Daph and your fairy godmother Josh,” Blake answered, wrapping his arm lightly around my waist but the simple contact didn’t go unnoticed.

God, I loved him…

“When,” Jay asked glee in his dark blue eyes.

“In three weeks,” I replied.

“But mommy, that’s *so* long.”

“No whining Jayden Eaton, patience is a virtue,” I smiled at him teasingly.

I shouldn’t be saying things like that to a three year old, though, right? And he shouldn’t understand what I was saying?

Sometimes, I worried about our son, no in a bad way… but he knew too much things, he was too… mature? Yes that was the word, too mature for his age. Sometimes… he wasn’t a kid enough. Sometimes, he was exactly like his father.

The evening quickly came to an end, and then it was time to clean up. Our friends and family left, kissing and telling we’d see each other soon, kids in arms, smile on faces.

When I got back from locking the front door, Blake and Jayden were sitting at the counter, Blake speaking in French with him. Jayden was frowning, concentrating, obviously racking his brain to find the right answer. I smiled at the sight, knowing exactly just how frustrating that could be.

Blake went to put Jay to bed while I started to clean up the pans in the sink.

Jayden was going to bed now, but soon, too soon he would wake up. I knew it. That kid was *exactly* like his father. He never slept. He would wake up and he would take his new iPod, and he would listen to the music on it and read look through his books.

After giving birth to him, and almost dying I had been very, very tired and pretty much useless. Blake had to be the one to take care of him at nights. But with the way their schedule seemed to fit perfectly, even when I got better, Blake kept waking up to take care of him. Some nights even now I knew that Blake woke up and went to see his son. And then they would talk together, he would read him books, teach him how to play the piano, help him with a painting. Those two were so close; sometimes I was a tiny bit jealous.

When Blake finally came back downstairs, he wrapped his arms around my waist from behind, kissing my shoulder.

I sighed contently. And then I half smiled a bit. “Desfois j’aimerais que notre fils ne soit pas la copie conforme de son père.”

“Mens pas, t’adores ça,” Blakr groaned and bit my neck softly.

“J’adore moins ça quand tu lui apprends le français. Comment est-ce qu’on va pouvoir parler dans son dos maintenant,” I answered teasingly and wrapped my arms around his, leaning my back against him.

“We still got Spanish or German,” Blake stated, suddenly turning me around, pressing his lips, hard against mine, his arms curling around my thighs, pulling me up, as I wrapped my legs around him, my hands at his neck now, my fingers curling in his hair.

Should I tell him now…

The dark thought were like a slap in the face…

I stopped kissing him, now sitting on the counter, pulling Blake’s face back, softly running my hair in his silky hair. “My German is awful and you know it.”

Blake smirked. But then he frowned. “Are you alright?”

I kissed Blake’s arm. “I’m actually feeling a little woozy, you mind if I let you finish this” I pointed towards the dishes in the sink with my chin, “and go walk outside for a little bit?”

I hoped off the counter, distancing myself from Blake.

“No, not at all, go ahead Pumpkin. Need anything at all,” he looked worried.

I smiled. “No, fresh air should do it.”

I headed for the patio door in the back of the house, and stepped out. I walked around our backyard, in the little trail we had done with rocks that lead to Blake’s painting shack.

I raised my head to the night sky, breathing in deeply.

I wrapped my arms around myself. Everything would be alright.

I walked all the way to Blake’s shack and did the lock combo, walking in.

I switched the light on and smiled at the familiar setting. There was something so right about being in here. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that the first time Blake and I ever made love was in his painting shack back at his house. I had shivers just remembering it.

I sighed and closed the door behind me.

I didn't know how I was going to tell him…

I walked around in his shack, trailing my fingers over the painting brushes, smiling a little at all the memories they held.

"Pumpkin, *please* , is everything alright?" Blake asked, surprising me—I hadn't heard him walk in—and I turned around, smiling at his frowning face, standing by the entry.

"Yes… everything's perfect…"

He walked up to me, placing both hands on each side of my waist. "Don't lie to me…"

“I’m not lying, everything really is perfect…” I still smiled, brushing my fingers to the hair behind his ear.

How am I going to tell him… I can’t tell him…

“Lexi…”

The way he said my name, it was filled with pain…

I pressed my palm on his cheek and he closed his eyes, leaning into it “What are you thinking Blake?”

He opened them, staring straight into my eyes and took a deep breathe. “I know something is wrong Lexi and I want to know why you aren’t telling me.”

I took a deep breathe too. “I don’t want to hurt you…” I whispered. I didn’t want him to hear it but he did.

“Who?”

I frowned. “What?”

“Who did you cheat on me with?”

And that did it, I burst laughing. “Are you serious?”

“Well…” He didn’t continued but just with his expression I realized he was serious. How could he even *think* that?

“Blake seriously how could I get anyone better than you?” I trailed my hand on his chest, “all of you,” I trailed a little downward.

Blake sighed again. “I don’t know, I don’t always understand you, you know.”

I snorted at that. “That table center is BEAUTIFUL Blake!”

He shook his head. “Atrocious is the word you’re looking for.”

I glared. “It’s contemporary.”

“It’s cunttampondiarea”

I grinned but slapped his chest playfully. “Smartass.”

He smiled too and caught my hand in his. He looked down. “Who?”

I repress the urge to roll my eyes. “Blake, you are aware that I still sometimes just look at you from across a room and I think about the dirty things I

want to do to you right?" That got his attention. His eyes snapped back up. "And I have a hard time controlling myself but you're talking with important people and doing you in a bathroom stall might be wrong considering we're not teenagers anymore."

Knowing my husband, I knew his hands were hitching to just slide under my shirt. *Silly man.*

"That's not helping us in the progressing deal," he remarked, his voice a little huskier than usual.

I ignored that comment and wrapped my arms around his neck, holding his face closer to mine. "I will never cheat on you Blake. I'd rather die than be with anyone else."

I could taste his breathe on my lips. "I like the sound of that." I smiled. "What is it?"

I sighed, looking down.

I have to tell him…

I looked up, smiled at him and then took his hand kissed the palm and pressed it on my stomach.

Blake's eyes automatically widen. "Oh shit! That's why your boobs got bigger!"

"Yes."

"Oh my god… Lexi…" and then he wrapped his arm around me in a deadlock, hid his face in the crook of my neck and started to cry.

Well I didn't expect anything less.

"Everything will be alright" I whispered in a soothing voice, rubbing his back in circles fighting the tears myself.

And he just kept crying and clinging to me like I was already dying.

"It would have been better if you had said you had cheated…"

I kept rubbing his back. "You know that's not true."

"I'm so sorry Lexi… I'm so sorry…" he repeated.

"Aww come on! I'll be fine. I can feel it."

"I can't lose you… I just can't…"

I took a hold of his face and leaned it back so he would look at me in the eyes. “You won’t.”

“You know what the doctors said!”

“They also said I wouldn’t live to know my son and as far as I know I just argued with Josh an hour ago about not teaching Jay how to set bags of crap on fire. He’s still too young, give me another year before you corrupt him thoroughly.”

“Don’t make jokes. It’s not funny,” Blake whispered.

“Blake…” I shook my head just a little, “don’t take this so badly.”

“But I did this… it’s my fault and now you’re going to be sick, you…” I pressed my fingers against his lips to stop him from talking.

“Blake, this is not a bad thing, this is a GOOD thing. And from what I know you have to be two to make a baby.” I smiled a little at that.

“I’m getting a vasectomy.”

“You’re NOT! I want more mini-Blake around this house. Jay and the little munchkin here” I caressed

my stomach when I said it, “will get lonely. And I want a whole football team.”

“We already have plenty of friends with kids around. Let Daph and Josh procreate. That’s all they do all day anyway!”

I rolled my eyes. “You’re ridiculous.”

“I’m scared to death actually,” Blake answered back, and I could see it, the fear in his eyes. I hated to see it.

I sighed and kissed his lips, almost roughly. “I love you Blake.”

Blake had his eyes still closed, our forehead touching when he answered. “I love you more”

“No, I love you more. Wanna know why?”

Blake opened his eyes. “Why?”

“Because your first reaction wasn’t to ask me to get an abortion.”

“We already talked about this before, you know I could never live with myself if I asked you that, if we did that… I could never kill one of our children… even…” He closed his eyes again.

“Even if it kills me?”

And Blake hid his face in my neck and started to cry silently again, kissing, almost eating the skin there.

“If you want more kids let’s just freeze some soldiers and grow them in tubes.”

“I thought you like the old fashion way better,” I tried to tease him.

“I love the old fashion way… as long as it doesn’t include you bleeding to death.

We’re too happy Lexi. Everything is too perfect. It’s time for us to pay.”

“Blake” I took his hand and pressed it on my stomach again. “Right here is our child. It’s a blessing. You lost your brother, you almost died, I almost died, our son almost died. We are happy because we deserve it. And things will be okay because we’ll make them okay.”

We just stared at each other for endless minutes, taking everything in. We could deal with this. We

already had. And I had a good feeling about this baby. Everything would be alright…

Blake finally sighed. “You better give me a little girl.”

I smiled. “No way, I want two mini versions of you running around the house.”

“No no!” He shook his head. “You have your mini-Blake. I want my mini-Lexi now!”

I raised my eyebrows. “You need two unobserving girls hanging around?”

“I’ll make my daughter observing unlike her mother.” His hands trailed down my back and rested on my butt. “I’ll teach her how to know when a little boy has fallen head over heels for her. And then I’ll teach her that if she ever brings that boy home I will skin him.”

I shook my head in disbelief but smiled nevertheless. “If we have another boy we could call him Victor.”

It was Blake’s turn to shake his head. “It’ll be a girl and we’ll call her something cool!”

I chuckled. “It’s going to be a boy.”

“But I want a little girl,” he pouted.

“You can’t always get what you want Sugar-Boy.”

“If I said I wanted you in the French maid outfit right now could I get that?”

We both stared at each other, and I could also see the spark going on between the two of us.

“Maybe…” I trailed “we haven’t gotten it out in a while… it might be a little tight with all the extra boobs”

Blake smirked. “That’s what I’m hoping for…”

And that night, when we were finally in the comfort of our bed, before our bodies formed one, I felt Blake tears mangled with my own and I trailed my finger up his arm, my mouth beside his ear, “Everything will be alright,” I mouthed.

“How can you be so sure,” he whispered so softly, his hands warming me everywhere.

“Because you and I are meant to be together for eternity. Our story is too interesting to ever have an end,” I whispered back, kissing his chest, slipping my

hands behind his back, softly dragging my nails against it.

Blake was holding my head with one hand, taking it back to his lips, and sliding his other up my torso. “And what is that story, how does it start?”

I smiled against his lips, my hand stroking the side of his neck lightly. “It all started when I sold myself to the devil for vinyls…”

“Pitiful…” Blake smirked a little and turned us around.

“I know…”

THE END

A/N : And so the story is finally over! An era ends! lol

Told you to read it till the end. I’m mean, but I decided to not be THAT mean. (to be honest, when I started to write this story, the last chapter and this epilogue were pretty much written right away. At the very beginning, I wanted to kill Lexi, but that’s something that Blake in my head STRONGLY

disagreed with. So of course, I wanted to kill Blake but È, webmaster and BFF told me that if I killed him she would end our friendship so be thankful to her, because otherwise Blake was pretty much dead! lol) I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I was happy to write it. I like having those "glimpse in the future" kind of thing. I know that whenever I read a book and the characters end up together, I always love to have even just a little something to see how they actually are together, and how things go.

And that's what I'll be doing with this story. Now and then I'll post little chapters of Blake and Lexi's life in-between the epilogue and the previous chapter. So, their college life, their wedding, Blake's proposal, Lexi's pregnancy, etc. When I feel like it, I'll post it. That way you guys won't be COMPLETELY Blake deprived! ;P

ALSO, well I plan on writing a spin-off story called "Weird and Weirder" and it will be Josh and Daph's POV. Of course, you now kind of know how it ends, but still, it should be interesting nonetheless. And there are quite a few details that you guys will

enjoying knowing, details Blake and Lexi don't even know about! ;P

And then, there will be the sequel to this story, well kind of spin-off too because it won't be Lexi or Blake's POV. It's going to be Jayden/Cole/Lilibeth POV. And it will be called "The Spawns"

Now, I won't be uploading "Weird and Weirder" and "The Spawns" right now. I'll definitely wait a few months, because as much as you guys love all these characters and this story, my brain *needs* a break. That's also why uploads on "Smirking Jerk" will be slooooooow.

Finally, I'm not deleting this story, so all the chapters will always stay here, but I WILL edit it, and put the full edited version up. And I will also put the story up on Lulu, when edited, so you guys can buy it and have a paperback copy. Now I don't know how long the editing will take, so no whining alright? I'll tell you in due time. But you have to understand that I'm starting University again pretty soon, and it's a priority.

Oh and last thing, I know some of you only like my writing for Blake, but if you could give my other stories a chance it would be nice! “The Eighth Time” and “No Fighting Please” are both Teen Fiction too. And soon I’ll start to upload a new story called “The Headline” and according to some who read a few lines, it’ll be the new “I Sold…” lol

Also, well Levi in “The Chaldean Oracle” is a very yummy dude! ;P It’s fantasy but he’s kick ass and a smartass so we love him! ;P And all those stories are actually written better in my opinion. But if you don’t want to read anything don’t worry about it, I just don’t want you guys to abandon me because you don’t have enough Blake anymore *insert weeping* Anyway, you can follow the link on the side, it takes you to my Facebook page where I put previews, excerpts and all my characters’ pictures. So you can get familiar with everything.

So anyway, thanks again, for following me, for reading this story and not giving up on it even though I made you wait a lot sometimes.

Thanks for being AWE-SOME fans! :D

Chapter 94

Sequel, spin-offs and what-not

Hey guys,

Don't start dancing around fires naked as Daph would do, this isn't a new upload, this is just a way for me to put everything clearly so you all know what to expect once you're done reading "I Sold.."

You might have finished this book, but Blake and Lexi's story isn't entirely finished yet. I'll put a bunch of links, I know you can't copy/paste them but I think with the underlying comment thing you can get around it. If it still isn't working for you, I'll also put the links in the comment section. :)

If you still want to read about these two lovebirds, you can read about their life as a couple here by reading " **The Adventures of a Pumpkin and a Running Back Boy** " It's on my page, link is here: http://www.wattpad.com/12014066

If you want to read "I Sold Myself to the Devil for Vinyls... Pitiful I Know" but in Blake's POV, you can do it by reading " **The Smirking Jerk** ", here: http://www.wattpad.com/1653772

If you want to read the story of Blake and Lexi's kids (and about their friends' kids too) you can do it by reading " **The Spawns** " here: http://www.wattpad.com/2117103

If you want to read an alternate story, where Lexi and Blake really speak the first time they meet, because Alex was truthful about his orientation and Lexi wasn't in love with him, you can do it by reading " **The Shy Boy and the Girl in the Green Dress** " here: http://www.wattpad.com/57509186

If you want to read about Daph and Josh's love story, you can't do it yet, the story will be called **Weird and Weirder** but I won't start uploading it right now. I

need to finish a few stories first. You can still read excerpts. The excerpt from chapter 1 in Josh's POV is here: http://www.facebook.com/KayDaraliOnWattpad/posts/425114364187240?comment_id=5062539&offset=0&total_comments=8

And chapter 2 in Daph's POV is here: http://www.facebook.com/KayDaraliOnWattpad/posts/436750039690339?comment_id=5143552&offset=2&total_comments=10

Finally, I will upload a story called " **The Virgin and the Whore** " at one point, and it will be the story of Nik, Tyler's best friend in college. (if you ever wondered why Tyler and Vanessa called their kid Nikki, he's the reason why) So there will be plenty of Ty and Van in there. You can read part of the first chapter here: https://www.facebook.com/KayDaraliOnWattpad/photos/pb.173022479396431.-2207520000.1406959217./759316150767058/?type=3&theater

I hope this clears everything out. Feel free to go give these stories some loving. And my other stories too while you're at it! ;P

I LOVE YOU ALL! :D Thanks for the neverending support! :)

Chapter 95

Alternate Ending

Hey guys,

Sorry for the hysteria that posting another chapter of 'I Sold...' will do to y'all.

My post for this Summer edition of the Wattpad Block Party is an alternate ending to 'I Sold..' the big catastrophic ending no one wants to read about. So if you want to read it head over to this link. ;P (I'll put it in the comment section too if it does work, or it'll also be one my message board. Or you can just go to KellyAnneBlount's page)

https://www.wattpad.com/449396181-wattpad-block-party-summer-edition-iii-august-2017

That's all for now. I should have more stuff coming your way today. :) Keep your eyes open.

About the Author

DarknessAndLight